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VOLUME VIII

MADISON—MURFREE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME VIII

PAGE

MADISON, JAMES (1751-1836) - - - - 3283

BY EDGAR DAWSON

Vested Powers
Extent of the Union
A Candid State of Parties
Necessity for the Constitution

MAGILL, MARY TUCKER (1830-1899) - - - 3305

BY J. R. GRAHAM

The Review
The Evacuation and Burning of Richmond
The Black People Before the War

MAGRUDER, JULIA (1854-1907) - - - - 3321

BY ELIZABETH W. P. LOMAX

A Study of Social Conventions
The Musician and the Child

MALONE, WALTER (1866—) - - - - 3343

BY M. W. CONNOLLY

Opportunity
The Wood Thrush
The Reading Boy
Florida Nocturne
The Death of Poetry
A Mississippi Swamp
To a Friend
"When Thou Art Near"
Three Southern Scenes
A Portrait of Henry Timrod
The Lore of Love
The Whistling Boy
Mount Mitchell

MARSHALL, JOHN (1755-1835) - - - - 3369
BY A. J. MONTAGUE
Judicial Obligation
Judicial Veto
Doctrine of Implied Powers
The Principle of Interpretation
The Appreciation of the Judiciary
The Exact Compound
The Character of Washington
The State of the Country

MARSHALL, THOMAS FRANCIS (1801-1864) - - 3395
BY BASIL W. DUKE
Life and Character of Richard H. Menefee
Estimate of Henry Clay
Opposition to the Know-Nothing Organization

MARTIN, GEORGE MADDEN (1866—) - - 3413
BY EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT
Hare and Tortoise
The Corporal On Duty

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE (1806-1873) - - 3435
BY FRANCIS H. SMITH
The Gulf Stream as the Storm King
The Perfect Adaptation of Nature
Rules of Conduct
Reply to the Russian Offer
About "New Virginia"

MCCABE, WILLIAM GORDON (1841—) - - 3459
BY ROBERT ARMISTEAD STEWART
First Meeting and Last Parting
A Tribute to Thomas R. Price
Peroration from a Speech Before the New England Society of New York
Reunion of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia
Dreaming in the Trenches
Christmas Night of '62
John Pegram
Only a Memory

PAGE

McClelland, Mary Greenway (1853-1895) - 3477

BY JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE, JR.

A Reversal of Fortune
Search for the Voudou
The Flood
Hunting the Wild Turkey

McCord, Louisa S. (1810-1879) - - - 3505

BY CLELIA P. McGOWAN

Caius Gracchus

McCrady, Edward (1833-1903) - - - - 3531

BY ALEXANDER S. SALLEY, JR.

The Predecessors of the Regular Settlers
The Battle of Fort Moultrie
South Carolina's Share in the Revolution

McDuffie, George (1790-1851) - - - 3547

BY E. L. GREEN

On the Election of the President and Vice-President of the United States
Defence of South Carolina
Speech at a Public Dinner
Address to the People of the United States
Remarks Delivered in the House of Representatives

McKinley, Carlyle (1847-1904) - - - 3567

BY WILLIAM ASHMEAD COURTENAY

Crucifer
Sapelo
At the Last
To-day and Yesterday
South Carolina, 1876
At Timrod's Grave
In Spring
The Toilers

PAGE

McNeill, John Charles (1874-1907) - - 3583

BY EDWARD K. GRAHAM

The Bride
Away Down Home
Oh, Ask Me Not
For Jane's Birthday
Home Songs
Protest
A Christmas Hymn
Lines
October
Paul Jones
Before Bedtime
To Sleep
Holding Off the Calf

Meek, Alexander Beaufort (1814-1865) - 3599

BY PETER J. HAMILTON

The Mocking Bird
Balaklava
Land of the South
Spring on the Southern Hills
The Death of Richard Henry Wilde
The Early Settlement of the Southwest

Mercier, Alfred (1816-1894) - - - - 3629

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

L'Habitation Saint-Ybars, ou Maîtres et Esclaves en Louisiane
Tawanta
Soleil Couchant

Miles, George Henry (1824-1871) - - - 3641

BY P. L. DUFFY

A Study of Hamlet
The Founding of Islam
Aladdin's Palace
San Sisto
The Death of De Soto
God Save the South!
Fidelis
Said the Rose

PAGE

MOÏSE, PENINA (1797-1880) - - - - - 3663

BY BARNETT A. ELZAS

To Persecuted Foreigners
The Rejection of the Jew Bill by the House of Lords
Consecration Hymn
Resignation
Submission to the Will of God
Prayer
Love and Law
Lines

MONROE, JAMES (1758-1831) - - - - - 3675

BY W. H. HECK

Address to the National Convention of France
Letter to the Governor of Virginia
The "Monroe Doctrine"
Letter to John C. Calhoun (1)
Letter to John C. Calhoun (2)

MOORE, JOHN TROTWOOD (1858—) - - 3693

BY W. M. BUNTING

Gray Gamma
To a Sweet Pea
The Recompense
Two Preachers
Sam Davis

MOORE, MAURICE (1729-1777) - - - - 3707

BY ALFRED MOORE WADDELL

The "Atticus" Letter

MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES (1850—) - - 3721

BY G. H. BASKETTE

A Trial by Jury
The Faith of the Indian
The Duel in the Swamp

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Montpelier, the Home of James Madison, . .	Frontispiece
John Marshall	Facing page 3369
Matthew Fontaine Maury	Facing page 3435
Alexander Beaufort Meek	Facing page 3599

JAMES MADISON

[1751—1836]

EDGAR DAWSON

JAMES MADISON, famous as the father of the Federal Constitution, was a member of the landed aristocracy which produced Washington and Jefferson. The earliest unquestioned record of his paternal ancestors speaks of a settlement in Virginia, between the North and York Rivers, in 1653. Later the family moved to Orange County, where James Madison's life-long home was situated. His maternal forebears lived at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia, where James was born, March 16, 1751, while his mother, née Eleanor Conway, was visiting her parents.

Madison profited by the best educational advantages that the colonies had to offer. A hard-headed Scotch schoolmaster gave his mind its first bent. His second teacher, Rev. Thomas Martin, was a graduate of Princeton, and a man of broad mind and catholic spirit. Young Madison himself entered Princeton, then the only American college that was not local in its interests and patronage, in 1768, the year that marks the beginning of Dr. Witherspoon's presidency of the college. The next four years were spent in most assiduous study. He entered as a sophomore, spent three years in acquiring the bachelor's degree, and remained a fourth, which he spent mainly in reading Hebrew under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon, allowing himself sometimes no more than three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The intimate friendship and mutual respect which the young student and the distinguished Scotchman formed for each other continued throughout their lives; and there can be no doubt that Madison profited by close association with such a mind and character. In fact, there could have been no better preparation for his career than the training he received during these four years in company with some fourscore youths selected from the best families of the various colonies. Then he lost much of the provincialism which was the political curse of the time, and acquired that broad horizon that made him protagonist of nationalism and religious freedom. The first three years after he left college were spent in voracious reading in theology, history, and constitutional law. His motto may well have been "Study as if for life eternal; live prepared to die to-morrow."

Such was the youth who, in May, 1776, entered the Virginia Convention at Williamsburg to begin his life-work as the member from Orange. "He was five feet six inches tall, and his body was thin and delicate. His pale face was lighted by a pair of hazel eyes which were ready to reflect a quiet humor, but his features were irregular and not handsome, and his countenance bespoke the suffering of bad health. His hair was light, combed back and gathered into a small queue behind, tied with a plain ribbon. He was clothed so soberly that he looked more like a dissenting divine than the heir of a planter of large estate." But under this modest and demure exterior were concealed a mind of remarkable powers of analysis and a fund of information on matters historical and political, probably second to none in America.

Madison's life may be divided into three periods: twenty-five years of preparation, forty years of activity (1776-1817), and twenty years of retirement. In the second period were twenty-five years of legislative activity and sixteen of administrative duty, consisting of two terms as Secretary of State and two terms as President. His career as an executive adds little to his fame. While he was by no means a "pale shadow of Thomas Jefferson," he was not suited by endowment or training for the Presidency, and he was especially unfortunate in being called to it in the midst of foreign complications and violent domestic controversies.

Madison's position as a man of letters, as well as his fame as a statesman, rests on his labors during the second quarter-century of his life. It was an age "of constructive statesmanship, a period when all men of extraordinary intellectual power devoted their genius, not to scientific or poetic inventions, but to earnest striving for truth as it concerns human rights and government." With the exception of a few utterances on agricultural and biological subjects, he has left only letters and political papers.

His first political efforts were in behalf of religious freedom and in defence of the free navigation of the Mississippi River. In the Virginia struggle against an establishment he fought at first almost alone. The first draft of the State Constitution was made to read: "All men should enjoy the fullest toleration in the exercise of religion"; and at the word "toleration" his mind rebelled. He argued that if a State may tolerate, its ultimate control is conceded. After a considerable battle, in which his powers of logic were for the first time fully recognized, the Constitution was finally adopted with the troublesome clause amended to read "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion." Mention may be made in this connection of two papers in which the religious fight is continued:

"Memorial and Remonstrance against Religious Assessment" (1785), and "Petition against Church Establishment" (1786).

He fully realized the great importance of keeping the Mississippi open, and he never wavered in his position even when both Virginia and New England, first one and then the other, were willing to sacrifice the interests of the tramontane settlements to Eastern shortsightedness. His views are systematically presented in his "Instructions to John Jay relative to the free navigation of the Mississippi" (1780). His interest in the navigation of the Potomac, however, is more important to the biographer of Madison as leading directly to his *magnum opus*. The discussion that occasioned his "Resolutions touching the navigation of the Potomac" (1784) also brought about a meeting of representatives from several States to discuss interstate commerce. This meeting in turn led directly to the call for the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

After independence was assured the little national patriotism that had grown up during the war soon began to lose ground before local interests. Leading men realized that some respectable and efficient form of Federal Government must be devised if the results of the Revolution were not to be lost in petty bickering. Madison probably saw as clearly as anyone the direction that reform must take and welcomed an occasion for a convention that would do thorough work. In 1787 he wrote on "Vices of the Political System of the United States," which was followed almost at once by an essay "On Ancient and Modern Confederacies." It is unfortunate that his "Origin of the Constitutional Convention" remained a fragment. We know, however, that many of the men who assembled in Philadelphia in May, 1787, had little love for the government under which they were then living, and were prepared to revise without mercy. Among these reformers Madison and Hamilton were leaders. There are few who will deny to Madison his title, "Father of the Constitution." It was his infinite patience, tact, good spirit, and reasonableness in Philadelphia, and later at Williamsburg, that adjusted the differences between the contending factions, unraveled the multitudinous complications, and finally secured the submission and ratification of the instrument. His 'Journal of the Constitutional Convention,' a work of some eight hundred octavo pages, is his most important literary monument, and has been called the most valuable single work by any American. Its interest is wholly historical and political; but so long as the Federal Constitution continues to be an object of study this Journal will be the authority of first importance to the student.

The contest over the ratification of the Constitution evoked Madi-

son's most earnest efforts. The proceedings of the convention had wisely been kept secret; men knew nothing of what was being done, and when the work was finished no opinion was formed. The first necessity, therefore, was for the work to be explained and the results philosophically defended. This was undertaken by Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, who wrote for the press eighty-five articles, which were later collected and published as 'The Federalist.' The authorship of many of these papers is still unsettled. Madison certainly wrote fourteen, collaborated with Hamilton in three, and probably wrote three others. The style of the whole collection is so uniform, the arguments used are so similar, and the claims of authorship so conflicting, that a definite solution of the problem will probably never be obtained. Of the collection as a whole a distinguished jurist says: "I know not indeed of any work on the principles of free government that is to be compared, in instruction and intrinsic value, to the small and unpretending volume of 'The Federalist'; not even if we resort to Aristotle, Cicero, Machiavel, Montesquieu, Milton, Locke, or Burke. It is equally admirable in the depths of its wisdom, the comprehensiveness of its views, the sagacity of its references, and the fearlessness, candor, simplicity, and elegance with which its truths are uttered and commended."

Madison would doubtless have written a larger proportion of the papers had his services not been demanded in the Virginia campaign for ratification. His speeches before the State convention, where Patrick Henry was his chief opponent, are worthy of careful study. John Marshall, probably with those speeches in mind, said: "Eloquence has been defined as the art of persuasion. If it includes persuasion by convincing, Mr. Madison was the most eloquent man I ever heard." It was a battle of cogent logic against impassioned oratory. The climax of the great logician's life was reached when, on June 25, 1788, the Constitution was ratified. Henry, however, never forgave his conqueror, and, after preventing his election to the Senate, came near to keeping him out of the House of Representatives as well.

As soon as the Constitution was adopted division arose in the camp of its friends. Hamilton had accepted the Constitution as "a compromise with anarchy," and became at once the leading advocate of a "loose construction"; while Madison, as leader of the House of Representatives and as defender of the rights of the States which a "strict construction" would preserve, was his principal opponent. The latter presented his views on the subject in a number of speeches in Congress and in five letters to the press which he signed "Helvidius" (1793). These were in answer to similar

letters by Hamilton, signed "Pacificus," to defend President Washington's proclamation of neutrality. Madison took the ground that the proclamation was not properly an executive act, but one that should be performed by the legislative branch of the government. Written in great haste, in the midst of a Virginia summer, these papers represent their author's opinions rather than his style. Examples of his style of writing when not under stress may be found in the essays that he contributed in 1791 and 1792 to *Freneau's National Gazette* and in "Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull" (1821). This last is an allegorical account of the growing antagonism between the North and the South, and is unique among Madison's writings in that in it he allows some play to his imagination. Among his remaining writings may be mentioned the "Virginia Resolutions" (1799), with several papers called forth by the discussion of them; "An examination of the British Doctrine which subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not open in time of Peace" (1806), and two papers on "Sovereignty" and "Nullification," both appearing in 1835. He died at Montpelier, Orange County, Virginia, June 28, 1836, the last production of his pen having been the "Nullification," in which he defends against the nullifiers that fabric of government his part in the creation of which is his title to fame.

Students of Madison's style have volunteered several explanations of it. Among other things, they say it was the result of his readings of Eighteenth Century literature, especially *The Spectator*. One of his biographers thinks that Dr. Witherspoon's influence is to be found in it. Such explanations are neither satisfactory nor necessary. Madison's temperament, training, the circumstances under which he wrote, and the objects for which he wrote determined his style; it would not, all things considered, have been other than it was. It is marked by dignity, appeal to the intellect alone, aptness of illustration, lack of humor or beauty, Latinized diction, and the long rhythmical sentences that also characterized Eighteenth Century writers; it is not forceful except in the force of his reasoning; it would be useless if resorted to in any but a righteous cause. It is the expression of the man.

The student of Madison's life and works is not well supplied with material. There is no adequate bibliography for his use; no satisfactory biography has been written; and, until recently, no complete edition of his writings has been undertaken. Gaillard Hunt's edition of his works, mentioned below, promises to be entirely satisfactory, and his biography is at least sympathetic. He promises a two-volume "Life" in the near future. John Fiske's essay, "James Madison, the Constructive Statesman," is the best estimate of the man and his work

at present available. Henry Adams's 'History of the United States' gives an excellent account of Madison's times, but must be taken with some allowance when Madison himself is under discussion. The principal works on Madison that are available are mentioned below.

Edgar Dawson

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VESTED POWERS

From 'The Federalist.'

"To guaranty to every state in the union a republican form of government; to protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

In a confederacy founded on republican principles, and composed of republican members, the superintending government ought clearly to possess authority to defend the system against aristocratic or monarchical innovations. The more intimate the nature of such an union may be, the greater interest have the members in the political institutions of each other, and the greater right to insist, that the forms of government under which the compact was entered into, should be *substantially* maintained.

But a right implies a remedy; and where else could the remedy be deposited, than where it is deposited by the constitution? Governments of dissimilar principles and forms have been found less adapted to a federal coalition of any sort, than those of a kindred nature. "As the confederate republic of Germany," says Montesquieu, "consists of free cities, and petty states, subject to different princes, experience shows us, that it is more imperfect, than that of Holland and Switzerland. Greece was undone," he adds, "as soon as the king of Macedon obtained a seat among the Amphyctions." In the latter case, no doubt, the disproportionate force, as well as the monarchical form of the new confederate, had its share of influence on the events.

It may be possibly asked, what need there could be of such a precaution, and whether it may not become a pretext for alterations in the state governments, without the concurrence of the states themselves. These questions admit of ready answers. If the interposition of the general government should not be needed, the provision for such an event will be a harmless superfluity only in the constitution. But who can say, what experiments may be produced by the caprice of particular states, by the ambition of enterprising leaders, or by the intrigues and influence of foreign powers? To the second

question it may be answered, that if the general government should interpose by virtue of this constitutional authority, it will be of course bound to pursue the authority. But the authority extends no farther than to a *guaranty* of a republican form of government, which supposes a pre-existing government of the form which is to be guaranteed. As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the states, they are guaranteed by the federal constitution.

Whenever the states may choose to substitute other republican forms, they have a right to do so, and to claim the federal guaranty for the latter. The only restriction imposed upon them is, that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions; a restriction which, it is presumed, will hardly be considered as a grievance.

A protection against invasion is due, from every society, to the parts composing it. The latitude of the expression here used seems to secure each state, not only against foreign hostility, but against ambitious or vindictive enterprises of its more powerful neighbours. The history, both of ancient and modern confederacies, proves, that the weaker members of the union ought not to be insensible to the policy of this article.

Protection against domestic violence is added with equal propriety. It has been remarked, that even among the Swiss cantons, which, properly speaking, are not under one government, provision is made for this object; and the history of that league informs us, that mutual aid is frequently claimed and afforded; and as well by the most democratic, as the other cantons. A recent and well-known event among ourselves has warned us to be prepared for emergencies of a like nature.

At first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory, to suppose, either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government, and consequently, that the federal interposition can never be required, but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this, as in most cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a state, especially a small state, as by a majority of a county, or a district of the same state; and if the authority of the

state ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the federal authority in the former to support the state authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the state constitutions, which are so interwoven with the federal constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to one, without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a state will rarely induce a federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be much better, that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose, will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true, that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succours from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superiour number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine, that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons,* by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the state has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the states, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may emerge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions flying to arms and tearing a state to pieces, than the representatives of confederate states, not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges, they would unite the

affection of friends. Happy would it be, if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments if a project equally effectual, could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all states, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right? The answer must be, that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the federal constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity, for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

Among the advantages of a confederate republic, enumerated by Montesquieu, an important one is, "that should a popular insurrection happen in one of the states, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses creep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound."

EXTENT OF THE UNION

From 'The Federalist.'

We have seen the necessity of the union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the old world; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection, that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the union embraces. A few observations, on this subject, will be the more proper, as it is perceived, that the adversaries of the new constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice, with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections, which they endeavour in vain to find.

The errour which limits republican government to a narrow district, has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy; and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms, was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy, the people meet and exercise the government in person: in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the errour, may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in the forming of the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects, either of an absolute, or limited monarchy, they have endeavoured to heighten the advantages, or palliate the evils, of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican, and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece, and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic observations applicable to a democracy only; and, among others, the observation, that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular, and founded, at the same time, wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which, the will of the largest political body may be concentered, and its force directed to any object, which the public good requires; America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive

DOMINICAN CO
DAN RAPHAEL

system now under her consideration. As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point, which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions: so the natural limit of a republic, is that distance from the centre, which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said, that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the states have been almost continually assembled; and that the members, from the most distant states, are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance, than those from the states in the neighbourhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are, on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred sixty-eight miles and three-fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent, with that of several countries in Europe the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it, appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet, representing the whole empire, is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferiour as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern ex-

tremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council, as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the union.

Favourable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain, which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered, that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws; its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects, which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention, to abolish the governments of the particular states, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show, that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the federal constitution, is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive states, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other states, as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighbourhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory, which lie on our north western frontier, must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will every where be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travellers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interiour navigation on our eastern side, will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the Thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals, with which the beneficence of nature has intersected

our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth, and still more important consideration, is that as almost every state will, on one side or other, be a frontier and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of the general protection: so the states which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the states forming our western or north eastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions, which may be dictated by the neighbourhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union in some respects, than the less distant states, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects, and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the errour on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the widest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this

unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horrour at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favour of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered; no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide. PUBLIUS.

A CANDID STATE OF PARTIES

From *The National Gazette,* September 26, 1792.

As it is the business of the contemplative statesman to trace the history of parties in a free country, so it is the duty of the citizen at all times to understand the actual state of them. Whenever this duty is omitted, an opportunity is given to designing men, by the use of artificial or nominal distinctions, to oppose and balance against each other those who never differed as to the end to be pursued, and may no longer differ as to the means of attaining it. The most interesting state of parties in the United States may be referred to three periods: Those who espoused the cause of independence and those who adhered to the British claims, formed the parties of the first period: if, indeed, the disaffected class were considerable enough to deserve the name of a party. This state of things was superseded by the treaty of peace in 1783. From 1783 to 1787 there were parties in abundance, but being rather local than general, they are not within the present review.

The Federal Constitution, proposed in the latter year, gave birth to a second and most interesting division of the people. Every one remembers it, because every one was involved in it.

Among those who embraced the constitution, the great body were unquestionably friends to republican liberty; tho' there were no doubt, some who were openly or secretly attached to monarchy and aristocracy; and hoped to make the constitution a cradle for these hereditary establishments. Among those who opposed the constitution, the great body were certainly well affected to the union and to good government, tho' there might be a few who had a leaning unfavourable to both. This state of parties was terminated by the regular and effectual establishment of the federal government in 1788; out of the administration of which, however, has arisen a third division, which being natural to most political societies, is likely to be of some duration in ours.

One of the divisions consists of those, who from particular interest, from natural temper, or from the habits of life, are more partial to the opulent than to the other classes of society; and having debauched themselves into a persuasion that man-

kind are incapable of governing themselves, it follows with them, of course, that government can be carried on only by the pageantry of rank, the influence of money and emoluments, and the terror of military force. Men of those sentiments must naturally wish to point the measures of government less to the interest of the many than of a few, and less to the reason of the many than to their weaknesses; hoping perhaps in proportion to the ardour of their zeal, that by giving such a turn to the administration, the government itself may by degrees be narrowed into fewer hands, and approximated to an hereditary form.

The other division consists of those who believing in the doctrine that mankind are capable of governing themselves, and hating hereditary power as an insult to the reason and an outrage to the rights of man, are naturally offended at every public measure that does not appeal to the understanding and to the general interest of the community, or that is not strictly conformable to the principles, and conducive to the preservation of republican government.

This being the real state of parties among us, an experienced and dispassionate observer will be at no loss to decide on the probable conduct of each.

The anti-republican party, as it may be called, being the weaker in point of numbers, will be induced by the most obvious motives to strengthen themselves with the men of influence, particularly of moneyed, which is the most active and insinuating influence. It will be equally their true policy to weaken their opponents by reviving exploded parties, and taking advantage of all prejudices, local, political, and occupational, that may prevent or disturb a general coalition of sentiments.

The republican party, as it may be termed, conscious that the mass of people in every part of the union, in every state, and of every occupation must at bottom be with them, both in interest and sentiment, will naturally find their account in burying all antecedent questions, in banishing every other distinction than that between enemies and friends to republican government, and in promoting a general harmony among the latter, wherever residing, or however employed.

Whether the republican or rival party will ultimately es-

tablish its ascendance, is a problem which may be contemplated now; but which time alone can solve. On one hand experience shews that in politics as in war, stratagem is often an overmatch for numbers; and among more happy characteristics of our political situation, it is now well understood that there are peculiarities, some temporary, others more durable, which may favour that side in the contest. On the republican side, again, the superiority of numbers is so great, their sentiments are so decided, and the practice of making a common cause, where there is a common sentiment and common interest, in spight of circumstantial and artificial distinctions, is so well understood, that no temperate observer of human affairs will be surprised if the issue in the present instance should be reversed, and the government be administered in the spirit and form approved by the great body of the people.

NECESSITY FOR THE CONSTITUTION

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1788.

Give me leave to say something of the nature of the government, and to show that it is safe and just to vest it with the power of taxation. There are a number of opinions; but the principal question is, whether it be a federal or consolidated government: in order to judge properly of the question before us, we must consider it minutely in its principal parts. I conceive myself that it is of a mixed nature; it is in a manner unprecedented; we cannot find one express example in the experience of the world. It stands by itself. In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others it is of a consolidated nature. Even if we attend to the manner in which the constitution is investigated, ratified and made the act of the people of America, I can say, notwithstanding what the honorable gentleman has alleged, that this government is not completely consolidated nor is it entirely federal. Who are parties to it? The people—but not the people as composing one great body; but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties: were it as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment, and as a majority, have adopted it already,

the remaining states would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it: were it such a government as it is suggested, it would be now binding on the people of this state, without having had the privilege of deliberating upon it; but, sir, no state is bound by it, as it is, without its own consent. Should all the states adopt it, it will then be a government established by the thirteen states of America, not through the intervention of the legislatures, but by the people at large. In this particular respect the distinction between the existing and proposed governments is very material. The existing system has been derived from the dependent derivative authority of the legislatures of the states, whereas this is derived from the superior power of the people. If we look at the manner in which alterations are to be made in it, the same idea is in some degree attended to. By the new system a majority of the states cannot introduce amendments; nor are all the states required for that purpose; three-fourths of them must concur in alterations; in this there is a departure from the federal idea. The members to the national house of representatives are to be chosen by the people at large, in proportion to the numbers in the respective districts. When we come to the senate, its members are elected by the states in their equal and political capacity; but had the government been completely consolidated, the senate would have been chosen by the people in their individual capacity, in the same manner as the members of the other house. Thus it is of a complicated nature, and this complication, I trust, will be found to exclude the evils of absolute consolidation, as well as of a mere confederacy. If Virginia was separated from all the states, her power and authority would extend to all cases: in like manner were all powers vested in the general government, it would be a consolidated government; but the powers of the federal government are enumerated; it can only operate in certain cases; it has legislative powers on defined and limited objects, beyond which it cannot extend its jurisdiction.

But the honourable member has satirised with peculiar acrimony, the powers given to the general government by this constitution. I conceive that the first question on this subject is, whether these powers be necessary; if they be, we are reduced to the dilemma of either submitting to the inconvenience,

or losing the union. Let us consider the most important of these reprobated powers; that of direct taxation is most generally objected to. With respect to the exigencies of government, there is no question but the most easy mode of providing for them will be adopted. When, therefore, direct taxes are not necessary, they will not be recurred to. It can be of little advantage to those in power, to raise money, in a manner oppressive to the people. To consult the conveniences of the people, will cost them nothing and in many respects will be advantageous to them. Direct taxes will only be recurred to for great purposes. What has brought on other nations those immense debts, under the pressure of which many of them labor? Not the expenses of their governments, but war. If this country should be engaged in war, and I conceive we ought to provide for the possibility of such a case, how would it be carried on? By the usual means provided from year to year? As our imports will be necessary for the expenses of government and other common exigencies, how are we to carry on the means of defence? How is it possible a war could be supported without money or credit? And would it be possible for a government to have credit without having the power of raising money? No, it would be impossible for any government, in such a case, to defend itself. Then, I say, sir, that it is necessary to establish funds for extraordinary exigencies, and give this power to the general government—for the utter inutility of previous requisitions on the states is too well known. Would it be possible for those countries, whose finances and revenues are carried to the highest perfection, to carry on the operations of Government on great emergencies, such as the maintenance of a war, without an uncontrolled power of raising money? Has it not been necessary for Great Britain, notwithstanding the facility of the collection of her taxes, to have recourse very often to this and other extraordinary methods of procuring money? Would not her public credit have been ruined if it was known that her power to raise money was limited? Has not France been obliged, on great occasions, to use unusual means to raise funds? It has been the case in many countries, and no government can exist, unless its powers extend to make provisions for every contingency. If we were actually attacked by a powerful nation, and our general gov-

ernment had not the power of raising money, but depended solely on requisitions, our condition would be truly deplorable —if the revenue of this commonwealth were to depend on twenty distinct authorities, it would be impossible for it to carry on its operations. This must be obvious to every member here; I think therefore, that it is necessary for the preservation of the union, that this power shall be given to the general government. But it is urged, that its consolidated nature, joined to the power of direct taxation, will give it a tendency to destroy all subordinate authority; that its increasing influence will speedily enable it to absorb the state governments. I cannot think this will be the case. If the general government were wholly independent of the governments of the particular states, then indeed usurpation might be expected to the fullest extent: but, sir, on whom does this general government depend? It derives its authority from these governments, and from the same sources from which their authority is derived. The members of the federal government are taken from the same men from whom those of the state legislatures are taken. If we consider the mode in which the federal representatives will be chosen, we shall be convinced, that the general, will never destroy the individual, governments; and this conviction must be strengthened by an attention to the construction of the Senate. The representatives will be chosen probably under the influence of the members of the state legislatures: but there is not the least probability that the election of the latter will be influenced by the former. One hundred and sixty members represent this commonwealth in one branch of the legislature, are drawn from the people at large, and must ever possess more influence than the few men who will be elected to the general legislature.

The reasons offered on this subject, by a gentleman on the same side [Mr. Nicholas] were unanswerable, and have been so full, that I shall add but little more on the subject. Those who wish to become federal representatives, must depend on their credit with that class of men who will be most popular in their counties, who generally represent the people in the state governments: they can, therefore, never succeed in any measure contrary to the wishes of those on whom they depend. It is almost certain, therefore, that the deliberations

of the members of the federal house of representatives will be directed to the interests of the people of America. As to the other branch, the senators will be appointed by the legislatures, and though elected for six years, I do not conceive they will so soon forget the source from whence they derive their political existence. This election of one branch of the federal by the state legislatures, secures an absolute dependence of the former on the latter. The biennial exclusion of one third, will lessen the facility of a combination, and may put a stop to intrigues. I appeal to our past experience, whether they will attend to the interests of their constituent states. Have not those gentlemen who have been honored with seats in Congress, *often signalized themselves by their attachment to their seats*? I wish this government may answer the expectations of its friends, and foil the apprehension of its enemies. I hope the patriotism of the people will continue, and be a sufficient guard to their liberties. I believe its tendency will be, that the state governments will counteract the general interest, and ultimately prevail. The number of the representatives is yet sufficient for our safety, and will gradually increase —and if we consider their different sources of information, the number will not appear too small.

MARY TUCKER MAGILL

[1830—1899]

J. R. GRAHAM

MARY TUCKER MAGILL was born August 21, 1830, at "Hazlefield," in Jefferson County, now West Virginia; and died in Richmond, Virginia, April 29, 1899.

She came of distinguished ancestry. Her father, Alfred Thruston Magill, M.D., held the chair of medicine in the University of Virginia from 1833 until his death, in 1837, at the early age of thirty-two years. Dr. Magill was the son of Colonel Charles Magill, an officer of the Revolution, a friend of Washington, a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati, a district judge of the Federal Court, and for many years a leading lawyer and wealthy landowner of Frederick County, Virginia. His mother was the daughter of the Reverend (and Colonel) Charles Minn Thruston, who in 1776 left the ministry of the Church of England to take command of a regiment in the Colonial Army.

Miss Magill's mother was the eldest daughter of Henry St. George Tucker, presiding judge of the Court of Appeals of his State, and for many years the law professor of the University of Virginia. The late Hon. John Randolph Tucker was her uncle, and the present Bishops of the Diocese of Southern Virginia—Reverend A. M. Randolph and Reverend B. D. Tucker—are her cousins.

It may be said that our author's taste for literature came by inheritance. After the death of her gifted father, much of Miss Magill's early life was spent in the home of her grandparents, the Tuckers, at the University, and in Richmond; and in the schools of these places she was carefully educated. In the year 1848 Judge Tucker removed to Winchester, Virginia, and there Mrs. Magill and her family continued to reside until their home was broken up by the events of the Civil War.

From the beginning of that war the subject of this memoir ardently espoused the cause of the Confederacy; and like most of the ladies of Winchester, old and young, devoted herself to the relief and comfort of the sick and wounded of the army. Many Confederate soldiers, to this day, recall with gratitude her kindness to them in their suffering and need. When the Federal troops occupied the town, her zeal for the South attracted their notice, and in

the spring of 1863, in punishment for the imprudent use of her pen, she was sent under military escort through their lines. During the remainder of the war she served as clerk in a government department in Richmond.

The disasters of the war fell heavily on her family. Everything that the enemy did not destroy was invested in Confederate bonds; and when hostilities ceased almost every vestige of property had been swept away.

By the advice and with the aid and encouragement of friends, Mrs. Magill and her two (then) unmarried daughters opened in Winchester a boarding and day school for young ladies, the principal care and management of which devolved upon Miss Mary. For the responsibilities thus imposed, her strength of character and executive ability, combined with her own thorough education, admirably fitted her. This enterprise from the beginning was largely patronized and was eminently successful.

But our future author had already heard the call of the pen, and had begun her career as a writer. Her earliest efforts were limited to short articles—chiefly stories—which, as their merit became known, were eagerly taken by the literary journals and magazines of that day. The acceptance these fugitive pieces received, and the pleasure she herself took in this work, were allurements to larger undertakings. To this allurement she yielded; but in doing so much of her time was necessarily diverted from the duties of the school, of which she was practically the head; and, as these duties required her undivided attention, the school at length was given up and other employment secured that would allow more time for her literary pursuits. For a few years she taught in the Augusta Female Seminary at Staunton, Virginia. But there, too, she found her duties too exacting and resigned them for work in Washington, District of Columbia, which promised larger opportunities and better advantages for the employment of her pen. A few years later she removed to New York City, where the remainder of her active life was passed in giving lessons in elocution to private classes, lecturing on current events, and in other specialties.

During a part of this time Miss Magill traveled quite extensively; she made several trips to Europe, visiting nearly all places of special interest both in Great Britain and on the Continent. One summer was spent with friends on a ranch in California. A few years later she repeated her visit to the Pacific Coast, extending her trip to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, spending most of the summer and part of the autumn in careful study of the country and of the customs and characteristics of the natives. She had a wide acquaint-

ance also with the older portions of our country, as there were few important places east of the Mississippi that she had not visited.

These visits were not made for pleasure merely, though she derived intense enjoyment from them. They were made mainly for that better equipment for literary work which personal observation and study would give. Her well-trained mind readily perceived whatever would most contribute to this end, and facts about persons, places, and events were carefully stored in her retentive memory to be afterward used for the gratification of her friends and the instruction of her classes. Much of the information gained by travel was given to the world in her published writings, which were widely read, and yet it was in her free and unrestrained intercourse with those who enjoyed her personal acquaintance that the most interesting and often amusing accounts of her observations and adventures were given; for in addition to being a woman of decided ability with her pen, Miss Magill was a brilliant talker. Her wide experience of the world, her careful observation of what she had seen, her command of language and of striking phrases, her keen wit and genial humor, and her copious fund of stories, made her an entertaining and accomplished *raconteuse*. To these attractive qualities, her sympathetic nature and the warmth of her friendship lent additional charms; and she was everywhere received as a welcome guest. In such demand were her visits that a considerable part of her time during the last few years of her life was spent in the homes of her many friends.

Among her numerous accomplishments Miss Magill's talent as an elocutionist should not be overlooked. In this attractive art her skill was quite remarkable and was early used for the entertainment of her friends. Later this gift was studiously cultivated, with such success that she employed it in various ways as a means of livelihood. Her repertoire embraced selections both humorous and pathetic. In the former, especially in "dialect" pieces, she excelled, her command of tones and her powers of imitation being of an order rarely surpassed.

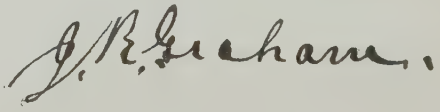
It is a pleasure to add that the great intellectual activities of this gifted and beloved woman were crowned with a Christian character of rare strength and loveliness. In her youth she had consecrated herself to God; and the engrossing pursuits of her busy life, though attended by many trials, never weakened her faith in her divine Redeemer or disturbed her hope of acceptance with Him.

Quite early in her career her vision became seriously impaired. Frequent treatments for cataract and glaucoma by skilful oculists brought no material relief, and for many years her work was car-

ried on under many painful disadvantages until at length her sight was almost entirely gone. Admonished then by the general failure of her health that she must give up the strenuous life she had hitherto led, she purchased in the suburbs of Staunton a modest but pleasant home, in the quietness and rest of which she purposed to spend the remainder of her life. And in this peaceful home, to the hospitality of which her friends were graciously welcome, a brief period of great intellectual and social enjoyment was passed.

The few months preceding her death were spent in a round of visits to her relatives in various places. In Norfolk, in the home of her cousin, Bishop Randolph, she was detained for a time by illness. Upon reaching Richmond she was taken seriously ill at the home of her kinsman, the late Joseph Bryan, and for several days scarcely a hope of her recovery was entertained. She grew stronger, however, and was preparing to return to her own home when, on the morning of the day she was to leave, she was stricken with apoplexy, and in a few moments her glorified spirit was at rest with God.

Her remains were taken to Winchester, Virginia, and on Tuesday, May 2, 1899, were laid by the side of her parents in Mount Hebron Cemetery.



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THE REVIEW

From 'Women: or, Chronicles of the Late War.' Copyright, Turnbull Brothers, and used by permission of the publishers.

A BACKGROUND of mountains which distance had robed in its azure, against which was clearly defined the darker shade of groves and forests. The enclosure within which they stood consisted of about four or five acres of level ground, well suited to the purpose for which it had been chosen. Within this space were collected about eight thousand men, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, whose new uniforms added not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

Many a glance was turned towards our little party, and not a few salutations were given from the ranks. The infantry stood in their long motionless lines, looking for all the world, Mary said, like the wooden soldiers you buy in little boxes out of toy-shops. They looked as if they were merged into one. No individuality, no difference; they formed one army, one body of men.

The cavalry were deployed on each side, their beautiful horses pawing and chafing at the enforced inaction, and snorting impatiently as if, like Job's war-horse, they "scented the battle afar off." In the rear the dark howitzers had their stations, their sombre appearance well suited to their work; they reminded one of the old guillotine, which was always hung with black when it dealt its death-blow. The gloom of their aspect was somewhat relieved, however, by the bright red fringes of the artillery uniform.

It was not only an interesting but a strange sight to see so many gathered on this little spot of ground, all with one aim and end; and notwithstanding the new and cheerful face put upon it, it was also a sad sight. Here the various callings of life had their representatives, and rank and wealth stood side by side with uneducated poverty. Man was man, each with a life to offer up, each with a courage to dare danger. Here were all the Southern States represented; the Lone Star of Texas and the Palmetto of South Carolina side by side with the White Pelican of Louisiana and the *Sic Semper Tyrannis* of Virginia, and all mingling with the common standard, the

"Stars and Bars," fit representative of the separate sovereignty of each State and their unity of purpose under one standard. "Distinct as the billows, one as the sea," a noble brotherhood, which adversity but bound the more closely, because cemented by blood, which is indissoluble.

Conspicuous amongst their fellows, even at this early stage of their career, were three figures, to whom I would call particular attention, both because of their after-career, which has introduced them to the world at large, and that they will be often mentioned in this story.

On the right of the mass of infantry, and in front of a regiment of cavalry, mounted upon a jet-black horse, conspicuous for its beauty, sat a young man of slight wiry figure, below rather than above medium height. There was a strange grace in the poise of his person; and although his horse was motionless, no one could have looked at him without pronouncing him a master in the art of horsemanship.

A swarthy complexion, whose pallor was rendered more striking from the long black beard which swept to his waist, full moustache and jetty hair, with which mingled the sweeping black ostrich feather which drooped from his military cap. His manner was grave and even sad, as his eagle eye, like a flash of lightning in a cloudy sky, roved restlessly in every direction, as if but following the habit of his life, even in this time of inaction, of allowing nothing to escape his notice. To those who shared this time of trial and danger, who in this border warfare remember the feeling of comparative security when General Turner Ashby was scouting in front of the army, it would not be worth while to name him; but for the benefit of others we pronounce his early death to have been one of the most severe blows our Confederacy suffered in its first years.

And now turn we to a second picture, a tall gaunt figure, ungainly in its proportions, awkward in its movements, sitting erect with military stiffness upon the saddle, whilst his knees were drawn up in an attitude which, although it might possibly have been comfortable, certainly was not graceful; features sharply defined, a mouth whose thin lips bespoke an iron will and firmness of purpose, and an eye whose mild hue was set at defiance by the fire which gleamed from it—there was that

in the whole man which stamped him a hero of indomitable courage, inflexible firmness, and resolute daring.

Reader, the portrait is drawn from one which is indelibly imprinted upon the memory of every Southern man and woman, whose eyes wept and whose hearts bled over his fall: it is that of Colonel Jackson, afterwards General "Stonewall" Jackson, the Christian soldier, who to the genius of the Great Napoleon united the purity and integrity of Washington.

The third figure sat at a distance thoughtfully reviewing the scene. Like Ashby, he was rather under the medium height, but of stouter, squarer proportions, with a broad intellectual brow, an earnest eye, and a grave, dignified appearance. You could imagine that grand combinations and far-reaching stratagems could have their birth in his brain. His eye wandered over the men, his army; he might have been gravely pondering their fate—who could foretell it?—but he knew that a few days must decide it for many of them.

Perhaps my reader guesses already that we point him to General Joseph E. Johnston.

THE EVACUATION AND BURNING OF RICHMOND

From 'Women: or, Chronicles of the Late War.' Copyright, Turnbull Brothers, and used by permission of the publishers.

Silently yet surely the day was striding on, big with the fate of the Southern cause, while rocked in false security the people dreamed not of its approach. They stopped their ears to warning voices, and wilfully closed their eyes to the truth, and went on laughing and singing on the very brink of destruction; and when at last the blast sounded, it sounded the knell of hope and faith and happiness.

Never did the sun rise more brilliantly than upon the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865, and never did it shine upon a people more unconscious of the fate that day had in store for them.

It was the Sabbath, and the sound of the bells ringing out the "call to prayer," broke sweetly upon the stillness, and the people in glad obedience to the summons poured into the churches.

"What news?" asked one friend of another in a passing greeting.

"All quiet," was the answer; "not even 'Sunday rumors' this morning. The croakers look peaceful, and were undisturbed by the shots along the lines a few hours since. I did see some stragglers looking at the bulletin board as I passed, but I did not stop."

"Ah!" answered the other, "officers of the Commissary Department say Richmond made a narrow escape a few weeks since; she was near being starved out. But all this stir has aroused the people at last, and they have been crowding provisions into the city, and I was assured this morning by Captain H—— that we had not been so safe for months."

"Oh yes, it's very cheering," said his friend. "I never have had any doubt of our success, and I think the other side must be pretty well convinced that we never intend to give up. We have given them a specimen of our invincible determination."

And they passed on into the churches, and heard not the voices everywhere crying, "Blind! blind! blind!" for even now the messengers were speeding onward with the awakening tidings.

It was the Sabbath for the administration of the Holy Communion at St. Paul's Church, and President Davis went up with the rest of the people of God to lay his burden of care at the foot of the Cross; but before the time for that service arrived, a soft-footed messenger sought him out and handed him a note. He glanced at it, and had not the congregation been devoutly attentive to their religious duties they might have seen a sudden spasm cross his pale face, and with faltering steps he left the church.

The note was from General Lee, conveying the intelligence that Richmond was no longer tenable!

At the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Hoge held the attention of his people in the strong grasp of his eloquence, so that they scarcely noted the summons which withdrew one member and another of the congregation from the church, first the Mayor of the city, then the Medical Director. The Reverend Doctor had finished his discourse and fervently commended his people to God, and was in the act of reading

the closing hymn, when the sexton handed him a note. Thinking it was some notice to be read, he laid it beside him a moment while he finished the hymn, and then in the act of turning to his seat, opened it. In a second, before the choir had time to sound the first note of praise, he turned back again, and those who saw him then can never forget the change which that one moment had wrought. Winters of sorrow seemed to have rolled over his soul.

So terrific was the transition, that as his congregation caught his expression they arose as one man to their feet, and waited with suspended shriek upon their lips to hear their doom. It was delayed a moment while the minister struggled for utterance, and then the voice came shaking and quavering, and broken with the agony which overwhelmed him, and in the terrible silence they heard:

"My dear friends, I have just received news: news which wrings my heart for myself, for you, and for your children; news which makes it improbable that I will meet you in this house again for a long time. I thank you for your unfailing kindness and love, which have brightened my life. Farewell: go quietly to your homes, and remember amidst these waves of sorrow that your Father holds the helm." He then pronounced the benediction.

There is a grief which scorches the tear-drops ere they fall; and the great groan which burst from the heart of that assembly of people was the only sound which demonstrated the agony of the moment. Faces were distorted, but the moisture which cools the brain was denied them. Friend grasped the hand of friend, as on the eve of a long parting, or a meeting where life's hopes lie dead; words were few and brief; comforters there were none, all were mourners. The men hurried out into the street to gain fuller intelligence, and the women, as if the fire already consumed their homes, hurried to the different departments of the Government. The Banks were open, and depositors eagerly embraced the opportunity to withdraw their gold, while the Directors superintended the removal of the bullion. Wagons drove hurriedly up to the doors of the different offices, were loaded and driven off, while others took their places, to be loaded in their turn and follow on. Officers rode madly about the streets, giving

orders. The female clerks stood sadly about the doors of their offices, or vented their feelings by giving energetic assistance in packing and burning the documents over which they had spent so many useless hours. Householders busily occupied themselves secreting their valuables, and preparing for the sacking of the city which every one predicted as certain; while the lower orders of people stood in squads about the streets, with lowering faces, watching the progress of events, and commenting thereon in low murmurs. So the day wore away, and night fell upon the grief-stricken city—a night whose horrors rarely have been surpassed. The evacuation by the army was fixed for eight o'clock, but it extended through the night, and the wail of agony rose for the first time over the partings between friends who scarce expected to meet again on earth. Hundreds of the citizens determined to leave the city with the army, and all the vehicles were pressed into service or hired at a premium exceeding belief.

At eleven o'clock at night the train on the Danville road bore off the officials of the Government and their valuables, and all who could, escaped in any way which presented itself.

But soon a more terrible master than the Federal Government ruled the city. Who gave the order for the firing of the Government tobacco warehouses is not known; the recklessness of the people to consequence alone could have justified it, as they occupied a position in the heart of the city, and the fire spread with fearful rapidity. To add to the horror of the scene, a mob of men, women and children went wildly from place to place, breaking open warehouses and bearing off whatever fell in their way. Wishing to prevent them from getting hold of the liquor which was stored by the Government, orders were issued by the city officials to pour it into the streets. The gutters ran with it, and the mad flame rejoicing in the approach of this, its kindred spirit, leaped to meet it, and soon, roaring, crackling, and dashing in blue, red, and yellow waves, the demon whirled down the streets, carrying destruction with it and driving the frightened crowd before it. At daybreak the city was shaken to its foundations by terrific explosions. It was the blowing up of the rams Richmond, Virginia, Beaufort, and Number 2, the navy whose advent had been greeted with so much hope. The scene pre-

sented at sunrise defies description. Soldiers crossed each other hurrying after the army or returning sullenly to their homes. Sometimes two would stop and talk earnestly, at one moment the eloquence of one would touch the waning honor in the breast of his comrade, or revive the dying love for the cause in his heart, and he would turn back and hurry on with him; at another the contrary would be the result, and fear, discouragement, or reluctance to leave his home would operate too powerfully upon the heretofore faithful soldier of the Confederacy. With a blush he would turn his back on the path of duty, and hanging his head, would seek his home, a dishonored man.

Hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children poured up the streets with the spoils of the night upon them. Here is a man with a roll of cotton on his shoulder; another with a box of shoes or of bacon on his back; next comes a woman rolling a barrel of flour before her, and a child with a basket almost too full for him to carry; and over it all the lurid smoke rolls in angry clouds, and the rising sun shines red through its obscurity; and far away speeds the fugitive army to its fate, bearing the last hopes of a suffering and distracted people.

As the day progressed the horrors increased. Fugitives from the burning buildings, who had only escaped with their lives, filled the streets, now their only home. The fire had progressed fearfully, and some individual in reckless or devilish mood had cut the hose, and help was impossible had there been any to give it; but no one seemed to heed this pitiless foe while looking for another whom they feared still more. At length a succession of explosions like a heavy bombardment broke upon the startled ears of the people. Was the dreaded enemy upon them? and was this the beginning of his vengeance? No! it was the Arsenal, which was fast consuming with its murderous shot and shell, which, not to be balked of the object for which they had been made, wreaked themselves upon the helpless, dying city, and fired into the fire itself in a vain effort at revenge.

And as if the culmination of horrors was even yet to come, a new cry broke out which sent the blood shivering back to the heart. It was the eruption of the convicts from the

Penitentiary; and they came leaping and shouting with their parti-colored clothes, shorn heads, and diabolical countenances, where murder, robbery, and rapine were stamped in fearful characters. They were about four hundred in all, who had overcome their diminished guard, set fire to the building and escaped when there was no one to recapture them. Many a heart which had kept its courage up to this point died away at the sight; but fortunately they were too intent upon securing their new-gained liberty to attempt new crimes, and no immediate evils followed their appearance. At about ten o'clock in the morning the cry, "The Yankees! the Yankees!" startled all with new fears as the crowds fled up the streets with frightened faces.

But what had been apprehended as the greatest evil of all, proved in the end a blessing, as it brought an element into the storm of disorder and misrule which in some degree quelled it. So far from committing deeds of violence, the first act of the Federal force was an organized steady exertion to subdue the fire and restore order; and by night the flames began to succumb to their efforts, and the fire sank down exhausted, but glowing with smouldering rage which only watched an opportunity to break out again with renewed violence.

The scene of desolation was fearful to witness. It presented masses of ruined, blackened walls, with the fire still burning in their midst; suggesting to the imagination no inapt similitude to the heart of the nation, which now existed, a ruin pitiable to behold, with the smouldering fires of disappointment and bitterness glowing in the midst.

The fire had extended for miles, consuming everything which came in its way. The streets were mere piles of rubbish; all marks were lost whereby the pedestrian could conjecture his position, except the calm waters of the James, which rolled itself as quietly and peacefully along as if no such waves as war and violence had ever ruffled the surface of time.

The Capitol Square presented a strange, sad picture: the fire had consumed everything consumable around three sides of its lower area, and the old Capitol stood alone, as it were, in the midst of an island against the shores of which the waves of ruin beat.

Upon the green grass of the square sat, lay, or stood hundreds upon hundreds of human beings of all ages, sexes, and ranks of life, in various attitudes of despondency. They were the homeless outcasts of the fire; and above them waved and flapped the United States flag, the token of their defeat and humiliation, and around them the negro soldiers and the negroes of the city exulted and shouted over the triumphs of the day.

The destitution in the city was fearful; all of the lower part of it having been consumed, and with it such provisions as it contained. Numbers had escaped from their burning homes with only their lives, and the fact that the only money the mass of the people possessed was the Confederate currency, reduced all classes alike to absolute want.

THE BLACK PEOPLE BEFORE THE WAR

From 'The Holcombes: a Story of Virginia Home Life.' Copyright, J. B. Lippincott and used by permission of the publishers.

"The most important person in the family, not excepting Mr. Holcombe, I think, is the old Mammy. I believe her name is Judy, though she is never called anything but 'Mammy.'

"Imagine a very ugly old woman—yes, she is certainly, though I should not like to say so to Mr. Holcombe, and I really believe the children think she is beautiful—with the blackest face you ever saw, surmounted by a turban of bright-colored cotton. A dress of striped linsey-woolsey, with a check apron, and a white cotton handkerchief pinned across her breast. Mr. H. says she has nursed the past two generations, and played with our grandmothers; and certainly they do reward her for it. She only does what she pleases, which is to rub the silver and darn the stockings, and occasionally to do up a piece of lace or muslin. But if there is a spell of sickness in the family, she is never known to sleep. Of course, he says, she must, but it is sitting by the bedside of the patient. No office is beyond her there. She takes the whole duties upon herself. When Mr. Holcombe's mother died, one of her last requests was that, when Mammy's time came, she should have a neat coffin, and a hearse, and be car-

ried to the grave by the children she has been so faithful to. He says she was delighted, as there is nothing they think so much of as a 'pretty burying.' Their habits in this respect, by-the-by, are very funny. My maid, on Sunday last, asked permission to go to the funeral of her father, who had been dead sixteen years! They seem to keep these little last offices until there is a danger of their forgetting their friends, and then call them back to memory by having *the funeral*. Is it not strange? But what strikes me is the numbers there are about the house. Think of having six women for a family of eight or nine people, and that is besides the washerwoman and the cook! I have my maid, who is to do nothing but my pleasure. Lilia has her nurse, who is always at hand, either sitting by her with work or pushing her chair. Margaret and Mary have their maid; and then there is another who cleans the house generally; and a little girl to run on errands; and, besides, there is a man in the dining-room, with a boy to help him.

"Will I ever get used to these black people? They are a continual source of wonder to me. The grown ones are bad enough, but the children are worse. They look like monkeys. They have all the characteristics of the negro race unmodified. I wonder if it is mentioned as a fact in their natural history that their features do not grow after six years of age; for it seems to me the lips, noses, and eyes of the children of that age have attained their full size, and gradually afterward the body grows up to them. It seems so dreadful for them to be slaves, worth so much money apiece—as if money could buy a human soul. But, after all, the fault does not lie with this generation, but with those who put them here. We have just to accept and submit to the fearful responsibility imposed upon us by our forefathers; there seems no other way out of the difficulty. To free them now, of course, would be impossible: such a number of ignorant, helpless wretches, thrown upon our country in a condition of freedom, would be a curse to both races. It seems to me that, from the present state of things, the master is a greater sufferer than the servant—here, in Virginia, at any rate. Now, Mr. Holcombe has over fifty men, women, and children. The men do the hardest work in the fields; the women the lighter services, and the cooking,

washing, and sewing for the 'hands;' while the children, until they are about twelve years old, are useless and expensive appendages, having to be supported without bringing any profit into the concern. I have been surprised to see how comfortably they are provided for. Their cabins, though rough, are perfectly weathertight and comfortable: the fireplaces almost the width of the end of the houses, and the wide chimneys admitting floods of light all around. It is a scene for a painter to go into one of these places, and see the multitudes of children seated *inside* of the fireplaces upon benches put along the sides, and there the little wooly-heads nod and bob until it is a wonder they are not burned up. But oh, Robert, the wood! You see them bringing entire uncut logs for these fireplaces; and a good fire consists of a moderate sized wood-pile."

JULIA MAGRUDER

[1854—1907]

ELIZABETH W. P. LOMAX

JULIA MAGRUDER was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 14, 1854. She was the daughter of Allen B. Magruder, a man of distinction both in law and in letters, and a niece of General John Bankhead Magruder, an officer of note both in the Army of the United States and that of the Confederate States. General Magruder, widely known in England and in America as "Prince John," became the darling of barrack and boudoir because of his skill as a *raconteur* of innumerable stories.

After the Virginia household was closed, Miss Magruder's home was for some years with her sister, Mrs. Gibson, in North Carolina. Later in life she maintained an attractive home in Washington, D.C., though much of her time was spent abroad. She traveled extensively, but found time for long periods of rest with her friends. In Paris she was the guest of Madame Bunau-Varilla; in Scotland she visited at Inverlocky Castle in the North of Scotland, the home of her cousin, Lady Abinger, daughter of her uncle, George Magruder, who had formerly been a captain in the United States Navy; in Italy she sojourned with delight on beautiful Lake Maggiore, where her Virginia friend, the Princess Troubetskoy, had a summer home. It was on her native soil, however, that she died. This sad event occurred in St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, June 9, 1907; her body was brought to Charlottesville, Virginia, for burial; and after her wide wanderings over the earth, she sleeps not far from the spot where she was cradled.

Death is but life's renewal, but the pause,
Between two great thoughts of a loving God,
Full of mysterious tenderness; the calm
That follows on a marvelous harmony
The indrawn breath upon a shout of joy,
The backward movement of God's tidal love,
Which for its short withdrawal to the deep,
Comes voluming back with greater weight of hope
And vastless, fills the thirsty shore with peace.

From early girlhood she had written sketches and short-stories for magazines and newspapers, and was but seventeen years old when she made her initial success at literary work by winning a first prize for the best serial story in a competition inaugurated by the Baltimore *Sun*. It is said that no author can be understood until he creates his own atmosphere. Miss Magruder created hers in 1885, when her first serious work, 'Across the Chasm,' was published anonymously by the Scribners. This book was full of clever comedy, but it followed too close upon the fearful tragedy of civil conflict to elicit impartial judgment from North or South. Speaking of it, she herself once said: "The people of the North and the South look at things so differently." A British review, which had a long article on the subject under the head of American fiction, says: "It is a study of social conditions, perhaps one had better say of social conventions. And it is just. Rarely does one meet a book in which so burning a question is treated so fairly."

Following the publication of 'Across the Chasm,' half a score of novels came from Miss Magruder's pen. She had learned the art of writing with unvarying regularity and thereby of producing copy very rapidly. 'At Anchor,' 'Honored in the Breach,' 'A Magnificent Plebeian,' 'The Violet,' 'A Beautiful Alien,' 'A Realized Ideal,' 'A Manifest Destiny,' and 'The Thousandth Woman' followed each other in rapid succession. In the preparation of these books she made but one copy of the manuscript, writing for the printer in her own hand. Her next book, 'The Princess Sonia,' was written at the rate of three hours a day for eighteen days and completed in fifty-four hours of work. Mr. Gilder of *The Century Magazine* requested that a copy of this manuscript be made for safety before he examined it. It was written in Paris while the author was on a visit to Amélie Rives, and was published first serially and afterward in book form by the Century Company. By many this is considered her strongest achievement in literature. As an offset to what she termed her "unpardonable rapid production," there were long periods, extending sometimes from a half to two thirds of a year, in which she did not write at all.

Not long after 'The Princess Sonia' appeared, 'Dead Selves' and 'Struan,' the latter a favorite with the author, were written. Of 'Dead Selves' the London *Saturday Review* said in an article upon recent fiction: "It is so hard for the modern novelist of manners to bring originality into the drawing-room that we are not inclined to be grudging in our praise of Miss Magruder's very original and powerful story, which clearly proves her right to be included in the scanty handful of competent American novelists. The story

she has to tell is one of entirely spiritual conflict and development, and it is by no means a compliment to her skill to say that she has told it without the smallest suggestion of sanctimonious sentiment. The moral intention of the book is obviously high, but Miss Magruder's art as a story-teller is so considerable that her book is a really remarkable instance of good intention joined to competent execution."

As a writer of short stories Miss Magruder was thought by many to be at her best. A collection of these, published under the title of 'Miss Ayr of Virginia,' shows unusual versatility and artistic finish. The title of one of the sketches in this selection, "A New Thing Under the Sun," was suggested by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who, in company with Miss Magruder, Amélie Rives, and others, visited Oberammergau in 1890. The facts upon which this story was based were related by Miss Magruder, whereupon Mr. Crawford responded: "Well, that is a new thing under the sun."

As a writer of stories for children she was particularly successful in 'Child Sketches from George Eliot,' 'A Labor of Love,' 'The Child Amy,' etc.

Miss Magruder was widely known in the United States as a woman of letters, and justly so, because of her painstaking care in whatever she was writing—novel, sonnet, sketch, or essay. She read and re-read the best authors, studying their writings with the keenest critical acumen, and gave to her own work her very best efforts.

Her sane, sound, and wholesome personality was helpful to all with whom she came in intimate contact, and she delighted them by her accomplished conversation, instinct with a keen sense of the humorous, with ready wit, and with a catholic appreciation of the good, beautiful, and true wherever she found it. Her generosity to those in distress was unbounded, and her philosophy was that of high optimism. As her years advanced she became of a more serious and thoughtful nature and gave more time to the problems of the day. She manifested particular interest in the educational problems of the South and in the child-labor situation in North Carolina, a State she defended in a series of articles contributed to *Collier's Weekly*. During her last illness she completed the manuscript of a book, as yet unpublished, called, I think, 'The Mystery of a Man.' This she regarded as the mature work of her best years.

About a year previous to her death, the French Government nominated Miss Magruder to the French Academy for the Order of Palms, a decoration bestowed upon those distinguished in the literary world and very rarely granted to any American writer. After

a long delay, due to a change of cabinet in the French Administration, this decoration reached her in the last week of her life, and her last public act was in acknowledgment of its receipt.

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A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONVENTIONS

From 'Across the Chasm.' Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.

On Christmas-eve, after dinner, as General and Mrs. Gaston, Miss Trevennon and Mr. Louis Gaston were seated around the drawing-room fire, a card of invitation was brought in by Thomas, and delivered to General Gaston. As he took it and scanned it through his glasses, a perceptible gleam of satisfaction came into his eyes, and he handed it to Mrs. Gaston, saying:

"A card for General Morton's supper."

"Indeed!" returned his wife, with a reflection of his gratified expression. "Really, this is very kind."

As she took the card and looked at it, Margaret surveyed her wonderingly. Turning her eyes away from her cousin's face, an instant later, she saw that Louis Gaston was regarding her with a sort of deprecating amusement. He was seated near to her, and so he alone distinguished her words, when she murmured, in an undertone:

" 'How strange are the customs of France'!"

She smiled as she said it, and Cousin Eugenia, who saw the smile, but missed the words she had uttered, said explainingly:

"This supper of General Morton's is an annual affair. He has given one on New Year's night ever since he has been in Washington. They are limited to twenty-five gentlemen, and of course these are carefully selected. It is always the most *recherché* stag-party of the season, and one is sure of meeting there the most distinguished and agreeable people the city will afford. He has always been so kind in asking Edward, though of course the invitations are greatly in demand, and residents cannot always expect to receive them."

Nothing further was said about the matter just then, but it was evident that this attention from General Morton had put Mrs. Gaston in unusually high spirits, and her husband, on his part, was scarcely less elated.

A little later, when Louis and Margaret happened to be alone, the former said:

"I wish you would tell me what it was that amused you

about that invitation. The system of social tactics, of which you are the exponent, begins to interest me extremely. What was it that brought that puzzled look to your face just now?"

"Shall I really tell?" the girl asked, doubtfully.

"Pray do—frankly. I'm so interested to know."

"I was wondering who this General Morton could be, that a card to his supper should be deemed such an acquisition. I have discovered the fact that you Gastons are proud of your lineage, and, as I have heard it said that yours is one of the few really historical families of America, perhaps it should not be wondered at. Who then, can General Morton be, I was thinking, to be in a position to confer honor on the Gastons? I suppose he's some one very grand, but I'm such an ignoramus that I really don't know who the Mortons are, when they're at home."

"I believe Morton's origin was very common," said Louis. "Certainly he has no claim to aristocratic distinction. He has a high official position and is very rich and a very good-natured, sensible sort of man, but it is out of the question that he could, socially speaking, confer honor upon my brother."

"And yet it was evident," began Margaret, but she stopped abruptly, and Louis made no motion to help her out.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that through your influence, Miss Trevennon, I have been gradually undergoing certain changes in my points of view? I am getting an insight into your social basis and system, and, stubborn Yankee as I am, I must admit that there's something fine in it. I really think I begin to feel myself veering perceptibly. Until I met you, I had no idea what a difference there was between the Northern and Southern ideas of these matters."

"But I must not be taken as a strict representative of the Southern idea—nor you, I suppose, for a strict representative of the Northern idea," said Margaret. "At home, they think me a great radical. I have no special respect for pedigrees in general. That one's forefathers should have been honest is the first thing, it seems to me, and that they should have been social luminaries should come a long way after."

"You rather amaze me in that," said Louis. "I thought there were no sticklers for birth and ancestry like the Southerners."

"It is perfectly true of a large class of them," said Margaret; "but I have seen too much of the degeneration of distinguished families in the South, to have much sympathy with that idea. In too many cases they have lacked the spirit to save them from such degeneration, and that being the case, what does their blood go for? It ought to go for nothing, I think—worse than nothing, for if it has any virtue at all, it should make its possessors independent and manly."

"You have sometimes sneered a little gentle sneer at the Gaston pride—have you not?" said Louis; "and I have sometimes thought it odd, because I had always been told that the pride of the Southern people is unprecedented."

"It is of a different sort," said Margaret; "for instance—"

But she checked herself and colored.

"Oh, pray give me the example," said Louis, earnestly. "Illustrations are such helps. I beg you will not let any oversensibility prevent your speaking plainly. It may be that you've got the best of these social questions. I want to be able to judge."

"How honest and fair you are!" said Margaret, "and how rare that spirit is! I really think I'll tell you frankly what I was going to say. You know what an appreciation of your brother I have, and how entirely his fine qualities command my respect, but I will not deny that his bearing in the matter of this invitation has amazed me. I think I am safe in saying that no Southern man, in your brother's sphere of society, could possibly be found—no matter how insulated or behind the times he might be—no matter how poor or incapable or ignorant, who could be agitated and flattered by an invitation from General Morton or General anybody else. The notion would never penetrate their brains. But I am very bold," she said, checking herself suddenly. "I am afraid I have said too much."

"It would be too much for any one else to say to me certainly," said Louis, looking steadily at her, "and I cannot say the idea you suggest is exactly palatable; but I think I could hardly take offence at words of yours."

At that moment the door-bell rang, and presently Thomas announced General Reardon.

"Generals seem to be the order of the day," said Mar-

garet, with a smile, as the visitor was crossing the hall. "I might be back in Bassett for the prevalence of titles."

Miss Trevennon greeted General Reardon with great cordiality, and set herself at once to the task of entertaining him. He called only occasionally at the Gastons' house, as he did not enjoy their society any more than they did his. He had been in the United States Army before the war, and had been extremely popular among the officers, being possessed of a fund of anecdote and humor, which congealed instantly in the atmosphere of the Gastons' drawing-room, but flowed freely enough in camps and barracks. He was of a good Southern family, and essentially a gentleman. His visits, as has been indicated, were not especially inspiring to the Gastons, but Cousin Eugenia had detected in her husband a faint tendency to slight this cousin of hers, and it was just like her, after that, to treat him with greater distinction. General Gaston, in truth, found it a little difficult to ignore the fact that he was an officer in the Federal army who had gone with the South, and certainly did not enjoy his visits; but he stood in some awe of his wife, which enabled him partially to conceal the fact that he chafed under her cousin's companionship.

When Thomas had summoned his master and mistress to the drawing-room, Mrs. Gaston seated herself near General Reardon, and at once fell into fluent conversation with him. General Gaston, for his part, established himself half-way between this couple and the pair who were seated on the other side of the fire-place. He sat very straight and erect in his chair, occasionally making a rather forced remark to General Reardon, who, in his turn, was conscious of being bored and ill at ease, but entirely unconscious of being the object of any slight whatever. It occurred to him, perhaps, that his host's manner was peculiar, even unfortunate, but it would have taken a great deal to convey to his honest breast the suspicion that any gentleman alive could mean to slight a visitor in his own house.

Mrs. Gaston, when she chose, could talk agreeably to any one on almost any subject, and she was now discussing crops and market-gardening, and listening with great vivacity of expression, to a detailed account that General Reardon was giving of the reports his wife—whom he called "Loose," her

name being Lucy—related of the result of a little venture in the way of a market-garden which they had made.

"By the way, General," said the visitor, breaking off suddenly from his conversation with Mrs. Gaston, and turning to address her husband, as if struck with a sudden thought; "are you invited to this supper of General Morton's?"

Imperceptible bristles began to rise over General Gaston's surface. He drew himself still more erect, and cleared his throat once or twice before answering.

"Ah—I beg your pardon—ah—yes," said General Gaston, with an inflection that suggested that he was rather asking a question than answering one. He cleared his throat again and went on with a certain superciliousness that Margaret noted carefully. "General Morton has been kind enough to remember me and send me a card. There is always a very distinguished company at these suppers of his, and I shouldn't think of missing this."

"Loose wants me to go," responded General Reardon, in indolent, indifferent tones that set Margaret's blood a-tingling with delight; "but I don't care anything about it. I s'pose the men'll all wear swallow-tails, and I haven't got one. I'll tell Morton he'll have to let me off.—What I was going to tell you about the potato crop, is this," he said, returning to his conversation with Mrs. Gaston, as being the more interesting of the two. "Loose says, if we'd planted Early Rose—"

But Margaret listened no further. She knew Louis was looking at her, and she had drawn down the corners of her mouth, demurely, in her efforts not to laugh; but her eyes brimmed over with such sparkling merriment, that the mouth's quiescence went for little.

Mr. Gaston presently drew out his watch, and reminded Miss Trevennon of the fact that it was nearly time to set out for the theatre, in fulfilment of their engagement; so she excused herself, and went to put on her wraps.

When the two young people found themselves alone together, in the clear, bracing atmosphere of the city streets—they had chosen to walk—Margaret began the conversation by saying:

"Alan Decourcy called while we were out driving this morning. I hope we shall not happen to be in view of the

theatre-party to-night; it would be a little awkward, as we both refused to join it."

"Not at all," said Louis, "they need never know but that our engagement antedated their invitation. Don't give yourself any uneasiness about that."

When they had gone on a few moments in silence, Louis said in his pleasant voice, which even in the darkness indicated that he was smiling:

"Well, you had your little triumph this evening!"

"I did," returned Margaret, with a soft, little laugh, "and I must say I enjoyed it. But I was wondering how he happened to know General Morton."

"Oh, I dare say they were chums in the United States Army, before the war," said Louis. "Only think what a chance that man threw away! Why, if he had remained in the Union army he might have been a Major-General by this time."

"He is a Major-General, I think," said Margaret, demurely; "or is it only a Brigadier?"

"You impertinent little rebel!" said Louis. "How dare you say that to me? How do you know that I will submit to such audacity? You make heavy draughts upon my clemency."

"I'm afraid I do," said Margaret; "but I have always had them generously honored. But while we are on the subject, there's one thing that I do want to say to you. Do you know, I have observed that your brother never gives General Reardon his title? In speaking of him to me or Cousin Eugenia, he always says 'your cousin,' and in speaking to him he avoids calling him anything at all. Once only, when he had to say something, he called him 'Mr. Reardon.' He did indeed."

"Well, in point of fact, you know," said Louis, rather uncomfortably, "he's got no more right to the title of General than you have. The point has been definitely decided. It is only a matter of courtesy."

"I don't know who had the power to decide it," Margaret said; "but we are not considering the point of legal right. Its being, as you admit, a matter of courtesy, should settle the thing, I think. Don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I'm not sure I always thought so, but I do now."

When they reached the theatre, they found the overture just begun. A few minutes later they saw Mrs. Vere's party enter and place themselves in their box. The dashing young hostess led the way, and seated herself *en évidence,* with a brilliant party grouped about her. One or two of these Margaret recognized, and Louis knew them all, naming them, without comment, to Margaret. There was some one whom they did not see, sitting in the shadow behind the curtain, and to this person Mrs. Vere directed a greater part of her attention. She constantly leaned to speak to him, or bowed her head to catch his utterances, casting towards him now and then the languishing looks which her peculiarly long eyelashes rendered so effective. Margaret felt that this person was Alan Decourcy, and at the end of the first act her suspicion was proved to be correct, as he then rose and came to Mrs. Vere's side to take a survey of the house. He looked very graceful and elegant, but, in some way, the great charm his appearance once had possessed for her was gone.

When she turned her eyes away from him, they rested, almost without any volition of her own, upon Louis Gaston's quiet profile. He was looking away from her, and so she could scan at leisure the earnest lineaments that had in them a genuineness and nobleness so much better than beauty. The more she felt her disappointment in Alan Decourcy, the more she believed in and rested upon Louis Gaston's friendship. Imperceptibly her regard for him had widened and deepened, until now merely to think of him was to feel peaceful and safe at rest. . . . .

He paused a moment, still looking at her. There was not a quiver in the still face pressed against the cushions, but at his last words the beautiful arm was uplifted and laid against her cheek, hiding her face from view, as the slim hand closed upon the top of the chair, above her head. It was an attitude full of grace. The white wrap had fallen back, leaving bare the lovely arms and shoulders, and revealing perfectly the symmetry of the rounded figure. Although the face was hidden, he could see every exquisite line and tint of it, in his mind's eye, almost as plainly as he saw, with his actual vision,

the soft masses of hair drawn back from the little shell-like ear, and the portion of white cheek and throat which her screening arm did not conceal.

In spite of strong repression, the hot blood overflowed the young man's bounding heart and sent a glow of dark color surging over his face. Something—a little fluttered movement of the breast—revealed to his confused consciousness that Margaret herself was not unmoved. He rose and advanced toward her.

"You know it," he said; "but let me put into words the sweet, despairing truth. I love you, Margaret. Oh, good and beautiful and true and sweet, how could I choose but love you!"

He dropped upon his knees before her, and in this low position he could see her lovely, tremulous lips. At something in their expression a sudden little flame of hope shot up in his heart.

"Margaret," he said, in a deep commanding tone that was almost stern, while all the time his hands were clinched together, so that he touched not so much as the hem of her dress—"Margaret, look at me. Let me see straight into your eyes."

There was no disobeying that tone, which he now used to her for the first time. She felt herself mastered by it, and, lowering her arm, she showed to him her loving eyes, her trembling lips, her entranced and radiant face. Instantly his arms were around her, his lips to hers, in an embrace so tender, a kiss so sweet, as can come only in that rare union of freshness and completeness for which all the past lives of these two young souls had been a preparation.

"You are wrong. I did *not* know," she said, presently, breaking the long silence and murmuring the words very softly in his ear.

"Then you have been dull and blind and deaf, my darling, my darling, my darling!" he said, lingering caressingly upon the repetition of the poor little word, which is the best we have to convey the tenderest message of our hearts. "Do you know it now, or do you need to have it proved to you still further? Let me look at you."

But she would not lift her head from its safe and happy

resting-place, and her eyes refused to meet his until he said again:

"Margaret," in that stern, sweet voice which thrilled and conquered her; and then she lifted up her eyes, and fixed them with a fervent gaze on his.

"God help me to deserve you, Margaret, my saint," he murmured, as he met that look of lovely exaltation. "It hurts me that you have to stoop so far."

"I do not stoop," she answered. "You have pointed me to heights I never dreamed of. We will try to reach them together."

Later, when their long talk, including the short explanation of their misunderstanding, was over, and they were parting for the night, with the blessed consciousness that they would meet to-morrow in the same sweet companionship—with the thought in the mind of each that the future was to be always together, never apart—Louis went with her into the hall, to watch her again as she ascended the stairs.

When she had gone but a few steps, she paused, leaning over the banister:

"Doesn't it seem funny," she said, the serious happiness her face had worn giving place to a merry smile, "such a Yankee and such a Rebel, as you and I! Let us set an example of letting by-gones be by-gones, and shake hands across the bloody chasm."

THE MUSICIAN AND THE CHILD

Extract from "His Heart's Desire," in 'Miss Ayr of Virginia.' Copyright, H. S. Stone and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

It was a beautiful country through which the Aroona River ran; so beautiful that at last, after ages of unmolested repose, a railroad had been built along the top of the mountain ridge, and tourists had begun to talk of its attractions. As yet, however, they knew the fertile little valley only from a distance. The point most admired by the passengers on those flying trains was that where the Aroona lay beneath them, like a great tin funnel on its side. They could see it, in one place, broad and placid, and could follow distinctly its sharp

and sudden compression into a passage forced between two great walls of rock, where it seethed and rushed through the contracted space representing the stem of the funnel. This was called The Narrows, and below it was the Falls—a foaming cataract that dashed relentlessly over great, dangerous-looking rocks.

Perhaps the passing tourists sometimes wondered what sort of men and women they were, who lived in the odd, misshapen little houses, bunched together to form the tiny village, which was not much more than a dot on the landscape. It soon passed out of sight, and they thought of it no more, and yet it is likely that they were more concerned about these obscure country people, whose very isolation made them interesting to speculative minds, than the latter allowed themselves to be concerned about the occupants of the trains, which, twice a day, darted along the high horizon line, almost as swift and mysterious meteors crossing the heavens. They were tranquil-minded, unimaginative people, and lived their lives and died their deaths in this distant valley of the earth, without much interest in what lay beyond.

On the outskirts of this village was a house conspicuously superior to the rest. It was built on a slight elevation of land, and had some claim to ornament and architectural display. It was also supplied with comfortable outhouses and enclosed grounds.

Back of this house, beyond the commodious barn, was a little well-worn pathway, which led through the large vegetable-garden down to what once had been an old dairy and spring-house. The spring was long since dried up, and the building would have perhaps fallen into disuse, had it not been that someone had taken possession of it and put it into a decidedly novel purpose. Almost one-half of it was occupied by a grand piano. Lying on top of this was a violin-case carefully closed, a lot of loose music, some bits of charcoal, some dilapidated paint-tubes, a very dirty palette, and other odds and ends of accumulated litter.

On the walls, and scattered all about in various stages of incompleteness, were sketches in oil, water color, and charcoal, all unmistakably bad, and yet with a quality in them that indicated that the mind had had something to express

in spite of the impotency of the hands. The room was dusty and disordered, and smelt strongly of tobacco, but the windows were open, and this odor was forced to give place, now and then, to the fresh, keen breath of the blooms of the honeysuckle vines, which hung in green density over the rickety porch without. There had been a heavy rain, and the wet sweetness was delicious.

The path through the old vegetable garden had been carefully cleared at the important period known as "garden-making time"; but now, in late summer, the weeds and grass had so encroached upon it as to make it almost as wet as the cabbage and potato patches on each side.

Down this path, stepping very cautiously, there came now a man and a child. The former was tall, thin, and much bent in figure. His hair and beard were scant in quantity, and almost white. He had deep lines in his face, such as could only have been made there by age or sorrow. His features were without beauty, and quite unremarkable, except the eyes, which had a look that caught and fixed the attention. That look, one of earnest beseeching, was turned now upon the child, whose little hand was clasped in his great bony one, and who kept up with his shuffling stride by a little skipping motion, which bobbed her bright head up and down and seemed directly connected with the inarticulate murmurs which came from her lips, expressive of a totally irrelevant and irresponsible joyousness. Her little calico frock was neatly made, well fitting and clean, while the clothing of the man looked, by contrast, almost piteously shabby and uncouth. His hair, too, was long, and straggled over his ears, meeting and mixing with his beard in confused disorder. The child was captivatingly pretty. Her nose was a queer little pug, her eyes were enormously big and round. Her flesh was deliciously smooth, and her hair was curly gold, that, freely exposed to the sunlight, gave back shining for shining. She was not more than four or five years old, plump and chubby in figure, and seemed to give out an exuberant happiness, brighter than birds or butterflies.

As the path got lower down the hillside, the dampness of the undergrowth increased, so that the child's feet were in danger of getting wet. Noticing this fact, the man stooped

and lifted her in his arms. Even this did not stop the sort of physical bubbling-over, which she had been keeping up, and she still dipped and nodded from her perch, and uttered her little gleeful gurgles, as if her heart had more joy than it could silently contain.

When they reached the gloomy little house, the man was very careful to close the door behind him, and his next action was to draw before the window the muslin curtains, which had once been white, but were now dust-stained and weather-beaten. Then, with the air of old habit, he placed the child among the tumbled cushions of the sofa, saying, as he carefully felt first one foot, and then the other:

"Rose-Jewel mustn't get her feet wet. Mamma wouldn't like that. No, they're all right. And now must I tell you a story?"

The child shook her head in decided rejection of this idea, and said in an imperious voice:

"No, play."

He did not speak at once, but reached up and took the shapeless old hat from his head, and, with a sudden jerk, shook backward the thin locks which straggled over his forehead. There was unmistakable gratification in his face, as of one who had received a welcome invitation for which he had been too humble to look.

One would have thought it likely that the child, when she spoke, would call him "Grandpapa," but she turned her insistent gaze upon him now and said peremptorily:

"Play, Papa, play!"

As he crossed over where his violin-case lay, there had come a sudden buoyancy into his figure, and as he lifted the instrument carefully from its case and began to tune it, his face, too, was fervid and alert. The fact became evident now, that he was not an old man. There was all the strength of youth in the sudden motion with which he braced his shoulder to the violin, and all the fire of youth was in his eyes.

The child looked upward into his face, and smiled. He returned the smile, and with a bright nod of encouragement and promise, he broke into the gay movement of a little dance tune, played with extraordinary brilliancy of execution.

"How's that, baby? Here we go! Now the pretty lady is going down the line and holding up her pink silk dress. Listen to that! And now they are all catching hands and whirling round and round, and everybody is laughing—and here goes the music like this!"

As he fiddled away at the merry tune, bending about, and jerking his head and elbows, the child got into a state of ecstatic glee, clapped her hands and laughed aloud, and finally slipped off the sofa, caught up her skirts, and began to dance. It was done with the tottering, uneven motion of a baby, but there was extraordinary vim in it, and as the music got every moment gayer and faster, she jumped and whirled about, until her companion, with a wild laugh of delight threw down violin and bow, and caught her up in his arms, covering her with kisses, and jumping about, himself, in rather a mad fashion, with the music in his blood, as well as hers. Then growing calmer, he put her back upon her cushions, and taking up his violin, said soothingly:

"Now Rose-Jewel's tired, and Papa's going to make her rested. Sit still, darling, a little while, and see if you don't feel as if you were in a lovely little cradle with soft blue ribbons on it, and a little bird singing on the window sill. Now listen for the little bird."

He drew the bow across the strings once, twice, with long minor tones, and then he began the bit of descriptive improvising. The child sank back in the cushions, and breathed a long sigh of ease. When the motion of the cradle was indicated, she rocked her little body slightly, from side to side, and closed her eyes luxuriously. Then, with his gaze fixed on her face, and with an intensity of fervid feeling that made him almost beautiful, the musician touched some short staccato notes that made a little cheeping sound, to which the child delightedly responded by saying:

"Birdie! Birdie! Birdie!" and made an infantine effort to snap her plump fingers.

The man's face grew radiant. Holding aside the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, he took a few steps toward her, bent down, and kissed first one, and then the other of the soles of her little shoes, which were covered with fine grains of damp sand, that he felt against his lips.

"The good God gave you to me, Rose-Jewel," he said. "Put your hands together while I play him a prayer of thanks."

Unquestioningly, the child placed her two hands palm to palm, and looked up reverently, as he began to play.

It was a strange, wild sweet *Te Deum* that rose now and filled the little room. The very heart of praise was in it, the very soul of thankfulness. The man's dark eyes, for the time, had lost sight of the gift in the Giver, and were turned upward to the dingy ceiling, that was soon obscured by tears. The large drops rolled from his lids and ran down his cheeks. His face grew strained and seamed with agitation, and a thick sob rose in his throat. Still he played on with that rapt, uplifted gaze, until a sound from the sofa recalled him, and he started, and lowered his bow-arm with a sudden movement of dismay.

There were tears in the eyes of Rose-Jewel, too, and her little heart, which he felt should know only the joy of praise. was tasting too soon its sorrow and solemnity. As one quick, sharp sob followed another he felt a sudden deep contrition stab him, and lifting his bow again, he began to play in a quieting, comforting, reassuring strain, interspersed with words that matched it.

"The dear God loves us both, Rose-Jewel," he said. "He wants us to be happy and bright, and not cry or get frightened. He sends us beautiful angels to take care of us, and make us go to sleep, and have sweet dreams. Listen to this now, and see if you don't hear them flying into the room."

The child ceased sobbing, and listened with earnest attentiveness, and by and by he had the joy of seeing her fall into a gentle sleep. He played on, pleasing himself with the idea that his music represented to her, in her sleep, the dreams the angels brought.

* * * * * *

A sound from behind aroused him. The door was suddenly thrown open. He turned, still clasping the child, and met the infuriated eyes of the wife and mother.

The scene that followed was one that roused him to a point of excitement he had never known before. It was very brief, but in these moments, in which Rose-Jewel clung about his neck, while her mother tried in vain to get possession of

her, while she seemed to appeal to him for protection, and the very appeal seemed to give him the power of response, he felt himself, for the first time since his marriage, a strong, self-reliant man, and a sense of exultation swelled upward with the surgings of his excited blood, until he felt able to do and dare everything for the sake of defending this child. His wife, scarcely recognizing him in this unfamiliar aspect, was for a moment surprised into silence, but the reaction after this made her more angry yet, and the long restrained indignation of years broke loose. She gave it full vent, and he heard his beloved art defamed and derided, and a possession of the musical gift called a misfortune, a nuisance, and a curse. It was enough, she said, to have borne with it in him, and to have had calamity brought through him into her life; but to go through it again, with her own child—was more than she could stand! She declared that her confidence had been abused—that Rose-Jewel should never be left one moment alone again with him—that it should be the object of her life, henceforth, to suppress every sign of musical talent the child might manifest—that she was resolved to do this, if she had to whip her, tie her, starve her, lock her up, a dozen times a day. She looked into his eyes defiantly, and warned him that the child should not be spared! As he heard these words come from her lips, he felt a tightening of the little arms around his neck. The fire of his passionate love for his baby was kindled into a keener flame, and he wished it were possible never to loose her from his arms. Her every second's absence from his sight would be torturing anxiety to his heart.

* * * * * *

A longing for the old isolation of freedom came upon him. They might have it once again! He reached for his violin and bow and put them into the case. Then, still holding the child pressed close against him, he took up the case with his free hand, and went out of the opened door.

It was a mild, overcast summer day. The very act of getting out of doors exhilarated and strengthened him. He spoke gay and encouraging words to the child, as he carried her down the little, well-worn path which led to the river, without going in sight of the house. They had often gone along

this path together, and when he reached the bank and loosed the little boat tied there, and put Rose-Jewel down on the cushion in the bottom, with the violin against her feet, they were only re-enacting old familiar scenes of companionship and delight.

Eastin took up the small paddle that lay in the boat, and pushed out into the stream. The river was perfectly placid on days like this, and it was his delight to get off with the child a little way from land and to play to her. The boat scarcely moved upon the water and they did not go out far enough to get into the current. It was in the wide and sleepy part of the stream above the narrows.

The child had grown completely quiet now, and looked up at him with a face of unclouded happiness as he laid down the paddle and took his violin out of its case. He put it in perfect tune, and then, with the radiant presence opposite him, began to play.

On his own heart the shadow of a great dread hung heavy. He felt that this hour separated the dear and beautiful past from a future full of pain and wrangling, and even of cruelty and harshness. He would have to make a desperate fight with his wife for the soul and body of the child, and he felt that everything was against him. It was inevitable that he should be conquered, and what would it all mean to his darling? He looked into her beautiful, confiding little face, and it almost broke his heart. He resolved that she should be happy, for this hour, at least.

He played to her gay dance music, and she clapped her hands in time to it, and rocked her little body about, until the boat moved with her motion, and made them seem to be dancing. Eastin helped this effect by patting his foot and shaking his head, and answering audibly her little cries of glee. He passed from waltz to polka, and from polka to *galop,* the child conforming to every change of time; and Eastin, remembering that it was their last free hour together, got intoxicated with the delight of it, and bewildered by the thought of its fleetingness played faster and faster, nodding his head in time to Rose-Jewel's motions, and never taking his eyes from her face.

At last, with a final scrape of the bow, the exciting measure

ended, and he dropped his arms with a wild and breathless laugh, to which the child responded.

But how was it that, although both their tired bodies had grown still and relaxed, the sense of movement continued? Eastin felt a spasm of fear at his heart, and looking about him he discovered that they were far from the shore, and in the very center of the stream, whose current was bearing them rapidly onward, and every moment becoming stronger and swifter. He realized, in one awful instant, that they had been drifting for some time, and were quickly getting into the narrows. He looked ahead and could see the high cliffs of rocks on either side, which, for unknown ages of time, had been the impregnable bounds of that crowding torrent of waves and spray and bubbling foam that rushed onward to the falls below.

He reached for the little paddle, but he felt it would be useless. Every moment the motion was becoming stronger and more irresistible. He scarcely felt the thin planks between him and the seething stream below. He put out the paddle, but one blow from that bounding water knocked it from his hand and hurled it away, and he could see it tossed from wave to wave, with a sportive motion that seemed to mock him.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him, at which his heart gave a great bound, and a light, as it had been from heaven, overspread his face. He knew that rescue was impossible, and the idea that God had planned for him and for Rose-Jewel this release from the pain of earth and this entrance into the glory of heaven swept over him with a wave of joy. There were no words that he had ever said more devoutly than, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and he knew Rose-Jewel was already a companion for the angels. The vision of a certain ecstacy and bliss shone all around about him. O the freedom of it, the rapture, the music! Even the dread of physical death was nothing to him. Rose-Jewel would be his companion, and the journey would be short!

His one care was that the child should not be frightened. She had always answered to his control, and he took up the violin now and began to play.

"Listen, darling, listen!" holding her eyes with his own,

and drowning in a flood of rich, keen melody the noise of the rushing water.

And Rose-Jewel answered to the insistence of those swelling sounds of music as unquestionably as she had ever done. She forgot everything; as she bent forward to listen. He leaned close to her, that she might not lose one sound. The beauty of the music that swelled out over those turbulent waters was entrancing, even to himself. He did not know what he was playing—something he had never heard before, but something fit to play in those choirs of heaven to which he was going so quickly. He could not wonder that the child was under the spell of it. It came to him without one interruption—an unbroken strain of divinest sweetness, such as he had never heard before. In the very midst of it, the ever-narrowing, ever-quickening current gave the little boat such a wrench, that the violin was knocked out of his hand into the sleeping waters.

Then Rose-Jewel gave a little cry, and turned to look about her, but before she had faced the sight of those terrifying waves, he caught her in his arms. She felt her little golden head drawn down upon its sweet, familiar resting place, and the arms of her father folded close about her. Words of love and comfort and reassurance were whispered in her ear. She was being rocked into repose and rest quite naturally, as she had so often been before, upon her father's breast.

There was a sudden rush of something cold and strange—a swish of sound—a lurch—a fall—and then, still holding each other in the dear fondness of that close embrace, the musician and his little child sank together into death, and their spirits soared forth into infinite music.

WALTER MALONE

[1866—]

M. W. CONNOLLY

WALTER MALONE, the youngest of a family of twelve children, is a son of the late Dr. Franklin Jefferson Malone, and Mary Louisa (Hardin), his wife. He was born February 10, 1866, in De Soto County, Mississippi, about thirteen miles southeast of Memphis, Tennessee. His father, a surgeon in the Mexican War, and a member of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention in 1868, died January 24, 1873. The death of his father so soon after Walter's birth deprived him of many early advantages; but his mother, one of those women who rise equal to emergencies, managed to give her younger children such educational advantages as the country schools afforded.

Three miles across the line in Tennessee to the "old-field schoolhouse" young Malone trudged, and from the age of six to sixteen on these daily trips developed the faculty of thinking and of dreaming day-dreams. When not at school he was working in the corn and cotton fields, where he literally thought out his thoughts between the plow-handles. When the pictures which he had conjured up were firmly fixed in his mind, he made his first attempt, at the age of twelve years, to record them in verse. Always a severe critic of himself, he destroyed these productions as not to his liking.

However, the voice within him would not be stilled, and between the ages of thirteen and fourteen he wrote several articles which were published in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* Thus encouraged, he began at the age of fourteen writing verse seriously, and continued up to 1882, when he was sixteen years old. Then appeared his first volume of Verses, 'Claribel, and Other Poems,' a book of three hundred pages, containing two long blank verse dramas, two long narrative poems in verse, and a number of short poems. This book was about such a production as a farmer's boy of latent genius and limited education might be expected to write if he were ambitious and fond of work. It was the largest book of verse ever printed by a boy under twenty-one, and it was much admired by many who liberally commended him for his achievements. No doubt he was proud of it, as he had a right to be; but in later years, with erring judgment, to be sure, he destroyed every copy he could lay hands on.

In 1883, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Preparatory De-

partment of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford. For this field of effort he was but ill equipped. While he had been an omnivorous reader, his studies in the elementary text-books had been desultory, and his day-dreams between the plow-handles and his musings at night under the stars were hostile to concentration, definiteness of purpose, and efficient training. Getting in touch with collegiate work was, therefore, difficult. The professors often told him to read less and study text-books more; but for the first two years he was sadly lagging in his studies. Mathematics, with the exception of geometry, he could never like nor learn; and, with many others, he wondered why an undesirable study was forced upon him. The last two years at college were eminently successful, and much progress was made. He won laurels in two college oratorical contests, and was for three years on the editorial staff of the college magazine—the last year serving as editor-in-chief.

In 1885, at the age of nineteen, he published a second volume of poems, entitled 'The Outcast, and Other Poems.' This book of three hundred and fifteen pages contained two blank verse dramas, two long narratives in verse, some lyrics, and a reprint of the lyrics in the first volume, though changed considerably. The second volume was a great improvement over the first, and its appearance elicited favorable comments in communications from Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Oliver Wendell Holmes; but because of its occasional crudities and immaturities, it, too, was consigned to the flames. Of this book, John Greenleaf Whittier wrote: "The book gives promise, but it is not what it would be were the author ten years older. Why, at thy age, I could not make a respectable rhyme." Fire, however, can no longer blot out the printed word. Recently a collector of rare books in Minneapolis, Minnesota, sent a copy of the first book, 'Claribel, and Other Poems,' with the request that the author inscribe something on the title-page. Mr. Malone, with characteristic modesty, complied by transcribing from Thackeray: "Be sure that if thou hast never been a fool, thou wilt never be a wise men." In later editions of his works Mr. Malone has included fragments and excerpts from his first two books, much altered and sometimes recast. The objection that Mr. Malone finds to his earlier writings is that they were produced when he knew nothing of the world, of nature, or of human nature. He had lived in a world of books, and all of his pictures were unreal, and obtained at second hand. A young Scotch poet on his deathbed at twenty-three bewailed the fact that his was not a life—"'Twas but a shred of childhood thrown away"; but Mr. Malone's life was without childhood; he never was a child. He was a grown man in thought and action from early childhood. He had

no playmates and engaged in no childish sports. Youths of his age around him were beneath his social plane, and association with them was prohibited. He could play with the little negroes on the place, as was the custom, but he was seldom playfully inclined. He was always studious, always thoughtful and serious. His world was between written pages.

In 1887 graduation day came, and admission to the Bar at Oxford, Mississippi, shortly afterward. Moving to Memphis the same year, he formed a copartnership with his brother, the Honorable James H. Malone, now Mayor of Memphis (1908), and engaged in the practice of law. Law is a jealous mistress, and after sorrowfully reading Blackstone's "Farewell to His Muse" he set himself assiduously to work, and until the latter part of 1891 his pen was idle and his muse a "Leah the Forsaken."

The year 1892 saw the beginning of his best work. 'Narcissus, and Other Poems' appeared and attracted widespread attention. Two years later 'Songs of Dusk and Dawn' appeared. This book contained many new poems, and what was best in the volume of 1892, as well as what was best in the two juvenile books. In reviewing this book twelve years ago I wrote:

"His profusion of imagery, his reverence for the sublime and beautiful in nature, his felicity of expression and loftiness of sentiment, give him charter to undertake and power to execute tasks from which mere mediocrity would retire discomfited. His style is diversified and pleasing and his passion is pure, excepting when the exuberance of his fancy beguiles him into voluptuousness. Beginning to write poetry in early life, he has followed the avocation or diversion with care and patience. That he has not reached the meridian of his fame we may well agree without indulging too sanguine an expectation of his future success. A shifting of the scenes, a sharp bringing up against realities, the impact of adversity's missiles, or the ennobling and broadening influence of love and congenial association will dispel these clouds of misanthropy and give a brighter tinge and more cheerful tone to his lines."

In 1896 followed 'Songs of December and June,' a little volume of twenty lyrics, and 'The Coming of the King' (1897), a collection of eight short stories. This book received high praise from the press and from writers like Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Charles Dudley Warner, Edgar Fawcett, and others. In that year Mr. Malone retired from lucrative law practice and moved to New York, where he engaged in literary pursuits for three years, contributing to the leading magazines and weeklies of the metropolis. The Spanish War coming on, and the demand for such writing as he had to offer being limited

owing to the great demand for war literature, Mr. Malone returned to Memphis and resumed the practice of law.

In 1900 appeared 'Songs of North and South,' a volume containing the garnered work of the three preceding years. In this book the predictions made eight years before were fully verified. The volume introduced the author to Great Britain, and it was favorably received by Alfred Austin, Israel Zangwill, and the British and Scotch reviews. In 1904 appeared 'Poems,' a complete edition of all his poems up to that date, the early ones being rewritten and revised. In 1906 appeared his latest book, 'Songs of East and West,' a volume containing twenty-seven poems, many of them being pictures of travel in Europe, California, Florida, Cuba, and Mexico. His most widely quoted poem, "Opportunity," though by no means his best, according to the judgment of many who are competent authorities, appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* in March, 1905. This has been printed and reprinted time and again, in all English-speaking countries.

In 1905, on petition of practically all of the Memphis Bar, Mr. Malone was appointed Judge of the Second Circuit Court of Shelby County, Tennessee, and by election he has held the office ever since. As a jurist he has attained to an eminence equal to that which he won in the forum, which is saying much, because his knowledge of the law is phenomenal. Indeed, Judge Malone possesses an encyclopedic mind. It is stored with various knowledge, not thrown in helter-skelter, but arranged and orderly, indexed, and readily accessible at all times. Be it reading the sweep of the skies and telling the names and positions of the planets and their mythological meanings, noting the names and sex of the trees of the forest, denominating grasses, weeds, shrubbery, flowers, and the birds of the air, his information is copious and accurate. In spite of his modesty, this abundance of information crops out in his writings.

His consistent loyalty to his ideals has been most admirable. In this materialistic age, when everything is absorbed in money-getting, he has steadfastly remained true to his conception of art. Through the long dark night he has followed his ideal, in spite of the fact that serious poetry has been discountenanced and frowned upon. Utilitarianism has never influenced him. His battle for recognition has been in a day and age when poetic sentiment is trampled upon and crushed; and it is no small tribute to his lofty aims and loyalty to concept to say that he never sought to gain an ephemeral popularity by methods in vogue at any particular time. When it was the fashion to make every Southern writer do his work in the dialect of the negro or the mountaineer, he wrote no dialect. When it was "the thing" to flood the magazines and newspapers with flimsy at-

tempts at humor and banal society verse, all his work has been in a serious vein. During this day of cheap optimism, he has always held that man, like nature, must have his serious as well as his happy moods. Let it not be understood that because Judge Malone is disposed to serious literary work he is personally obsessed by puritanical austerity or exclusiveness. On the contrary, he is a genial companion whose presence is sunshine and whose voice has the tonal cheerfulness of a pæan. His generosity often crosses the threshold of imprudence, and his love of friends and of children is immeasurable.

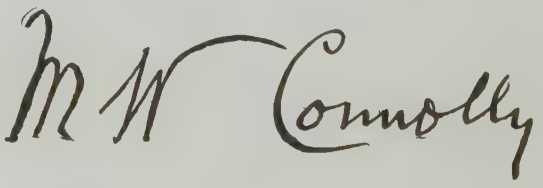
This seriousness, and the fact that he has never followed current fads and fashions in doing his work, has delayed his recognition for years. Had he indulged in cheap, sycophantic verse, continually praising men and movements whose popularity would only last an hour, he would have been much better advertised and much better known; but this he never has done and never will do. He has long been known to the choice and discerning few; and through these his works have filtered down to the masses. The Fates, parsimonious and wary, have doled out his rewards; but at last his measure is full to overflowing.

Judge Malone must be accorded full credit for being a pioneer among those pioneers in Southern literature who have made for it a firm foundation, based upon Southern life, Southern scenes, and nature as she appears in the South alone. The earlier writers of America harped on larks and nightingales, which they had never heard, and on rosemary and rue, which they had never seen. Like our early settlers who sent to Europe for building material, while at their feet lay inexhaustible supplies, their style, coloring, and ideas were imported. The mocking-bird was practically the only Southern bird known to literature; but the school of which Judge Malone is principal abandoned European books as sources of information and drew inspiration from the rich stores at hand. Judge Malone has taken the red-bird, the blue-bird, the woodpecker, the humming-bird, and others, and put them in the place of the feathered songsters of Europe of which we know nothing. He has taken the magnolia, the dogwood, the redbud, the passion-flower, the trumpet-flower, and others, and made them popular in literature.

Besides his poems and short stories, three plays are to his credit: "Poe and Chopin" is a mystical and subjective study; "The Valley of the Shadow" is a drama based upon one of the many tragedies that occurred in Memphis during one of the yellow fever visitations. This drama is sociological, and eminently daring in its bold presentations of the plea of the women of the underworld, one of whom is

its heroine. "Sam Davis" is a war drama, built around the name of the young Tennessee hero who declared on trial that he would rather be hanged a thousand times than to tell one lie or betray one friend; and who, scorning proffered freedom as the price of infidelity, was hanged as a spy by the Federal authorities. These plays have been highly commended by competent critics, and are soon to be produced.

Judge Malone's later poems are finished and classic. Whatever there may have been of the crude, the callow, or immature in his earlier writings has all vanished. His later productions are literary cameos. They betray infinite pains and striving for perfection. About them there is no suggestion of haste. "*Poco tiempo*" seems to have been his motto. The children of his fancy are not permitted to go forth into the world deformed, dowdily dressed or over-dressed. Over them all he has exercised a parental care, and in them he has taken the pride of the true artist. He is intensely Southern. Even his cosmopolitanism savors of the Southern soil; has the flair of Southern flowers, and its sheen reflects the glory of Southern suns. He has imagination, feeling, sincerity, and a charming indifference to the praise or blame of the unthinking multitude. In a sordid and material age, he has demonstrated that there remain soul and music in the land. For Judge Malone there is still much light. Eight years must elapse ere he reaches the age of fifty, the period beyond which no poet has ever done work as good as his best. In these eight years there is warrant to expect much.



OPPORTUNITY

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[The first four poems are from 'Songs of East and West,' published by John P. Morton and Company, Louisville, Kentucky, 1906. The remaining selections are from 'Poems,' published by Paul and Douglass Company, Memphis, Tennessee, 1904. Copyright by Walter Malone, and used here by permission of author and publishers.]

They do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
  To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
  But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
  I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
  But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
  Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
  And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
  Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
  Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

THE WOOD THRUSH

Bird of the brown wing and the dotted breast,
He dwells in deep woods, cool and dark and green;
In dewy, dim retreats he rears his nest,
By all save bare-foot truants left unseen.

In Spring and Summer, at the dusk and dawn,
He floods the forest with his liquid trill;
At burning noon, in solitude withdrawn,
The hours doze on while all his songs are still.

Like rival troubadours, from every spray,
To all his notes his brethren make reply;
They speed the splendid sunrise on his way,
And chant a requiem when the light must die.

When morning like a tulip flecked with fire,
In scarlet and in orange breaks in bloom,
Bird answers bird, and in one heavenly choir
They hail him from their forest-temple's gloom:

"O day of joy, haste, haste thy nimble feet!
All earth is happy, like a sweet love-story.
Come on, come on, where Youth and Pleasure meet,
To crown thee as thou risest in thy glory!"

When sunset lingers over Western hills
In ashen purple, like an exiled king,
Bird answers bird in melancholy trills—
Ah me, that song the wild wood-thrushes sing!

"O perfect day, how soon thy joys shall end!
Thou wilt return, O never, never, never;
Far, O how far, thy weary feet must wend;
O day of joy, farewell, farewell, forever!"

THE READING BOY

Sunk in the cushion of a high arm-chair,
A volume resting where his knees are crost,
With one hand slowly fumbling through his hair,
There sits the boy in magic pages lost.

At times he lifts a grave, though youthful face,
Revealing depths of eyes of liquid brown;
He seems a traveler from some far-off place
Who flees us as his flitting glance turns down.

O, dreamy boy, with fair May-morning brow,
What realms of wonders lure your restless feet?
In what far kingdom are you treading now?
What distant ocean bears your wandering fleet?

You sail with Sindbad through enchanted seas,
Your pockets stuffed with diamonds from his caves;
You and Aladdin gather gems from trees;
You give your orders to a thousand slaves.

With Crusoe you have rifled rich old wrecks,
You tame his parrot and you herd his goats;
With Captain Kidd you rake the foeman's decks,
And smiling, cut freebooting rivals' throats.

Columbus-like, you find another world,
You help Magellan sail the globe around;
Your flags with Drake and Raleigh float unfurled
From Dutch Guiana unto Puget Sound.

You sit with Alexander on his throne,
Yet conquer other worlds beyond his wake;
With Cæsar you have bridged the Rhine and Rhône,
Yet worn the crown which Cæsar dared not take.

And yet, my sturdy boy, you soon shall see
Youth's peerless poem dwindle into prose;
And soon your nimble feet, so wild and free,
Shall bleed from thorns of each caressing rose.

Boy-Cæsar, in the Future's sullen shade,
Some envious Casca plans his traitorous part;
Some lean and hungry Cassius whets his blade,
Some much-loved Brutus waits to stab your heart.

Yet I salute you, ere your dreams go wrong;
To you, young master, see my head bowed down;
O, prince of romance, story, and of song,
O, lord of gladness, glory and renown!

FLORIDA NOCTURNE

Through midnight shadows purple-brown,
The stars are peeping open-eyed;
There in her glowing, silvery gown
The moon comes like a radiant bride.
Now sweet and clear
From citron coppice near,
I hear a mocking-bird repine
In gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of his melodies divine.

From lemon orchards, starred with blooms,
And bending low with fragrant fruit,
Soft odors haunt the purple glooms
Like whispers of a lover's lute.
I wait alone
For you, for you, my own,
With love more spirit-like and sweet
Than all the fragile blossoms that I scatter at your feet.

Through green pomegranate trees
I see the swelling globes of gold;
Through jasmine vines I feel the breeze
Trip like a cherub, silken-stoled;
Magnolias loom
With creamy clouds of bloom;
With pining they are pale, my dear,
But not more pale with pining than the one who waits you here.

The orange fruit swings on the trees,
The sprays of orange scent the air;
Gold apples of Hesperides,
I bring their blooms to wreathe your hair!
Hark to the trill
Of yon lone whip-poor-will,
Reminding by his mournful tune,
That Youth and Love and Joy must pass, so soon, so soon, so soon!

The orange odors soon must faint,
The lemon blossoms soon must die,
The mocking-bird must end his plaint,
Magnolias, fading, flutter by.
Then come, sweet mate,
Before it be too late!
While Youth is blissful, Love divine,
O maiden of the flower-like face, be mine, be mine, be mine!

THE DEATH OF POETRY

They tell us that the poet's day is past,
That Song no more shall gush from human heart;
They tell us all the old dreams must depart,
The old ideals by the way be cast.
What babbling folly! Frailest dreams outlast
The noisiest jargon of the mightiest mart;
Great empires crumble, yet the realm of Art,
Unconquered, glorious, stands forever fast.

When Spring comes not in triumph as of yore,
When Earth's last rose her last sweet leaf hath shed;
When oceans cease to swell, and peaks to soar,
When man and maid no longer woo and wed;
When starry skies proclaim their God no more—
Not till that day shall Poesie be dead.

A MISSISSIPPI SWAMP

Here in this sultry Summer afternoon
The white light through the shade seems gloomy green;
Here lies, all motionless, the long lagoon,
Through twilight where no sun is ever seen.

What lonesomeness, what weight of solitude!
As solemn as those far primeval days
When earth was teeming with a giant brood,
Still unprofaned by man's intrusive gaze.

Huge turtles bask by yonder sluggish lake,
A hoarse bull-frog is croaking on the bank,
And like a jeweled necklace swings a snake
From dead limbs where a fallen cypress sank.

Here like a shipmast rooted in the soil,
A sycamore defies the future gales;
Gigantic grape-vines twisting coil on coil,
Have weaved his cordage and his mighty sails.

A scarlet splash of color, here and there
The trumpet-blossom's flag is all aflame;
Beside this stream, the cardinal flowers glare
Like eyes of tigers none can ever tame.

Here a magnolia with resplendent buds
Seems a green billow strewing peerless pearls,
Or bearing flocks of swans on emerald floods,
A-flutter in a maze of snowy swirls.

The sluggish waters, green with curdled scum,
Are glorified by lilied robes of white—
Lilies so pure, so lovely, that they come
Like myriad moons in some enchanted night.

The purple bunting that is glinting by
Seems like a pansy that can soar and sing;
The scarlet tanager that flutters nigh
Seems like a poppy warbling on the wing.

The redbird, like a crimson shooting star,
Burns on the vision with a blaze intense;
And, like two jeweled daggers, from afar
Two humming-birds pierce through the shadows dense.

The yellow-hammer for a moment glints,
A golden-breasted, dotted Autumn leaf;
The oriole, in black and orange tints,
Glows through the greenwood like a flaming sheaf.

The hermit-thrush, that forest Hamlet, sings,
Asking the old, old questions, ever new,
Yet still unanswered by created things,
And hid forever out of mortal view.

TO A FRIEND

Tormented sorely by the chastening rod,
I muttered to myself: "There is no God"!
But faithful friend, I found your soul so true,
That God revealed Himself in giving you.

"WHEN THOU ART NEAR"

When thou art near, when thou art near!
Life seems so sweet beside thee, dear.
I seem to touch an angel's wing,
I feel her arms around me cling;
Within my heart a lily blooms
And glimmers through the mournful glooms;
Peace, like a white dove, nestles there,
And soothes my deep and dumb despair
When thou art near.

But when, O Love, thou art not near,
I shudder with a nameless fear;
I sit my lonely hearth beside,
Where Anguish and Despair abide;

I ponder in the solemn gloom,
And tremble at some coming doom,
I feel Temptation stealing nigh,
While Sin and Sorrow hover by,
And thou not near!

When thou art near, when thou art near!
Return and save, O save me, dear!
Thou knowest I am weak, indeed,
And how thy helping hand I need,
See how the shadows gather near,
And beckon thee to leave me, dear!
O come to me, refuse me not!
Then I may bless my hapless lot
When thou art near,
When thou art near!

THREE SOUTHERN SCENES

I

The Swamp

We ride through forests ever cool and green,
Where giant live-oaks join their boughs above,
All knit together by a thousand vines,
The trumpet-flower, with its blazing blooms,
Whose martial music flashes into flame,
The brier, bramble, and the poison oak,
Like scaly serpents thrusting forth their fangs,
While spiders, like the Sirens long ago,
Spread silken snares bedecked with dazzling dew
To tangle in the feet of foolish flies;
Through treacherous fens, by knotted cypress knees,
Above the black mould, ever dank and cold,
Burst through by lushy clumps of whitened sprouts,
Where lies concealed the deadly rattlesnake;
By greenly-mantled ponds, made beautiful
With multitudes of water lilies white.

And then a blue lake shimmers in the sun
Or quivers in the gloomy cypress shades;
A gorgeous wild duck floats upon the waves
With plumage polished like a coat of mail;
The snakes are twisted on the rotten limbs
Of dead trees that have fallen in the lake.
On yonder logs, the turtles in a line
Are drying broad backs in the burning sun;
The blue jay, like a noisy trooper, calls,
The red-bird flutters like a flower of flame;
The gaunt gar, like a Turkish scimitar,
Leaps from the lake, and circling sinks from sight.

II

AN AUTUMN MORNING

A rich October morning calm and still,
When saddened skies hang in a dreamy haze.
The red and yellow leaves dance in the light,
Arraying every hill in regal robes.
The flocks of squirrels gather ripening nuts,
The luscious wild grapes in blue clusters cling,
And bright woodpeckers whisk amid the leaves.
The dry broom-sedge grows over wasted fields,
Fringing red gullies and rough banks of clay;
Along the highway and the meadows brown
The golden-rod and asters are ablaze.
Here stands a planter's house amid his farms
Of snowy cotton and of golden corn,
Specked here and there by low-roofed negro huts,
Whose dusky denizens in fleecy fields
Sing with a sweet, mysterious melody
The songs of Salem in this western world
With all the fervor of its ancient bards.
Far, far above, amid the dreamy skies
The buzzard glides on still and stately wings,
While birds of passage, in a bending line
Fly from the far north to the southern seas.

III

THE OLD MANSION

I see a ghostly ruin of the past,
And tread its cedar-bordered avenues.
Around its porticoes the pillars tall
Stand like a row of trusty sentinels
Guarding the glories of a perished race
Amid its desolation and decay;
A few tall roses and magnolias stand
Around a fountain choked with water-weeds.
See the great rooms, whose mirrored walls are crushed
And marble mantels now are overthrown.
My footsteps falling in the haunted halls,
Seem waking from the dead and dusty years
The far-off echoes of a hunter's horn
Blown by the master of a thousand slaves.
Amid the shadows of this archway old
I see a beauteous, high-born lady stand,
And hear the rustle of her silken gown;
Amid the broken mirrors on the walls
The softest brown eyes ever seen on earth
Shine on me from their dewy, dusky depths
With starry splendors of a tropic night.
My whisper, stealing through the ruined rooms,
Brings back the laughter of the yester-years,
And all the revels of a nuptial night,
Until the dead bride from her mossy tomb
Comes treading by me in her robes of white;
Amid the cobwebs on the ancient stair
I see the shimmer of her snowy veil,
The withered orange blossoms on her brow,
And then, her sweet face swiftly vanishing
Amid the glimmer of her golden hair.

A PORTRAIT OF HENRY TIMROD

Strange eyes gaze sadly from that weary face,
Beneath a brow that shows the seal of care;
Defeat and Disappointment leave their trace
Upon the youthful visage pictured there.

The same old story here is handed down—
The true-born poet and the same old doom—
The bard who starves while rhymesters wear the crown,
Who finds his throne, erected in a tomb.

Gone are the glories of your halcyon days,
Gone are the heroes whom you sung of yore;
Their banners in the skies no longer blaze,
Their fervent shouts are stilled forevermore.

No more their white steeds paw the bloody field,
No more their trumpets rouse the raptured soul,
No more their ranks in fiery fight are wheeled,
No more their drums like sullen thunders roll.

Yet as I view your old-time picture, all
The proud past blossoms, though your day has fled;
Once more I hear your Stuart's battle-call,
And see your Stonewall rising from the dead.

I see their blazoned banners float like fire,
I hear their shouts sweep down the perished years;
I hear once more the throbbing of your lyre,
Ecstatic with a nation's hopes and fears.

And foes with friends now come to honor you,
O poet, free from blemish and from blame,
A wreath is yours as long as men are true,
As long as Courage wins the crown of Fame.

THE LORE OF LOVE

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I

When do I love thee? When the brooklets run
Through dandelion meadows of the June;
When horns of huntsmen greet the harvest moon,
And mellow Autumn's vintaging is done;
When Spring's triumphant marches have begun,
When Winter winds through haggard branches croon:
At solemn midnight and at silvery noon,
At blush of morning and at set of sun.

Thy youthful splendor unto me is dear,
But I shall love thee still when youth flits by;
I love thee when thine eyes know not a tear,
And love thee when Disaster hovers nigh;
My soul shall crave thee when the Dark draws near,
And still be loyal through eternity.

II

How do I love thee? As the slender lyre
Trills with emotion when the breezes blow;
As roses love the morning's golden glow
As dewy stars the dusky night desire;
As eagles to the heaven of heavens aspire,
As doves dream fondly, breast to breast, below;
As arctic pines love everlasting snow,
As tropic palms love everlasting fire.

I love thee as the victor loves his wreath,
The peasant loves his cottage, free from strife;
I love thee as Mortality loves breath,
The shepherd boy his harp and flute and fife;
As disappointed Hope loves welcome Death,
As human souls love Everlasting Life.

III

Why do I love thee? Ask the artist there
Why does he love fair faces that he paints;
Ask of the poet why his spirit faints
Before his heroines of the golden hair;
Ask of the singer, why his sweet despair,
His glorious gladness, his melodious plaints;
Ask the young priest, before his haloed saints,
To lay the secret of his worship bare.

I love thee; for I long to soar from sod,
And tread in glory of celestial grace;
To live beyond the time my grave is trod,
Proving a crown-prince of immortal race;
To emulate beatitudes of God,
To reach His kingdom, and behold His face.

THE WHISTLING BOY

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So keen, so clear,
Falls on the ear
The wild, sweet pipings of his lips,
So sharp, so tart,
I thrill and start,
And Fancy tingles to her finger-tips.

The dingy town
With walls of brown,
With grimy streets and pavements gray,
Its rush and roar
I note no more
And all its fierce commotions pass away.

Along the street
His brown, bare feet
Remind me of a baby faun,
By fern-fringed pool
In shadows cool
Leading a throng of fluting birds at dawn.

No hermit thrush
Through woodland hush
Could trill a tune more fresh and free;
No mocking-bird
More gladly heard
Through verdant vine-clad swamps of Tennessee.

I feel a breeze
Through cherry trees,
O'er dandelions wet with dew,
And on a rail
I hear a quail
Gladden an old peach orchard through and through.

Through hazy tears
I see old years
When I too, happy as a bird,
By bubbling streams
Dreamed boyish dreams—
The dear, dead dreams, so sweet and so absurd.

MOUNT MITCHELL

From "The Maiden and the Mountain."

Near the roadside, the waters of the Swanannoah River could be seen bubbling through the immense green wilderness at the foot of Mount Mitchell.

Its banks were fringed for miles with tangled rhododendrons, whose pink and purple blooms, scattered by every breeze, fell to the swiftly running waters below, to be carried to far-off regions whereof no man could tell. The clear blue waves leaped and laughed over grey stones half concealed in velvety masses of green moss. In their depths now and then could be seen a speckled trout, darting away in fear of some intruder.

The little river tumbled over cascade and cataract, in an ecstatic way, as though it had a soul free from every curse of care. Now and then a wood-lily lifted its tawny blossom above the banks; now and then a cluster of plumy ferns mir-

rored themselves below. But always it babbled through a green forest; always overhead were gigantic oaks and hickories and tulip-trees; always around it were the lonesomeness and silence of the great mountain wildwoods of western North Carolina.

A woodpecker, brilliant in black and red and white, sought a cheap notoriety with his ceaseless chatter and his monotonous drumming. A blue-jay, like a spoiled child, made himself noisily conspicuous for the mere love of being in mischief. But amid all this majesty of the wilderness, and amid all the assertive charm of brook and bird and flower and leaf, the sense of loneliness was such as to oppress the soul of any man who might wander there. Nature was here so stately, so peerless, so marvelous, that one's heart seemed repelled. One would be fascinated by her beauty, and yet kept at a distance by her self-poise and self-reserve. She seemed to be some great princess, and the man who had wandered here would feel as though he were a mere peasant, unworthy to touch her hand. Though these scenes were far more wonderful and inspiring than any the sojourner from the city had ever seen before, he would long to flee from them, to shun their overpowering solitude, to tread the streets of far-away towns once more, and see again the familiar faces of men and women.

Above it all arose the great peak of Mount Mitchell, whose summit is the highest point within two thousand miles, and whose scenery is among the most picturesque and beautiful in the whole world.

Unlike many mountain ranges, whose sides are leafless and barren, Mount Mitchell and his brethren are clothed from dome to foundation in dense forests, which are a delight and a marvel from June to December. Whether in the depths of summer, when verdant with maple and ash and elm below, and with pine and spruce and hemlock and laurel above, or in autumn, when robed in October glories of crimson and purple and saffron, or in winter, when white with snow and dim with misty clouds, Mount Mitchell is grander than any other peak, far or near. Its creamy cataracts, its mighty forest trees, its gigantic wild grape-vines, its giant ferns, its wild lilies and bluets and violets, its superb rhododendrons,

its mocking-birds and its thrushes—all these make it a wonder of wonders from year to year.

Amid its tangled thickets the bear may be hunted as in days before Raleigh had colonized Roanoke Island. Through its dense undergrowth, the deer still wanders undisturbed. When treading through the immense ferns, one is startled now and then to hear the call of the wild turkey to her young, and their quick cry and sudden flight in response. Now and then in the pine woods, you may hear the drumming of a grouse, or see the quivering of the lower limbs as he cuts his way through, flapping his great brown wings. Sometimes you see a hungry-looking wolf trotting away through the bushes, and sometimes, circling around other peaks far away, there is a glimpse of some majestic eagle.

* * * * * *

It was a cool, clear morning, such as would have filled the heart as well as the lungs of a city man with pure joy.

Here and there a grey squirrel would go scampering up a tree; here and there a cat-bird would fling his taunts at Emily. Sometimes a hare would leap up at her feet and disappear in the bushes lower down the mountain side. Her path led her through a great greenwood, whose magnificent trees towered dizzily high above; they were grey-limbed and rugged and gnarled, having defied the gales of the mountain for hundreds of years.

Often she passed silvery waterfalls, overhung by feathery ferns and the slender dappled wood lilies. Two or three times, with some difficulty, she forded the streams that tumbled across her path. They were as clear as crystal, their stones were green with moss and in their waves she could see the fishes darting away in fright. There were no houses on the way; no human beings passed her by. At one time she saw an open space, where a few rotting timbers showed that a farm-house once existed there. At this place were a few apple trees which seemed to have grown wild for lack of a master. All this time she followed the little path which leads up to the summit of the mountain. Her practiced eye could easily tell that the mules of the wayfarers had gone this way. So far, there had been no deviation; they surely had not been lost

up to this point. But she also noticed that there were no other tracks showing a journey in return. They were, therefore, in all probability on the mountain still.

She kept on until after noon, when she reached the site of the old "Half-way House." This was once an aristocratic mansion of the days before the Civil War, occupied during the summer by a wealthy family and their guests from Charleston. But it was now in ruins, without a semblance of that old-time glory for which it was once renowned. What gaiety, what wit, what brilliancy, what happiness had it once known! How luxurious must have been its table, how spacious its parlors, how splendid its halls! But they were all a dream now. The belles and beaux were gone, and never again would be heard the throbbing of their music, the peals of their laughter, or the measured fall of their dancing feet.

Out in the open space were a few scattered stones, some slanting posts, and the shattered barnlike structure, now fallen to earth, which had once formed part of the main building itself. A few cows were grazing near by. These afforded the only reminder of human life of to-day that Emily had seen on the whole journey.

She was weary, though accustomed for years to such mountain climbing. So she sat down to rest, and take a draught from an ice-cold spring which bubbled from some rocks by the way. She was so tired that she almost fell asleep. But rousing herself after the lapse of a half hour or so, she pressed forward again.

Just above this point, with magic suddenness, the vegetation became entirely changed. By walking a few moments, a hundred feet higher, one seemed to have entered another world. The woods were now filled almost entirely with trees which flourish in the colder climates. There were dark green pines, hemlocks, spruces, balsams, and firs; the mountain laurel often fringed her path. The trunks of fallen trees, the rocks, the ground itself, as well as the living trees, were all covered with long green mosses, unlike those lower down the mountain. But the ferns were most wonderful of all. They were now of gigantic size—so tall that they reached above her waist. They grew so thickly that she could scarcely find the pathway through them.

Then as she began to climb another steep elevation, she saw a great mist swooping down upon her from above. How swiftly it came rushing! She knew that it meant rain, and it found her unprepared. But one who expects to climb these mountains without getting drenched, will find himself misled. One moment more, and it was upon her in a torrent. It was not such a rain as one might encounter in the lowlands, for it not only fell from above, but the mist attacked one from all sides, saturating the body and clothing completely. In another moment it became fearfully cold, so cold that her limbs quivered and her teeth beat a tattoo. Dead logs were lying constantly across the way, and over these she stumbled awkwardly. But still she pressed on in the zigzag path, which curled in and out through the great wood of spruces and hemlocks, through the long green mosses, over fallen trees, by prodigious ferns, like a serpent with coil on coil. For the mountain was so steep that no one could ascend it abruptly in a straight line. A pathway which would carry one to an elevation of three or four hundred feet would twist and turn and wind in and out for over a mile.

At last a point was reached where she was startled to find that the mules had turned aside from the regular path. Branching off from the regular route, there was a little path, almost invisible, doubtless made by hunters. After following this for some time, it disappeared entirely, and one could easily see how the two had been lost. They had evidently determined to return home at this point, but had gone in the wrong direction, soon losing all trace even of the false path. Emily redoubled her exertions, and started in still more ardent pursuit. But even she, as strong as she was, and as accustomed to mountain-climbing, was soon nearly exhausted. Had the tracks not turned down the mountain, enabling her to walk with more ease, she could have gone no further.

It was now getting late. The rain had nearly ceased, and the setting sun was burning in the west. Then myriads of snow-birds, which live on these mountains through the summer, began to gather in the trees for the night, with the shrill cry which they make in the lowlands in December. What a chatter, chatter, chatter! It seemed that there must be legions of them. How weird, how thrilling were those cries far and

near through the great wilderness at the coming of the night! The tracks led steadily towards the west. Here Emily noticed that where the limbs of the trees were exposed to winds of the mountains, they grew only on one side. How fearful, she thought, must be the storms here, which allow limbs to grow only on one side!

It grew darker and darker still. But she followed the tracks made by the mules, though the recent rains and the gathering shadows almost effaced the marks of the path she pursued. It was now somewhat warmer, and an occasional glimmer of lightning helped her to find the tracks.

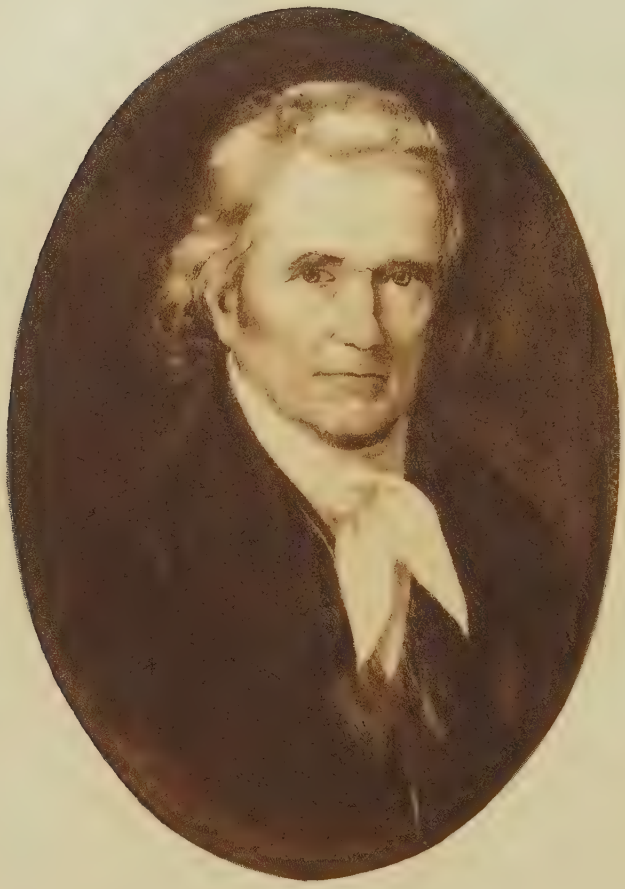
She remembered having heard of the fate of Mitchell himself. How he came to this wild country, a young preacher, a graduate of some New England college, full of enthusiasm and energy and zeal for science. She had heard how he loved these mountains, how he explored them, how he lived among them. She had heard how he got lost that fatal night forty years before; how he wandered over this very mountain, all alone in his distress; how his body had been found afterwards in a pool at the foot of a cascade over which he had fallen. She herself had seen his white monument at the top of this great mountain which is to bear his name for all time. She remembered how the monument was chained with four chains to the ground, lest the terrible storms of that summit should fling it down. There he sleeps to this day, amid the everlasting stillness of that sepulcher in the clouds, where the winds go flying by forever in their furious career, where the wild birds, the wild beasts and the wild flowers shall be his only companions to the day of judgment.

* * * * * *

But Mount Mitchell remains the same year after year, sublime in his unblemished youth, marvelous in the resurrections of uncounted springs which have perished, and which are yet to be. Summer after summer comes like a handmaiden whose heart he has won, to weave for him a royal robe of green, and to lave his feet in her bubbling waters. Autumn after autumn comes, like Cain of old, to heap on woodland altars the goodly fruits of the earth as a peace-offering, till the forests are overflowing with nuts and berries and grapes

and wild honey. Winter after winter mantles him in ermine and puts a snowy diadem upon his brow. And then another spring comes to love him like the sweet departed springs of the past, which he has neglected and forgotten.

So human beings may fade and flit away. But the great mountain, one of the elder sons of God, maintains the dignity of his divine ancestry, showing his greatness in the marvels of his wilderness, proving his might in the roar of his torrents, making known his strength in the grandeur of his storms, yet remains himself eloquent in eternal reticence, majestic in everlasting silence.



JOHN MARSHALL

JOHN MARSHALL

[1755—1835]

A. J. MONTAGUE

AT Germantown, near Midland, a station on the Southern Railway, in the County of Fauquier, Virginia, almost in sight of what is now the Nation's capital, on September 24, 1755, John Marshall was born. His father, Thomas Marshall, a schoolmate of Washington, whom he aided in his surveys for Fairfax; several times a member of the House of Burgesses, and a colonel in the Continental Army, was a man of intellect and character. His mother was Mary Isham Keith, whose father was an Episcopal clergyman, and cousin-german to Field-marshal James Keith, a trusted lieutenant of the great Frederick. John was the first-born of fifteen children, and was especially noted for his obedience and his affectionate disposition.

His early education was limited. At twelve he had memorized much of Pope, was familiar with Dryden, Milton, and Shakespeare, and at fifteen was a ready reader of Virgil, Horace, and Livy. His father greatly aided him in mathematics and literature, while the swelling hills and the inspiring Blue Ridge of his home ennobled his ideals and aspirations.

He began the study of law at eighteen, soon to be interrupted by the Revolution; when under twenty he walked ten miles to the muster field, his brave dress consisting of "a plain blue hunting-shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white, and a round black hat with a buck-tail for a cockade." On this occasion, the captain not appearing, Lieutenant Marshall addressed the company, vividly stating the invasion of our liberties, and urging his comrades "to brighten up your firearms and learn to use them in the field." His first battle was Iron Hill, which was soon followed by promotion to captaincy, and by valiant participation in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point.

At Valley Forge his patient endurance and unfailing cheerfulness won for him extraordinary popularity, and his judicial genius thus early found him arbiter of personal differences amongst the soldiery and deputy judge-advocate. This office was the beginning of his lasting friendship with Washington and Hamilton.

In the autumn of 1779 Marshall's command was sent South, while he himself went to Williamsburg to await the action of the General

Assembly in raising new troops. He employed this time in studying law at William and Mary College, under Chancellor Wythe, and natural philosophy, under Bishop Madison. Here he became a member of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Upon the failure to raise troops, he repaired on foot to headquarters, reaching Philadelphia so disheveled as to be refused admittance at the inn. He returned to Virginia on its invasion by Leslie, and resigned from the service after the second invasion of his State by Arnold.

After the surrender at Yorktown, Marshall began the practice of law in his native county, rising rapidly to the front of his profession, only to be interrupted by an unsought election to the General Assembly in 1782, and, in the autumn, to the office of Privy Council or Council of State. Not long after this he took a permanent residence in Richmond, where litigation was more attractive, and where the Supreme Court of Appeals was more stimulating to his talents. His professional leadership was soon acknowledged, the Duc de Liancourt writing of him as "the most esteemed and celebrated counsellor" at the Richmond Bar.

There was not then a volume of published reports in America; but Marshall was well read in the decisions of Westminster Hall, and possessed that indescribable genius for resolving the most complex questions into simple and axiomatic statements, expressed always with personal detachment. He was engaged in the most important litigation of the day, the British Debt case being a notable example, his argument therein creating a profound impression. Washington offered him the district-attorneyship in 1789, the attorney-generalship and the mission to France in 1796, each of which he declined; his determination to remain at the Bar then appeared unalterable.

As a soldier, Marshall fought for the union of the colonies into one great republic; and as a statesman this was his dominating ideal. He tells us that associated as he was in the Army "with brave men from different states who were risking life fighting for a common cause believed by them to be most precious, I was in the habit of considering America my country and Congress my government." This opinion found expression in the Legislature of 1784, when, though a non-resident, he was the second time elected from Fauquier; again, in 1787, as Representative of Henrico, and notably in the Convention of June, 1788, when called to ratify or reject the Constitution of the United States. This convention had among its members Henry, Mason, Pendleton, Madison, Randolph, Nicholas and Henry Lee; and Madison himself was not more influential than Marshall in securing the ratification of the Constitution. In a public meeting in Richmond, to endorse the Jay Treaty, he took issue with his old teacher, Wythe, and demonstrated the error of the popular

contention that, in giving Congress the power to regulate commerce, the President was thereby denied the right to negotiate a commercial treaty. This speech gave him a national reputation.

In 1795 he was again elected to the General Assembly; and in May, 1797, was one of the three special envoys sent by Adams to France. In his new field, this democratic American was easily the master of the commission, resisting the blandishments and bribes of Talleyrand, and overwhelming the Directory with two letters which justly rank among the ablest of state papers. On his return, his services evoked the famous aphorism, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." Patrick Henry said: "Tell Marshall I love him because he has acted as a Republican and as an American"; and Adams declared: "He has raised the American people in their own esteem; and if the influence of truth and justice, reason and argument, is not lost in Europe he has raised the consideration of the United States in that quarter."

The next year the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was offered to him, but he declined it; for, in view of the expected war with France, he felt that he could better serve Washington in the Congress, assembling for the last time in Philadelphia, in December, 1799. His first duty was to announce to the House the death of Washington, and, despite his modesty, he soon found himself leading in the discussions of constitutional questions. His argument upon the surrender of Robins illumined the line separating executive from judicial power. Against his party and the wishes of the President, he asserted his independence by voting for the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws. But Mr. Adams was not thereby estranged, for soon after this he appointed Marshall Secretary of State, the duties of which office he discharged with rare distinction in the crisis of the war between France and Great Britain; indeed, his state documents upon the neutrality of America were distinct contributions to international jurisprudence.

He was appointed Chief Justice by President Adams on February 4, 1801, and continued for a while to perform the duties of that office as well as those of Secretary of State. His great career then began. Pinckney said he would have been the chief justice of any country in which he might have lived. Mr. Bryce declares that "no other man did half so much as Marshall, either to develop the Constitution by expounding it, or to secure the judiciary its rightful place in the Government as the living voice of the Constitution." This "living voice" has survived parties and wars. His work on the Supreme Bench may fall under four heads: (1) The famous case of Marbury v. Madison determines whether the court can declare void an act of Congress if contrary to the Constitution. Marshall's words are: "It

is a proposition too plain to be contested, that the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it, or that the legislature can alter the Constitution by any ordinary act. Between these alternatives there is no middle ground. The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the legislature shall please to alter it. If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law; if the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people to limit a power in its nature illimitable." This decision startled the country. Jefferson termed it a "judicial veto." But this function of the court has long been held the greatest safeguard of constitutional liberty. (2) This "living voice" was never so potential as when developing into a progressive organism the Constitution under the doctrine of implied powers. Upon this subject he delivered his greatest opinion in McCulloch v. Maryland. "Let the end," said he, "be legitimate; let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional." His famous *dictum* that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy" was made in this decision. He would be strict to find the power but liberal with the means to make it effective. (3) In Fletcher v. Peck and the Dartmouth College Case, he dealt with specific limitations upon the states, thereby imparting an expanding jurisdiction to the National Government. And (4) in Gibbons v. Ogden, and in Brown v. Maryland, he disclosed the potency and range of the power of Congress to regulate foreign and interstate commerce. His decisions are now practically a part of the Constitution, though it is more than likely he would have modified some of them could he have foreseen their application to times and conditions undreamed of by him.

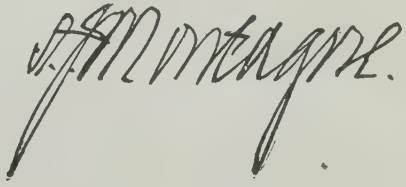
The conduct of Judge Marshall in the trial of Aaron Burr is an interesting episode in his career, as well as in the career of the Nation. His serene impartiality and courage are best exemplified in his own language used in this trial. He said: "That this court dares not usurp power is most true. That this court dares not shrink from its duty is not less true. No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self-reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he has no choice in the case, if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty, or the opprobrium

of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country, who can hesitate which to embrace."

In 1829 he took his seat along with Madison and Monroe in the Virginia Constitutional Convention. There he gave an appreciation of the judiciary. He said: "I have always thought, from my earliest youth until now, that the greatest scourge an angry heaven inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary."

Soon after becoming Chief Justice he undertook to write his "Life of Washington," which appeared in five volumes from 1802 to 1804. He had little time for so great a task. His work is full of historical material, but in literary arrangement and vigor of style it is not comparable to his opinions, nor does it possess the charm of his few published letters. Later he republished the work in three volumes, the first volume being a history of the Colonial period.

His moral character was strong and lofty, his bearing simple but dignified. He was an attendant upon the Episcopal Church, and a Mason. He was strongly opposed to slavery. He married Mary Willis Ambler, with whom he lived happily for more than fifty years. His tenderness and devotion to his wife and children were unsurpassed. He died July 6, 1835, four years after the death of his wife, by whose side he rests in Shockoe Hill Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.



JUDICIAL OBLIGATION

Extract from the Opinion delivered in the Aaron Burr Trial.

The present indictment charges the prisoner with levying war against the United States, and alleges an overt act of levying war. That overt act must be proved, according to the mandates of the Constitution and of the act of Congress, by two witnesses. It is not proved by a single witness. The presence of the accused has been stated to be an essential component part of the overt act in this indictment, unless the common law principle respecting accessories should render it unnecessary; and there is not only no witness who has proved his actual or legal presence, but the fact of his absence is not controverted. The counsel for the prosecution offer to give in evidence subsequent transactions at a different place and in a different state, in order to prove—what? the overt act laid in the indictment? that the prisoner was one of those who assembled at Blennerhassett's island? No: that is not alleged. It is well known that such testimony is not competent to establish such a fact. The Constitution and law require that the fact should be established by two witnesses; not by the establishment of other facts from which the jury might reason to this fact. The testimony then is not relevant. If it can be introduced, it is only in the character of corroborative or confirmatory testimony, after the overt act has been proved by two witnesses in such manner that the question of fact ought to be left with the jury. The conclusion, that in this state of things no testimony can be admissible, is so inevitable that the counsel for the United States could not resist it. I do not understand them to deny that, if the overt act be not proved by two witnesses so as to be submitted to the jury, all other testimony must be irrelevant; because no other testimony can prove the act. Now an assemblage on Blennerhassett's island is proved by the requisite number of witnesses; and the court might submit it to the jury whether that assemblage amounted to a levying of war; but the presence of the accused at that assemblage being nowhere alleged except in the indictment, the overt act is not proved by a single witness; and of consequence all other testimony must be irrelevant.

The only difference between this motion as made and the motion in the form which the counsel for the United States would admit to be regular is this: it is now general for the rejection of all testimony. It might be particular with respect to each witness as adduced. But can this be wished? or can it be deemed necessary? If enough be proved to shew that the indictment cannot be supported, and that no testimony, unless it be of that description which the attorney for the United States declares himself not to possess, can be relevant, why should a question be taken on each witness?

The opinion of this court on the order of testimony has frequently been adverted to as deciding this question against the motion.

If a contradiction between the two opinions exist, the court cannot perceive it. It was said that levying war is an act compounded of law and fact; of which the jury aided by the court must judge. To that declaration the court still adheres.

It was said that if the overt act were not proved by two witnesses, no testimony in its nature corroborative or confirmatory was admissible or could be relevant.

From that declaration there is certainly no departure. It has been asked, in allusion to the present case, if a general commanding an army should detach troops for a distant service, would the men composing that detachment be traitors? and would the commander in chief escape punishment?

Let the opinion which has been given answer this question. Appearing at the head of an army would, according to this opinion, be an overt act of levying war. Detaching a military corps from it for military purposes might also be an overt act of levying war. It is not pretended that he would not be punishable for these acts. It is only said that he may be tried and convicted on his own acts in the state where those acts were committed, not on the acts of others in the state where those others acted.

Much has been said in the course of the argument on points on which the court feels no inclination to comment particularly; but which may, perhaps not improperly, receive some notice.

That this court dares not usurp power is most true.

That this court dares not shrink from its duty is not less true.

No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he have no choice in the case, if there be no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace.

That gentlemen, in a case the most interesting, in the zeal with which they advocate particular opinions, and under the conviction in some measure produced by that zeal, should on each side press their arguments too far, should be impatient at any deliberation, in the court, and should suspect or fear the operation of motives to which alone they can ascribe that deliberation, is perhaps a frailty incident to human nature; but if any conduct on the part of the court could warrant a sentiment that it would deviate to the one side or the other from the line prescribed by duty and by law, that conduct would be viewed by the judges themselves with an eye of extreme severity, and would long be recollected with deep and serious regret.

The arguments on both sides have been intently and deliberately considered. Those which could not be noticed, since to notice every argument and authority would swell this opinion to a volume, have not been disregarded. The result of the whole is a conviction, as complete as the mind of the court is capable of receiving on a complex subject, that the motion must prevail.

No testimony relative to the conduct or declarations of the prisoner elsewhere and subsequent to the transaction on Blennerhassett's island can be admitted; because such testimony, being in its nature merely corroborative and incompetent to prove the overt act in itself, is irrelevant until there be proof of the overt act by two witnesses.

This opinion does not comprehend the proof by two witnesses that the meeting on Blennerhassett's island was procured by the prisoner. On that point the court for the present

withholds its opinion for reasons which have been already assigned; and as it is understood from the statements made on the part of the prosecution that no such testimony exists. If there be such let it be offered; and the court will decide upon it.

The jury have now heard the opinion of the court on the law of the case. They will apply that law to the facts, and will find a verdict of guilty or not guilty as their own consciences may direct.

JUDICIAL VETO

From the Decision in the Case of Marbury v. Madison.

THE question, whether an act, repugnant to the Constitution, can become the law of the land, is a question deeply interesting to the United States; but, happily, not of an intricacy proportioned to its interest. It seems only necessary to recognize certain principles, supposed to have been long and well established, to decide it.

That the people have an original right to establish, for their future government, such principles as, in their opinion, shall most conduce to their own happiness is the basis on which the whole American fabric has been erected. The exercise of this original right is a very great exertion; nor can it, nor ought it, to be frequently repeated. The principles, therefore, so established, are deemed fundamental. And as the authority from which they proceed is supreme, and can seldom act, they are designed to be permanent.

This original and supreme will organizes the government, and assigns to different departments their respective powers. It may either stop here, or establish certain limits not to be transcended by those departments.

The Government of the United States is of the latter description. The powers of the Legislature are defined and limited; and that those limits may not be mistaken, or forgotten, the Constitution is written. To what purpose are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing, if these limits may, at any time, be passed by those intended to be restrained? The distinction between a government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished,

if those limits do not confine the person on whom they are imposed, and if acts prohibited and acts allowed, are of equal obligation. It is a proposition too plain to be contested, but the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it; or, that the Legislature may alter the Constitution by an ordinary act.

Between these alternatives there is no middle ground. The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the Legislature shall please to order it.

If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law: If the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts, on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.

Certainly all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental and paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be, that an act of the Legislature, repugnant to the Constitution, is void.

This theory is essentially attached to a written constitution, and, is consequently, to be considered, by this court, as one of the fundamental principles of our society. It is not therefore to be lost sight of in the further consideration of this subject.

If an act of the Legislature, repugnant to the Constitution, is void, does it, notwithstanding its invalidity, bind the courts, and oblige them to give it effect? Or, in other words, though it be not law, does it constitute a rule as operative as if it was a law? This would be to overthrow in fact what was established in theory; and would seem, at first view, an absurdity too gross to be insisted on. It shall, however, receive a more attentive consideration.

It is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is. Those who apply the rule to particular cases, must of necessity expound and interpret that rule. If two laws conflict with each other, the courts must decide on the operation of each.

So if a law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both

the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case, so that the court must either decide that case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution; or conformably to the Constitution, disregarding the law; the court must determine which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty.

If, then, the courts are to regard the Constitution, and the Constitution is superior to any ordinary act of the Legislature, the Constitution, and not such ordinary act, must govern the case to which they both apply.

Those, then, who controvert the principle that the Constitution is to be considered, in court, as a paramount law, are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that courts must close their eyes on the Constitution, and see only the law.

This doctrine would subvert the very foundation of all written constitutions. It would declare that an act which, according to the principles and theory of our government, is entirely void, is yet, in practice, completely obligatory. It would declare that if the Legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act, notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual. It would be giving to the Legislature a practical and real omnipotence, with the same breath which professes to restrict their powers within narrow limits. It is prescribing limits, and declaring that those limits may be passed at pleasure.

That it thus reduces to nothing what we have deemed the greatest improvement on political institutions, a written constitution, would of itself be sufficient, in America, where written constitutions have been viewed with so much reverence, for rejecting the construction. But the peculiar expressions of the Constitution of the United States furnish additional arguments in favour of its rejection.

DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS

From the Decision of the Case of McCulloch v. State of Maryland.

We admit, as all must admit, that the powers of the Government are limited, and that its limits are not to be transcended. But we think the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national Legislature that discretion, with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it, in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional.

That a corporation must be considered as a means not less usual, not of higher dignity, not more requiring a particular specification than other means, has been sufficiently proved. If we look to the origin of corporations, to the manner in which they have been framed in that government from which we have derived most of our legal principles and ideas, or to the uses to which they have been applied, we find no reason to suppose that a constitution, omitting, and wisely omitting, to enumerate all the means for carrying into execution the great powers vested in government, ought to have specified this. Had it been intended to grant this power as one which should be distinct and independent, to be exercised in any case whatever, it would have found a place among the enumerated powers of the Government. But being considered merely as a means, to be employed only for the purpose of carrying into execution the given powers, there could be no motive for particularly mentioning it.

The propriety of this remark would seem to be generally acknowledged by the universal acquiescence in the construction which has been uniformly put on the 3rd section of the 4th article of the Constitution. The power to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," is not more comprehensive, than the power "to make all laws which shall be neces-

sary and proper for carrying into execution" the powers of the Government. Yet all admit the constitutionality of a territorial government, which is a corporate body.

If a corporation may be employed indiscriminately with other means to carry into execution the powers of the Government, no particular reason can be assigned for excluding the use of a bank, if required for its fiscal operations. To use one, must be within the discretion of Congress, if it be an appropriate mode of executing the powers of government. That it is a convenient, a useful, and essential instrument in the prosecution of its fiscal operations, is not now a subject of controversy. All those who have been concerned in the administration of our finances, have concurred in representing its importance and necessity; and so strongly have they been felt, that statesmen of the first class, whose previous opinions against it had been confirmed by every circumstance which can fix the human judgment, have yielded those opinions to the exigencies of the nation. Under the confederation, Congress, justifying the measure by its necessity, transcended perhaps its powers to obtain the advantage of a bank; and our own legislation attests the universal conviction of the utility of this measure. The time has passed away when it can be necessary to enter into any discussion in order to prove the importance of this instrument, as a means to effect the legitimate objects of the Government.

But, were its necessity less apparent, none can deny its being an appropriate measure; and if it is, the degree of its necessity, as has been very justly observed, is to be discussed in another place. Should Congress, in the execution of its powers, adopt measures which are prohibited by the Constitution; or should Congress, under the pretext of executing its powers, pass laws for the accomplishment of objects not entrusted to the Government; it would become the painful duty of this tribunal, should a case requiring such a decision come before it, to say that such an act was not the law of the land. But where the law is not prohibited, and is really calculated to effect any of the objects entrusted to the Government, to undertake here to inquire into the degree of its necessity, would be to pass the line which circumscribes the judicial de-

partment, and to tread on legislative ground. This court disclaims all pretensions of such a power.

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We find, then, on just theory, a total failure of this original right to tax the means employed by the government of the Union, for the execution of its powers. The right never existed, and the question whether it has been surrendered, cannot arise.

But, waiving this theory for the present, let us resume the inquiry, whether this power can be exercised by the respective States, consistently with a fair construction of the Constitution?

That the power to tax involves the power to destroy; that the power to destroy may defeat and render useless the power to create; that there is a plain repugnance, in conferring on one government a power to control the constitutional measures of another, which other, with respect to those very measures, is declared to be supreme over that which exerts the control, are propositions not to be denied. But all inconsistencies are to be reconciled by the magic of the word CONFIDENCE. Taxation, it is said, does not necessarily and unavoidably destroy. To carry it to the excess of destruction would be an abuse, to presume which, would banish that confidence which is essential to all government.

But is this a case of confidence? Would the people of any one State trust those of another with a power to control the most insignificant operations of their State government? We know they would not. Why, then, should we suppose that the people of any one State should be willing to trust those of another with a power to control the operations of a Government to which they have confided their most important and most valuable interests? In the Legislature of the Union alone, are all represented. The Legislature of the Union alone, therefore, can be trusted by the people with the power of controlling measures which concern all, in the confidence that it will not be abused. This, then, is not a case of confidence, and we must consider it as it really is.

If we apply the principle for which the State of Maryland contends, to the Constitution generally, we shall find it

capable of changing totally the character of that instrument. We shall find it capable of arresting all the measures of the Government, and of prostrating it at the foot of the States. The American people have declared their Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, to be supreme; but this principle would transfer the supremacy, in fact, to the States.

If the States may tax one instrument, employed by the Government in the execution of its powers, they may tax any and every other instrument. They may tax the mail; they may tax the mint; they may tax patent rights; they may tax the papers of the custom-house; they may tax judicial process; they may tax all the means employed by the Government, to an excess which would defeat all the ends of government. This was not intended by the American people. They did not design to make their government dependent on the States.

Gentlemen say, they do not claim the right to extend State taxation to these objects. They limit their pretensions to property. But on what principle is this distinction made? Those who make it have furnished no reason for it, and the principle for which they contend denies it. They contend that the power of taxation has no other limit than is found in the 10th section of the 1st article of the Constitution; that, with respect to everything else, the power of the State is supreme, and admits of no control. If this be true, the distinction between property and other subjects to which the power of taxation is applicable, is merely arbitrary, and can never be sustained. This is not all. If the controlling power of the States be established; if their supremacy as to taxation be acknowledged; what is to restrain their exercising this control in any shape they may please to give it? Their sovereignty is not confined to taxation. That is not the only mode in which it might be displayed. The question is, in truth, a question of supremacy; and if the right of the States to tax the means employed by the general Government be conceded, the declaration that the Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, is empty and unmeaning declamation.

THE PRINCIPLE OF INTERPRETATION

This instrument contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly; but why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized to make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for the purpose. But this limitation on the means which may be used is not extended to the powers which are conferred, nor is there one sentence in the Constitution which has been pointed out by the gentlemen of the bar, or which we have been able to discern, that prescribes this rule. We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it. What do gentlemen mean by a strict construction? If they contend only against that enlarged construction which would extend words beyond their natural and obvious import, we might question the application of the term but should not controvert the principle. If they contend for that narrow construction which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the Government those powers which the words of the grant, as usually understood, import, and which are consistent with the general views and objects of the instrument; for the narrow construction which would cripple the Government, and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent; then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction, nor adopt it as a rule by which the Constitution is to be expounded.

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Powerful and ingenious minds, taking as postulates that the powers expressly granted to the Union are to be contracted by the construction into the narrowest possible compass, and that the original powers of the States are retained, if any possible construction will retain them, may, by a course of well digested but refined and metaphysical reasoning founded on these premises, explain away the Constitution of our country

and leave it a magnificent structure indeed to look at, but totally unfit for use. They may so entangle and perplex the understanding as to obscure principles which were before thought quite plain, and induce doubts where, if the mind were to pursue its own course, none would be perceived. In such a case it is peculiarly necessary to recur to safe and fundamental principles, to sustain those principles, and when sustained to make them the tests of the arguments to be examined.

THE APPRECIATION OF THE JUDICIARY

Extract from an Address before the Virginia Convention of 1829.

I AM not in the habit of bestowing extravagant eulogies upon my countrymen; I would rather hear them pronounced by others; but it is a truth that no State in the Union has hitherto enjoyed more complete internal quiet than Virginia. There is no part of America where less disquiet and less ill-feeling between man and man is to be found than in this Commonwealth; and I believe most firmly that this state of things is mainly to be ascribed to the practical operation of our county courts. The magistrates who compose those courts consist in general of the best men in their respective counties. They act in the spirit of peacemakers, and allay rather than excite the small disputes and differences which will sometimes arise among neighbors. It is certainly much owing to this that so much harmony prevails amongst us. These courts must be preserved; if we part with them, can we be sure that we shall retain among our justices of the peace the same respectability and weight of character as are now to be found? I think not. . . .

I have grown old in the opinion that there is nothing more dear to Virginia or that ought to be dearer to her statesmen, and that the best interests of our country are secured by it. Advert, sir, to the duties of a judge. He has to pass between the government and the man whom that government is prosecuting; between the most powerful individual in the community and the poorest and most unpopular. It is of the last importance that, in the exercise of these duties, he should

observe the utmost fairness. Need I press the necessity of this? Does not every man feel that his own personal security and the security of his property depend on that fairness? The judicial department comes home, in its effects, to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, with nothing to influence or control him but God and his conscience? . . . We have heard about sinecures and judicial pensioners. Sir, the weight of such terms is well known here. To avoid creating a sinecure you take away a man's duties when he wishes them to remain; you take away the duty of one man and give it to another; and this is a sinecure. What is this in substance but saying that there is and can be and ought to be no such thing as judicial independence. . . . I have always thought, from my earliest youth until now, that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary. Our ancestors thought so; we thought so till very lately; and I trust the vote of this day will show that we think so still. Will you draw down this curse on Virginia?

THE EXACT COMPOUND

Extract from an Address in the Virginia Convention of 1829.

No person in the house can be more truly gratified than I am at seeing the spirit that has been manifested here to-day; and it is my earnest wish that this spirit of conciliation may be acted upon in a fair, equal, and honest manner, adapted to the situation of the different parts of the Commonwealth which are to be affected. As to the general propositions which have been offered, there is no essential difference between them. That the Federal numbers and the plan of the white basis shall be blended together so as to allow each an equal portion of power seems very generally agreed to. The difference is that one party applies these two principles separately, the one to the Senate, the other to the House of Delegates; while the other party proposes to unite the two principles, and to carry them in their blended form through the whole legislature.

One gentleman differs in the whole outline of this plan. He seems to imagine that we claim nothing of republican principles when we claim a representation for property. Permit me to set him right. I do not say that I hope to satisfy him, or others who say that republican government depends on adopting the naked principle of numbers, that we are right; but I think we can satisfy him that we do entertain a different opinion. I think the soundest principles of republicanism do sanction some relation between representation and taxation. Certainly no opinion has received the sanction of wiser statesmen and patriots. I think the two ought to be connected. I think this was the principle of the Revolution, the ground on which the colonies were torn from the mother country and made independent states.

I shall not however go into that discussion now. The House has already heard much said about it. I would observe that this basis of representation is a matter so important to Virginia that the subject was reviewed by every thinking individual before this convention assembled. Several different plans were contemplated. The basis of white population alone; the basis of free population alone; a basis compounded of taxation and white population (or, which is the same thing, a basis of Federal numbers); two other bases were also proposed, one referring to the total population of the State, the other to taxation alone. Now of these various propositions, the basis of white population and the basis of taxation alone are the two extremes. Between the free population and the white population there is almost no difference. Between the basis of total population and the basis of taxation there is but little difference. The people of the east thought that they offered a fair compromise, when they proposed the compound basis of population and taxation, or the basis of the Federal numbers. We thought that we had republican precedent for this—a precedent given us by the wisest and truest patriots that ever were assembled. But that is now past. We are now willing to meet on a new middle ground, beyond what we thought was a middle ground and the extreme on the other side. We considered the Federal numbers as middle ground, and we may, perhaps, now carry that proposition. The gentleman assumed too much when he said that question was decided.

It cannot be considered as decided until it has come before the House. The majority is too small to calculate upon it as certain in the final decision. We are all uncertain as to the issue. But all know this, that if either extreme is carried, it must leave a wound in the breast of the opposite party which will fester and rankle and produce I know not what mischief. The majority also are now content once more to divide the ground and to take a new middle ground. The only difficulty is whether the compromise shall be effected by applying one principle to the House of Delegates and the other to the Senate, or by mingling the two principles and applying them in the same form to both branches of the legislature. I incline to the latter opinion. I do not know and have not heard any sufficient reason assigned for adopting different principles; and there will be just the same divisions between the two, as appears in this convention. It can produce no good, and may, I fear, produce some mischief. It will be said that one branch is the representation of one division of the State, and the other branch of another division of it. Ought they not both to represent the whole? Yet I am ready to submit to such an arrangement, if it shall be the opinion of a majority of this House. If the convention shall think it best that the House of Delegates shall be organized in one way and the Senate in another, I shall not withhold my assent. Give me a constitution that shall be received by the people; a constitution in which I can consider their different interests to be duly represented, and I will take it, though it may not be that I most approve.

The principle, then, which I propose as a compromise is, that the apportionment of representation shall be made according to an exact compound of the two principles of the white basis and of the Federal numbers according to the census of 1820.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

From 'The Life of George Washington.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous . . . capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness.

His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage,

and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candour will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience, the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable were seldom if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favourable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modelling the army of 1798 he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less than for their prudence in counsel, and contemplated a system of continued attack. "The enemy," said the General in his private letters, "must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores."

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were

exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and though far from being regardless of popular favour, he could never stoop to retain by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.

In speculation, he was a real republican, devoted to the Constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between order and chaos. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue.

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action

whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."

If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the mean of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between the arrogance which wounds, and

that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against a successful termination of which there were so many probabilities? of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce? of the constant favour of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him? the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide: and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise: and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY

From a Letter to Judge Story, October 6, 1834.

On my return, a day or two past, from an annual visit to our mountains, I had the real gratification of receiving a number of the *New England Magazine* for August last, containing an Essay, entitled "Statesmen: their Rareness and Importance," forwarded to me by yourself, and thank you truly for the real pleasure afforded by its perusal. The justness and solidity of its sentiments, the distinguished individual who is selected as an example of the real statesman, and the kind notice taken of an old friend who is under so many obli-

gations to you, designate the author as certainly as if his name had been affixed to the work.

It is in vain to lament, that the portrait which the author has drawn of our political and party men is, in the general, true. Lament it as we may, much as it may wound our vanity or our pride, it is still, in the main, true; and will, I fear, so remain. . . . In the South political prejudice is too strong to yield to any degree of merit; and the great body of the nation contains, at least appears to me to contain, too much of the same ingredient. To men who think as you and I do, the present is gloomy enough; and the future presents no cheering prospect. The struggle now maintained in every State in the Union seems to me to be of doubtful issue; but should it terminate contrary to the wishes of those who support the enormous pretentions of the Executive, should victory crown the exertions of the champions of constitutional law, what serious and lasting advantage is to be expected from this result? In the South (things may be less gloomy with you) those who support the Executive do not support the Government. They sustain the personal power of the President, but labor incessantly to impair the legitimate powers of the Government. Those who oppose the violent and rash measures of the Executive (many of them nullifiers, many of them seceders) are generally the bitter enemies of a constitutional government. Many of them are the avowed advocates of a league; and those who do not go the whole length, go great part of the way. What can we hope for in such circumstances? As far as I can judge, the Government is weakened, whatever party may prevail. Such is the impression I receive from the language of those around me.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL

[1801—1864]

BASIL W. DUKE

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, June 7, 1801. His father, Dr. Louis Marshall, a younger brother of the great Chief Justice John Marshall, was the son of Colonel Thomas Marshall of Westmoreland County, Virginia, a personal friend of George Washington. The Marshalls, an Irish family of Cavalier principles, emigrated to America in 1650, to escape Cromwellian rule, and settled in Virginia, which was then loyal to the exiled King. This Colonel Marshall, who married Mary Randolph Keith in Fauquier County, Virginia, was a Kentucky pioneer, though his eleventh child, Louis, was born in Virginia.

Louis Marshall, having chosen medicine as his profession, was educated in Edinburgh and in Paris. He was in the latter city during the most exciting days of the "Terror," and through his characteristic ardor and indiscretion narrowly escaped the guillotine. He practiced medicine successfully for many years and achieved considerable local ability both as physician and surgeon, but his best work was as a teacher. Here his skill led to his election as president of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia (1838), and later of Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky (1855).

In 1800 Dr. Marshall married Agatha Smith, of Frankfort, Kentucky, a lovely woman of superior mental qualities, and especially of such vivacity and grace of speech that it was often said her son inherited from her his peculiar and extraordinary power of oratory.

Mr. W. L. Barre, who edited an incomplete but reliable collection of the speeches and writings of Thomas Francis Marshall, the only one of any value which has been published, says that "his early education was conducted by his mother until his twelfth year, when he entered a grammar school and commenced a study of the dead languages. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father procured an accomplished classical scholar as teacher in his family. . . . . Our author, under his father's directions, pursued his classical studies till he was twenty years of age, and was never sent to the University or to any public college. At twenty, he was sent to Virginia to study history as the basis of jurisprudence and of moral and political philosophy. It was not the Chief Justice, but Mr. James Marshall of Frederick County, Virginia, with whom he studied, a recluse student,

and a man of great and varied erudition. . . . He was twenty-five years of age when he commenced the study of law, under the tuition of the Honorable John J. Crittenden of Kentucky. At twenty-seven he obtained a license to practice law in the courts of Kentucky. His proclivities are always said to have been toward politics as a science, and oratory as an art. He had seen little of the world. Educated at home in the country, then sent to a secluded country place, then sickening almost to death, at last having fitted himself in the law, at least far enough to obtain a license, he settled down in the little village of Versailles. In 1829 he went to Virginia to attend the debates of the Convention then sitting in Richmond. Madison, Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, Randolph, Leigh C. Johnson, Littleton, Tazewell, and a host of others of scarcely less renown were there. He heard them all for nearly five months, residing for the most part with the Chief Justice. This was the best school he had ever seen."

Although his attention was directed chiefly to politics, he ranked very high as a lawyer. No member of the Kentucky Bar, among his contemporaries, was his superior in legal attainment or surpassed, if indeed equaled him, in logic and capacity for forensic debate. His popular reputation for eloquence was in a large measure acquired by his arguments in the important law-suits in which he was engaged, and in which he was opposed to very formidable antagonists. Unfortunately none of these speeches was written or reported, and tradition preserves only the effect which they produced. This is true also of his political orations, the famous "stump speeches," of which he delivered a vast number, and of his lectures, or, as he termed them, "discourses on history."

In 1832, after the veto of the United States Bank, Marshall was elected to the Legislature as a supporter of Mr. Clay. In the following spring he went to Louisville, sincerely intending, doubtless, to devote himself exclusively to his profession. But politics had for him an irresistible attraction. He twice represented Louisville in the Legislature, and in 1837 ran as an independent candidate for Congress against the nominee of the Whig party, and was of course overwhelmingly defeated. This so disgusted him that he immediately left Louisville and returned to Woodford County. The following year he ran again for the Legislature from Woodford and was elected without opposition, but was refused the seat because ineligible for lack of a full year's residence in the district. He was elected again without opposition, and also for the succeeding term.

The ablest men in the State were at that period sent to the Legislature, and during these sessions he earned extraordinary distinction in the debates upon the many important questions which were discussed in that body.

He was elected to Congress in 1841, and although his service there covered only one term it was unquestionably brilliant. Only two of Marshall's Congressional speeches were reported: one on "Public Lands" and the other on the "Resolution to Censure John Quincy Adams." To the original resolution offered by Gilmour of Virginia, Marshall had offered a more explicit and detailed substitute, looking, however, to the same end.

This Congressional episode seems to us now, after the lapse of many years and the tremendous experience of the Civil War, as almost trivial; but it excited profound interest and was deemed important then. Mr. Marshall supported his resolutions in a speech of unusual energy and ability. Mr. Adams defended his own action with equal fire, although not equal logic. No more spirited discussion, perhaps, has ever occurred upon the floor of the National House of Representatives. The range of the debate was extended much beyond the text of the resolutions. The entire sectional controversy in its existing attitude—every question at issue and every reason for altercation between the Northern and Southern States—was touched upon, with more or less emphasis, during its continuance.

Underwood of Kentucky, Botts of Virginia, and Arnold of Tennessee, all very able men, defended Mr. Adams, induced to do so doubtless more by respect for his high character and recollection of his eminent services than by any sympathy with his political opinions, or real belief that his conduct in offering the objectionable petition was not censurable. Wise of Virginia spoke with the force and animation which always characterized his utterances, but apparently more with the purpose of presenting the extreme Southern view of some of the topics introduced than with regard for the question directly involved. Marshall replied to all of them, and defended his contention with an eloquence and amplitude of historic illustration, and a convincing logic, surpassing, perhaps, any other effort of his life; and no one can read this notable debate without admitting that he had altogether the best of it.

During this session Mr. Marshall declined to act with the Whig party on several important measures. He voted against Mr. Clay's Bank Bill, and, it is said, spoke strongly against it in the House. He favored the establishment of a Bank of the United States, but objected to the proposed form of the charter. Mr. Adams agreed and voted with him in this matter. He voted against the Bankruptcy Law. In brief, he separated himself almost entirely from his party, contending, however, that he was still a Whig, but that the Whig party had forsaken its original principles and purposes. He spoke with stinging sarcasm of the administration of Mr. Tyler, and said that it might be best described when the history of the country was

written in the terms of Lindley Murray's definition of a parenthesis as "a clause of a sentence enclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and might be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

There can be no doubt of his sincerity any more than of his candor. Indeed, the temper of his mind inclined him always to independence in politics rather than to partisan allegiance. But he had deeply offended the great leader of his party, and he made no concealment of the fact that he cared little that he had done so. Upon his return home after the expiration of the Twenty-seventh Congress, he declined to be a candidate for a second term, and publicly announced that he would not support Mr. Clay for the Presidency. He also differed with Mr. Clay in 1844, upon the question of the annexation of Texas, insisting upon the immense value to the United States of the territory between the Sabine and the Rio Grande, and stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. In the ensuing Presidential canvass he voted for Polk. He again ran for Congress in 1845, but was beaten.

In 1846 he was elected captain of a company of volunteer cavalry, recruited for the war with Mexico, and served in that capacity for twelve months. Defeated for election to the third constitutional convention of Kentucky, in 1849, because of his opposition to the importation of slaves into the State, he used *The Old Guide,* a Frankfort paper he was editing, in opposition to its adoption. The editorial articles contributed to this publication are perhaps the best of his written compositions.

In 1855 he strenuously opposed the candidates of the American or "Know-Nothing" party in Kentucky and combated the proscriptive policy which they advocated, more ably, perhaps, than any other speaker in the country, with the exception of Governor Wise of Virginia.

In 1856 he went to Chicago with the purpose of permanently residing there and devoting himself to his profession. He returned to Kentucky, however, in August of that year, and having consented, at the urgent solicitation of many of his friends, to take part in the Presidential canvass then in progress, in opposition to Mr. Buchanan, was so prostrated in health by the fatigue and exposure he underwent, following, as it did upon long years of dissipation, that he never physically recovered. He married, late in life, Miss Bettie Yost of his native county; but lived only a short time with his wife, and no children were born of the marriage. He died near Versailles, in Woodford County, September 22, 1864.

Although the best of Marshall's productions are doubtless to be found in the collection of Barre, it is to be regretted that much else

has been irrevocably lost. Barre's compilation was prepared while Marshall was living and it was probably submitted to his revision.

It is simple truth to say that Marshall's capacity—the intellectual characteristics in which he was unquestionably superior—were not generally appreciated by his contemporaries; nor, perhaps, can full justice ever be done him because of the loss of so much on which a fair judgment might be based. He was given credit by comparatively few for that in which he really excelled. He was more esteemed by a crowd of admirers as a brilliant declaimer, readily uttering sparkling sentences and pungent, caustic witticisms, than for the far rarer and higher mental qualities which he possessed.

He is remembered more particularly as an attractive orator; he is entitled to be held in higher estimate, not only as a writer of eloquent English, but as a reasoner always sound and cogent, and frequently irrefutable. When speaking he was sometimes induced, by the desire of applause or fervor of the moment, to appeal to passion or prejudice, and his keen humor too often degenerated into buffoonery. But in no instance can he be justly charged with these faults when he wrote; and, however inconsistent his political conduct may have seemed, his writings evince perfect consistency in his opinions, and profound conviction. The compositions on which he bestowed most care will impress every reader, I think, with a sense of his genuine, constant perception and broad comprehension of principles —of what Carlyle calls the "verities"—and of his philosophic grasp and treatment of the topics considered.

In his later years, when his judgment had become marred and his taste vitiated by intemperance, Marshall's style grew turgid and at times sank almost into bathos. In his prime, however, and even after the partial decay of his powers, he was, when aroused by some special occasion or incentive, nearly unrivaled either as a popular speaker or before more select assemblages.

His unusually wide range of reading, especially of English and ancient literature, and an extensive acquaintance with history—for his devotion to historical study was incessant—aided by a singularly retentive memory, furnished him with an inexhaustible fund of illustration, and he utilized it to the utmost. He had all the physical requisites of the orator; a handsome and expressive face; a tall, erect and extremely graceful figure; a striking and histrionic manner and gesture; and his elocutionary skill and resonant, melodious voice rendered his lofty and stirring declamation peculiarly effective.

Basil W. Duke

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD H. MENEFEE

Extracts from an Address delivered before the Law Society of the Transylvania University, April 12, 1841.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW SOCIETY:—I am not here to recount in set phrase, and with that courtesy which the living always pay to the dead, the virtues, real or supposed, of one around whose fate, youth, and interesting private relations alone have cast a transient interest. I come not merely to acquit me of a duty to one whom I personally loved and admired, to weave a fading garland for his tomb, or scatter affection's incense over his ashes. Mine is a severer task, a more important duty. I stand here, gentlemen, as a member of a great commonwealth, amid the assembled thousands of her citizens, to mourn with them the blow, sudden and overwhelming, which has fallen upon the country. He about whose young brows there clustered most of honor—he, around whose name and character there gathered most of public hope—the flower of our Kentucky youth, "the rose and expectancy of the fair state," lies uprooted. He, who by the unaided strength of his own great mind, had spurned from his path each obstacle that impeded and rolled back the clouds which darkened his morning march—who in his fresh youth had reached an eminence of fame and of influence, which, to a soul less ardent, might have seemed the topmost pinnacle, but which to him, was only a momentary resting place, whence, with an undazzled eye and elastic limb, he was preparing to spring still upward and nearer to the sun of glory which glowed above him; while the admiring crowd below were watching, with intensest interest, each movement of his towering step, each wave of his eagle wing.

> . . . Why sudden drops his crest?
> The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast.

Death canonizes a great name and the seal of the sepulchre excludes from its slumbering tenant the breath of envy. I might fling the reins of fancy and indulge in the utmost latitude of panegyric without offense; the praises of the dead threat not the living. But I am not here upon an ordinary oc-

casion to pronounce a pompous eulogy in set terms of general praise. You have directed me to draw the life and character, to delineate the very form and figure of the mind of one, whose moral likenesses you wish to inscribe in enduring and faithful colors upon your archives, not only as a memorial of one loved and lost, but as an example and model for the study and imitation of yourselves and successors. It is not a sample of rhetoric but a perpetuation of his image that you seek, as the monument best suited to the subject, as a real and historic standard by which the youth of after times may measure and elevate the idea and the stature of excellence. And surely, if ever there were mirror in which young genius could glass and fashion itself; if ever there were mold in which the forming intellect could be cast in just and full proportions of graceful energy and perfect strength, he, of whom we are to speak this day was that mirror and that mold. Would that the artist were equal to his work, would that his mind were fully up to the dignity of his subject; then indeed would I gladly obey your high command, and give to posterity embodied in my land's language, the very form and lineament, the breathing attitude, the intrepid port, the beaming hope, the dauntless energy of a genius which poverty and disease could not impair and which death itself destroyed, rather than subdued. Ah! had he but lived! on that broad pedestal laid already, he would himself have raised a statue colossal and historic, an individual likeness, but a national monument, than which never did the Grecian chisel from out the sleeping marble awake a form of grander proportions or of more enduring beauty. He meditated such a work, and was fast gathering around him eternal materials. Type of his country, he sought to mingle himself with her existence and her fame, and to transmit his name to remote generations as an epitome of her early genius and her history, and as the most signal example of the power of her institutions, not only for the production, but for the most perfect development of the greatest talents and the most exalted virtue.

In the Fall of 1831 he was enabled to attend the law lectures, when he became a distinguished member of your society. In the Spring of 1832 he received the appointment of commonwealth's attorney, and in August before he had

attained his twenty-third year, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Matthew Jouitt. It is not among the least interesting circumstances which concentrate in the union of these two orphans, that the dowerless daughter of Kentucky's most gifted artist should have found a tutor in her childhood every way adequate to form her taste and fashion her understanding, and that in the dawning graces of her first womanhood, reflecting back upon its source the light she had borrowed, should have drawn and fastened to her side as friend and protector through life, that same boy preceptor from whose precocious mind her own hand had drawn its nutriment and its strength. JOUITT AND MENEFEE! What an union of names, what a nucleus for the public hopes and sympathies to grow and cluster round, to cling and cleave to. And they are united in the person of a boy, a glorious, beauteous boy—upon whose young brow and every feature is stamped the seal of his inheritance. I have seen this scion of a double stock, through whose young veins is poured in blending currents the double tide of genius and of art. Bless thee, Jouitt Menefee, and may heaven which has imparted the broad brow of the statesman orator along with the painter's ambrosial head and glowing eye, may heaven shield and preserve thee, boy, from the misfortunes of thy house! . . .

Regarding him, as I have already said, with the deepest interest, and under circumstances very favorable for observation, I describe him as he impressed himself upon me. The great characteristic of his mind was strength, his predominant faculty was reason, the aim of his eloquence was to convince. With an imagination rich, but severe and chaste, of an elocution clear, nervous and perfectly ready, he employed the one as the minister and the other as the vehicle of demonstration. He dealt not in gaudy ornament or florid exhibition; no gilded shower of metaphors drowned the sense of his discourse. He was capable of fervid invective, vehement declamation, and scathing sarcasm; but strength, strength was the pervading quality; and there was an argument even in his denunciation. "No giant form set forth his common hight"; no stentor voice proclaimed a bully in debate; yet did he possess the power of impression, deep, lasting impression, of interesting you in not only what he said, but in himself, of stamping

upon the memory his own image, in the most eminent degree, and in the most extraordinary manner, of any man of his age whom it has been my fortune to encounter. "*Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*"

Although removed the farthest possible from the affectation of mystery, or any asserted and offensive pretension to superiority over other men, and although his manner was exempt entirely from the charge of haughtiness, still, as he appeared at that time, he loved not familiarity and courted no intimacy. He was bland, courteous, and perfectly respectful in his intercourse; still, there was a distance and undefinable sort of reserve, unmixed with pride, but full of dignity, keeping frivolity aloof, and attracting at once your curiosity and your interest. Upon his forehead which was broad, and full and very commanding, were traced the indisputable lines of intellect and genius. His pale and delicate brow was stamped with the gravity and care of premature manhood. About his lip and mouth were the slight, but living and indelible traits of a resolved and ambitious spirit. The whole countenance was that of a man who had suffered and struggled, but who had conquered the past and was prepared to grapple fearlessly with the future. But the master expression, the natural language which breathed from his face, form, step, gesture, and even the almost feminine tone of his voice, which contrasted so strangely with the delicacy of the whole, was energy, unfainting, indomitable, though curbed and regulated energy; which could sustain him through all danger and under all fortune, and which would and must bear him on to the utmost mark at which his ambition might aim, and to which his talents were at all adequate. There was nothing restless or impatient about him. His was deliberate, concentrated, disciplined energy. He had that managed calmness of general manner, which so often betokens a fiery and excitable temperament, but under the most perfect control. Never man was more entirely master of himself than Mr. Menefee.

His conversation corresponded with and deepened the impression made by his public speeches, and a close examination of his whole appearance. He had all the quickness and penetration of a man of true genius, but without a spark of wildness or eccentricity. There was no dreamy idealism, no shad-

owy romance, no morbid sentimentalism about him. The occasional splendor of his illustration proved him, to be sure, possessed of an imagination grand and lofty but exquisitely sensible of the beautiful and the soft, but it was the ally, not the principal; and an ally upon which his sovereign reason, abounding in its own resources, leaned but little and drew but seldom. His fancy drew her inspiration from the natural fountain around and within him. It was not even tinged with the sickly light of modern fiction. His whole mind was eminently healthy. His was the seriousness of determination unmixed with gloom or melancholy. The purity of his language, which was remarkable for its beauty as well as its precision, declared a mind imbued with elegant letters, but there was an antique severity in his taste, a marble firmness as well as smoothness in his style, which spoke of the hardihood and muscle of the Grecian masters, those first teachers and eternal fountains of poetry and eloquence. But neither Mr. Menefee's conversation nor his attainments, nor his talents, eminent as they all were, surprised me so much as the matured and almost rigid tone of his character, the iron control which he exercised over himself, the cool, practical and experienced views which he took of the world, and the elevation, consistency and steadiness of his purposes. These were the qualities which made his talents useful; these were the qualities which, young as he was, gave him such absolute hold and command of the public confidence; these were the qualities which adapted him to the genius and bound him to the hearts of his countrymen, without which he might have been brilliant, but never could have been great.

He had early ranged himself with that great party in politics, whose protracted and arduous struggles have at last found their consummation and whose principles have been ratified by the judgment of the nation in the election of General Harrison to the presidency. He belonged to that class of minds, who, in every country and under every form of government, are found the unflinching advocates of rational and regulated liberty, a liberty founded in principles fixed and eternal, and which is only safe under the shield and cover of a law, changeless and inviolable by the government, equally supreme and binding upon the rulers and upon the people. The imperial

maxim, "*Voluntas principis habet vigorem legis,*" he rejected utterly. He loathed despotism in all its forms, and wherever lodged, whether in the hands of one, the many, or the few. Born in a monarchy, he would have died as Hampden died, in the assertion of legal limitation upon the prerogative. Born in a republic, he clung to the constitutional restrictions upon the rapacious passions of faction. He regarded the courtier cringing at the footstool of a throne, and a demagogue lauding the absolute power of a mob, as equally the foes of freedom and the just object of patriot execration. He understood the term "people" as comprehending every interest and every individual, and looked upon that system alone as free, which protected each against the arbitrary power, even of the whole. He regarded government as something framed for the defense of the weak against the strong, of the few against the many, and considered human rights as only safe, where fixed laws, and not the fluctuating caprices of men and parties, were supreme. Strength and numbers are absolute in a state of savage nature; they need no laws nor magistracy for their support. The rights of the weak and the few can only be secured by the incorporation of the eternal principle of liberty and justice in a constitution impassable to power and immutable by party. The splendid popularity of a favorite chief blinded not his reason, the roar of triumphant faction deafened not his conscience, the proscribing genius of a power which punished with inexorable severity, or rewarded with unbounded profusion, appalled not his moral courage, nor shook for one moment his native integrity. Young, poor, talented and aspiring, still he followed where his principles led him, and battled long on the side of a feeble and almost overwhelmed minority of his countrymen. To the cause which he espoused, through all its fortunes, he adhered with unbroken faith and consistency, and lived just long enough to witness its final and complete success.

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The same destiny (for it seemed no less) attended him in Congress, which had marked his entrance upon state legislation. There were no gradations in his congressional history. He comprehended at once, as if by instinct, the new scene in which he was called to act; and no sooner did he appear, than he was recognized as a statesman and a leader. The intrepid

boldness of his character, and the precocious strength of his genius, seemed to have smitten all parties with astonishment. Some of the leading men of the political party to which he was opposed, pronounced him the most extraordinary man of his age, who had till then, appeared in Congress. He encountered hostility in his upward flight, (when did soaring genius fail to do it?) and meaner birds would have barred him from his pathway to the skies. With crimsoned beak and bloody talons, he rent his way through the carrion crew, and moved majestically up to bathe his plumage in the sun. Never did a career more dazzlingly splendid open upon the eye of young ambition than burst upon Mr. Menefee. The presses teemed with his praise, the whole country was full of his name; yet did he wear his honors with the ease of a familiar dress. He trod the new and dizzy path with a steady eye, and that same veteran step which was so eminently his characteristic. Around his path there seemed to have been thrown none of those delusions which haunt the steps of youth and inexperience. All was stern reality and truth. He maintained his character undimmed, and his position unshaken, till the end of his term, and then this wonderful man imposed upon himself his spirit and his ambition, that iron control of which I have spoken, and voluntarily retired from a theater the most elevated and commanding, upon which genius and ambition like his could engage in a gigantic strife for undying honor.

At twenty-nine years of age, Mr. Menefee felt himself upon a summit to which the dreams of youth and hope could scarce have aspired. He alone seemed neither astonished nor confounded by the height to which he had arisen. In 1837, an obscure young lawyer, scarce beyond the precincts of his native highland district; in 1839, he stood forth on the world's greatest theater in acknowledged greatness, the predictions of his first tutor realized, the prayer of his childhood granted. He stood on that eminence so long and so gloriously occupied by the man whose name he once bore and whose fame had been the pillar of fire by which he guided his footsteps through the long, dark, perilous and unfriended night of his boyhood; and he stood there at an age which threw even that example into the shade. The draught which he drank, so far from intoxicating his understanding, served only to refresh and invigorate

his spirit for the work set before him. He surveyed calmly, from the height on which he stood, the prospect stretched beneath him, he quaffed the full beams of the sun of glory which glowed above him, then turning to the gentle flower at his side, which he had vowed to shelter and defend, to her who had loved and trusted him in obscurity and penury, before the world, now ready to do him homage, had learned his transcendent talents and inestimable worth, and folding her, all bright and blushing in the light of her husband's glory, to his bosom, he descended without a sigh to vindicate her confidence and toil for her support.

ESTIMATE OF HENRY CLAY

From *The Louisville Journal*, November 27, 1851.

I HAVE studied his life, his speeches, his actions, his character; I have heard him at the bar and in the Senate; I have seen him in his contests with other men, when all the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul were lashed by disappointment and opposition to the foaming rage of the ocean, when all the winds are unchained, and sweep in full career over the free and bounding bosom of the deep. He owes less of his greatness to education or to art than any man living. He owes less of his commanding influence to other men than any great leader I have ever known, or of whom I have ever read. He consults nobody, he leans upon nobody, he fears nobody; he wears nature's patent of nobility forever upon his brow; he stalks among men with an unanswerable and never doubting air of command; his sweeping and imperial pride, his indomitable will, his unquailing courage, challenge from all submission or combat. With him there can be no neutrality. Death, tribute, or the Koran, is his motto. Great in speech, great in action, his greatness is all his own. He is independent alike of history or the schools; he knows little of either and despises both. His ambition, his spirit, and his eloquence are all great, natural, and entirely his own. If he is like any body, he does not know it. He has never studied models, and if he had, his pride would have rescued him from the fault of imitation. He stands among men in towering and barbaric grandeur; in all

of the hardihood and rudeness of perfect originality; independent of the polish and beyond the reach of art. His vast outline, and grand, but wild and undefined, proportions, liken him to a huge mass of granite, torn, in some convulsion of nature, from a mountain's side, which any effort of the chisel would only disfigure, and which no instrument in the sculptor's studio could grasp or comprehend.

OPPOSITION TO THE KNOW-NOTHING ORGANIZATION

Extract from a Speech delivered at Versailles, Kentucky, June 25, 1855.

The power claimed by the British parliament to tax the colonies was as every one knows, the question which brought on the War of the Revolution. The grounds upon which the colonies denied the power was, that they were not represented in that parliament. They asserted the principle retrospectively, and contended that the colonies had always been independent of the British legislature, and such was the historical fact. In its grand extension, it embraces and distinctly recognizes the eternal truth, the basis of all liberty, that no legislation can justly bind, unless the subject of it consent to the law by himself or his representative. The principle is cardinal and is absolutely inseparable from the American idea of civil liberty. Tear it away, and the idea and the fact—the principle and the liberty—are gone.

From a profound policy, then, as well as an enlarged benevolence, (things which the truly wise have ever held to be identical,) they thought it safer, as well as more humane, to impart to the stranger all the blessings of freedom which they themselves enjoyed. An alien by birth, they determined to make him a citizen by adoption, and to bind him to the country of his choice by the strong cords of gratitude and affection, as well as interest. They did not think it either wise or safe to have a large number of foreigners always foreigners, in the bosom of a republic, always in full view of the most perfect civil liberty, yet deprived of its enjoyment; for liberty is an enjoyment as well as a right. To them it would be no republic. Excluded from office and from honor, with no voice in

the councils, no power to hold real estate, no representation in the legislature of such rights as might remain to them, in what do persons thus situated differ from the subjects of an absolute despotism? They do differ in one, and that a most material circumstance.

Under the absolute government of a single person, whose will is the sole law, all above him are at least equal. It is some comfort to a man, if it be a slave, at least to feel and know that it is the common lot. The subjects of a single master are peers in servitude. Of all the forms of oppression, the most unbearable to human thought, yet the most irresponsible, insolent and irresistible, is the tyranny of an exclusively privileged class. Reason and experience, fact and theory, speculation and practice, agree in this, that the tyranny of caste over caste is the most corrupting to those above, the most crushing and intolerable to the heart and soul of those below, of any of the corrupting and crushing forms of tyranny heretofore known among men.

Our ancestors, therefore, did not mean to divide American society into horizontal strata by a boundary line of religion and of blood, with those who had happened to be born in another part of the earth, and those of the Catholic religion, no matter where born, (these being of a faith so accursed that not even American birth and education can purify the taint) safely stowed away below, while the favorites of heaven, the protestants elect, securely seated on top, booted, spurred and mounted on the backs of the degraded class, might rule and ride, a dominant and regnant party, armed with exclusive rights of office and of suffrage—in other words, with power absolute and irresistible, save by arms.

They believed that a republic, founded upon the most perfect equality of rights among those subjected to its laws and government, was not only the most just and free, the most productive of happiness and improvement, the best calculated to develop the faculties, intellectual and moral, the most favorable to science and to virtue, but also that it was the most permanent and secure, whether from external force or from internal disorder. They believed in liberty sincerely, devoutly, without hypocrisy or doubt, as the fountain of all good things, as that which gives to the individual dignity and courage, to

the state strength and grandeur, safety and permanence. Without it, in their judgment, there could be no patriotism, no love of country.

A state which reposes in the honest love of its citizens, a love founded in the private interest which each individual has in its preservation, is safer without revenue or arms, surrounded by a rampart of hearts, than an oppressive, unjust and unequal government, with all the guards and garrisons, the bayonets and fortresses which money, wrung by force from an unwilling and enslaved people, can build or buy.

Make the foreigner a citizen, and he enters upon the practical enjoyment of all the rights of other men. He is incorporated with the State, and feels himself a part of it. He loves it as his country in peace, he defends it with honor in war. Keep him a foreigner, and he hates you, as all those of a degraded caste loathe what is above them. He is a domestic enemy, ripe for revolution. If your enemy be his former master, and he fights for you in war, he fights with a halter round his neck. Captivity dooms him to the death of a felon. Your flag is not his flag, it does not cover him. In a land of liberty, he is a slave; in the home of his choice, he is a stranger; in peace, he has no civil rights; in war no hope of honor.

Without representation, our ancestors believed that there could be no civil liberty without an entire, total and permanent separation of the ecclesiastical state from the political, of the church from the civil government, of religion from the temporal power of the priest, no matter of what faith, and his dogmas, from the laws and the magistracy, there could be no religious liberty.

Our ancestors were not heathens or infidels. Devoted and Christian men, they believed that in founding a state without a religion, and in establishing perfect toleration, they were in fact establishing Christianity, and providing for the purity of the church and the extension of the gospel, according to its own free genius and the precepts of its founder.

Never yet has Christianity leaned upon the arm of human government and force for support, that it has not been tainted and defiled by the alliance. Engaged in the struggle for wealth and power, embroiled in the passion and turmoil of earthly strife and mundane politics, the church abdicating her office,

abandons her trust, and finally quits the conflict, with her holy vestments stained and polluted, her divine lineaments erased, and her just and appropriate influence overthrown.

The political weakness of the church constitutes its moral strength and grandeur.

Seeking no participation in the temporal power, coveting not the treasures of this world, she comes, with a more commanding voice to soothe the passion in which she does not share, to arbitrate in the strifes to which she is no party.

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

[1866—]

EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, the daughter of Francis and Ann Louise McKenzie Madden, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, May 3, 1866. She is of Scotch and Irish descent—the first through her South Carolina mother, the second through her father. She was a sensitive child—imaginative, impressionable, conscientious—qualities still hers in a rare degree. Owing to delicate health, her education was desultory—a month or two at a time in the public schools. Perhaps her most fruitful impressions were fixed by these detached school periods, interrupted by trips to the far South in search of health; each new teacher and school experience stood out by itself instead of making the continuous record usual to childhood. The result is shown in her best work.

So interesting is Mrs. Martin's personality, her Boswell has to resist many temptations. Perhaps she most resembles a fine violin, responsive to the lightest touch, but even in discordance giving out a true tone. Her face has been described as having "no features and all expression." She is fair-skinned, blue-eyed, sunny-haired, tall but delicately built. She has a superfluity of nervous energy, and lives on her nerves. Fond of society, and always charming, she can go long and far. In both appearance and mind she offers perplexing diversities. Hers is one of the most complex natures possible to be imagined. If she were simple she never could have portrayed simplicity as she has in Emmy Lou and Letitia, her two best characters. Perhaps the keynote of her character may be found in her ever-present desire to be surrounded by an atmosphere of happiness. From a desire to make her friends happy and have things "go smoothly," she is ready on the instant to sacrifice her own comfort or predilections. She makes and keeps many friends.

In 1892 she married Mr. Atwood R. Martin, an officer in a trust company of Louisville, a man of marked literary taste and critical ability. Three years after her marriage Mrs. Martin published her first story. The *Youth's Companion,* that discerning critic and friend to young authors, saw in "The Story of Don Soldier" the promise since made good.

Mrs. Martin's style is an anomaly—unmistakable, insistent rather

than energetic, yet reflecting changes like a prism. She paints nature as she sees it, which is far out of the common range of vision. She delights in contrast and variety, choosing the psychical rather than the physical. While every character of her creation wears its distinctive mark, it also always bears the stamp of introspection. Her sense of humor is pervading, delicate, and charms by its unexpectedness. Her work is too fine and refined ever to be listed in the wildly popular, sweeping-the-earth class. In the mass, the public is too ignorant of literature as literature to appreciate fully such stories as hers. They attract the general reader by their humaneness. It is only in the higher courts, where good work counts, that her inability to slight, her careful technique, and conscientious revision, have received their full measure of praise.

Her early style inclined to mannerisms. She had a tendency to avoid pronouns, repeating proper names wearingly. This tendency in 'Emmy Lou' was happily used, imparting the effect of simple-mindedness for which she strove. Carried to excess in stories of adults it often delayed the action. But while her later work may show greater ease she has lost some of the "effervescence" that characterized 'Emmy Lou.' With this her critics have something to do. Her taste, reflecting her character, is for delicate detail, for complicated, hidden currents; and it is a mistake to urge her to leave her natural bent for the broader, so-called dynamic springs of life.

Perfection is not claimed for Mrs. Martin's work, but it is this critic's opinion that it offers one of the most interesting studies of literary evolution to be found in American literature. She is emphatically a modern product. In style she most resembles Henry James, though where he has glitter she has feeling. Her 'Emmy Lou' is in line with James's 'What Maisie Knew.' Both see adult life through a child's eyes, but where Mr. James has created a lovely but unfortunate child, Mrs. Martin has made a lovely but happy one.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin's chief lack is her inability to see life as a whole. She sees it episodically, and for that reason her books are lacking in plot. The short story, that most difficult branch of fiction, is emphatically her forte. 'Emmy Lou' and 'Letitia' are far better than the 'House of Fulfilment,' her one continuous narrative. This is because her art recognizes the delicate, inner emotions, taking but little count of outer media. Her characters live moment by moment, each moment being carefully portrayed; they grow, but the reader has no sense of gradual progression to a foreordained ending.

In considering Mrs. Martin's work in detail, it will easily be seen why 'Emmy Lou' is so far her best. She was a creation, and with the 'Boyville Stories' introduced a type that has since had many imi-

tators. Emmy Lou was born to be loved, and her counterpart exists in many a home; in increasing numbers, since her character has furnished a key unlocking the understanding of ambitious but mistaking parents.

Running serially in *McClure's Magazine* during 1900, 'Emmy Lou' was, in 1902, presented in book form. To teachers, parents, and pupils it was a revelation. It called forth praise from all advanced teachers and caused anger to those who saw in their profession only a way—often the only way—of earning a livelihood. In addition to its general appeal it fascinated an audience of higher critical powers than the omnivorous and vagarious-minded reader. After six years of publicity it remains that delight of the publisher, a "steady seller." It has just gone into its fifteenth edition.

'Abbie Ann' is the only story for children that Mrs. Martin has ever written. 'Emmy Lou' and 'Letitia' are both about childhood, but in the light of adult retrospection; 'Abbie Ann' is from the point of view of the little heroine herself. Many critics have seemed to miss this point in comparing 'Abbie Ann' with the former studies.

According to recent statistics, most literary masterpieces have been produced by authors between the ages of fifty and sixty. Mrs. Martin has just passed forty, hence it is fair to predict that with her powers still in their upward growth her greatest and best work will be produced in the years to come.

Evelyn Snead Barnett

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HARE AND TORTOISE

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THERE was head and foot in the Second Reader. Emmy Lou heard it whispered the day of her entrance into the Second Reader room.

Once, head and foot had meant Aunt Cordelia above the coffee tray and Uncle Charlie below the carving-knife. But at school head and foot meant little girls bobbing up and down, descending and ascending the scale of excellency.

There were no little boys. At the Second Reader the currents of the sexes divided, and little boys were swept out of sight. One mentioned little boys now in undertones.

But head and foot meant something beside little girls bobbing out of their places on the bench to take a neighbor's place. Head and foot meant tears—that is, when the bobbing was downward and not up. However, if one bobbed down to-day there was the chance of bobbing up to-morrow—that is with all but Emmy Lou and a little girl answering to the call of "Kitty McKoeghany."

Step by step Kitty went up, and having reached the top, Kitty stayed there.

And step by step, Emmy Lou, from her original alphabetically-determined position beside Kitty, went down, and then, only because further descent was impossible, Emmy Lou stayed there. But since the foot was nearest the platform Emmy Lou

took that comfort out of the situation, for the Teacher sat on the platform, and Emmy Lou loved the Teacher.

The Second Reader Teacher was the lady, the nice lady, the pretty lady with white hair, who patted little girls on the cheek as she passed them in the hall. On the first day of school, the name of "Emma Louise MacLaurin" had been called. Emmy Lou stood up. She looked at the Teacher. She wondered if the Teacher remembered. Emmy Lou was chubby and round and much in earnest. And the lady, the pretty lady, looking down at her, smiled. Then Emmy Lou knew that the lady had not forgotten. And Emmy Lou sat down. And she loved the Teacher and she loved the Second Reader. Emmy Lou had not heard the Teacher's name. But could her grateful little heart have resolved its feelings into words, "Dear Teacher" must ever after have been the lady's name. And so, as if impelled by her own chubby weight and some head-and-foot force of gravity, though Emmy Lou descended steadily to the foot of the Second Reader class, there were compensations. The foot was in the shadow of the platform and within the range of Dear Teacher's smile.

Besides, there was Hattie.

Emmy Lou sat with Hattie. They sat at a front desk. Hattie had plaits; small affairs, perhaps, but tied with ribbons behind each ear. And the part bisecting Hattie's little head from nape to crown was exact and true. Emmy Lou admired plaits. And she admired the little pink sprigs on Hattie's dress.

After Hattie and Emmy Lou had sat together a whole day, Hattie took Emmy Lou aside as they were going home, and whispered to her.

"Who's your mos' nintimate friend?" was what Emmy Lou understood her to whisper.

Emmy Lou had no idea what a nintimate friend might be. She did not know what to do.

"Haven't you got one?" demanded Hattie.

Emmy Lou shook her head.

Hattie put her lips close to Emmy Lou's ear.

"Let's us be nintimate friends," said Hattie.

Though small in knowledge, Emmy Lou was large in faith. She confessed herself as glad to be a nintimate friend.

When Emmy Lou found that to be a nintimate friend

meant to walk about the yard with Hattie's arm about her, she was glad indeed to be one. Hitherto, at recess, Emmy Lou had known the bitterness of the outcast and the pariah. Emmy Lou had stood around, principally in corners, to avoid being swept off her little feet by the big girls at play, and had gazed upon a paired-off and sufficient-unto-itself world.

Hattie seemed to know everything. In all the glory of its newness Emmy Lou brought her Second Reader to school. Hattie was scandalized. She showed her Reader soberly encased in a calico cover.

Emmy Lou grew hot. She hid her Reader hastily. Somehow she felt that she had been immodest. The next day Emmy Lou's Reader came to school discreetly swathed in calico.

Hardly had the Second Reader begun, when one Friday the music man came. And after that he came every Friday and stayed an hour.

He was a tall, thin man, and he had a point of beard on his chin that made him look taller. He wore a blue cape, which he tossed on a chair. And he carried a violin. His name was Mr. Cato. He drew five lines on the blackboard, and made eight dots that looked as though they were going upstairs on the lines. Then he rapped on his violin with his bow, and the class sat up straight.

"This," said Mr. Cato, "is A," and he pointed to a dot. Then he looked at Emmy Lou. Unfortunately Emmy Lou sat at a front desk.

"Now, what is it?" said Mr. Cato.

"A," said Emmy Lou obediently. She wondered. But she had met A in so many guises of print and script that she accepted any statement concerning A. And now a dot was A.

"And this," said Mr. Cato, "is B, and this is C, and this D, and E, F, G, which brings us naturally to A again," and Mr. Cato with his bow went up the stairway punctuated with dots.

Emmy Lou wondered why G brought one naturally to A again.

But Mr. Cato was tapping up the dotted stairway with his bow. "Now, what are they?" asked Mr. Cato.

"Dots," said Emmy Lou, forgetting.

Mr. Cato got red in the face and rapped angrily.

"A," said Emmy Lou hastily, "B, C, D, E, F, G, H," and was going hurriedly on, when Hattie, with a surreptitious jerk, stopped her.

"That is better," said Mr. Cato, "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—exactly—but we are not going to call them A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—" Mr. Cato paused impressively, his bow poised, and looked at Emmy Lou—"we are going to call them"—and Mr. Cato touched a dot—"do"—his bow went up the punctuated stairway—"re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. Now what is this?" The bow pointed itself to Emmy Lou, then described a curve, bringing it again to a dot.

"A," said Emmy Lou. The bow rapped angrily on the board, and Mr. Cato glared.

"Do," said Mr. Cato, "do—always do—not A, nor B, nor C, never A, nor B, nor C again—do, do," the bow rapping angrily the while.

"Dough," said Emmy Lou, swallowing miserably.

Mr. Cato was mollified. "Forget now it was ever A; A is do here. Always in the future remember the first letter in the scale is do. Whenever you meet it placed like this, A is do, A is do."

Emmy Lou resolved she would never forget. A is dough. How or why or wherefore did not matter. The point was, A is dough. But Emmy Lou was glad when the music man went. And then came spelling, when there was always much bobbing up and down and changing places and tears. This time the rest might forget, but Emmy Lou would not. It came her turn.

She stood up. Her word was Adam. And A was dough. Emma Lou went slowly to get it right. "Dough-d-dough-m, Adam," said Emmy Lou.

They laughed. But Dear Teacher did not laugh. The recess-bell rang. And Dear Teacher, holding Emmy Lou's hand, sent them all out. Every one must go. Desks and slates to be scrubbed, mattered not. Every one must go. Then Dear Teacher lifted Emmy Lou to her lap. And when she was sure they were every one gone, Emmy Lou cried. And after a while Dear Teacher explained about A and do, so that Emmy Lou understood. And then Dear Teacher said, "You may come in." And the crack of the door widened, and in came

Hattie. Emmy Lou was glad she was an intimate friend. Hattie had not laughed.

But that day the carriage which took Dear Teacher to and from her home outside of town—the carriage with the white, woolly dog on the seat by the little colored-boy driver and the spotted dog running behind—stopped at Emmy Lou's gate. And Dear Teacher, smiling at Emmy Lou just arriving with her school-bag, went in, too, and rang the bell.

Then Dear Teacher and Aunt Cordelia and Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise sat in the parlor and talked.

And when Dear Teacher left, all the aunties went out to the gate with her, and Uncle Charlie, just leaving, put her in the carriage, and stood with his hat lifted until she was quite gone.

"At her age—" said Aunt Cordelia.

"To have to teach—" said Aunt Katie.

"How beautiful she must have been—" said Aunt Louise.

"Is—" said Uncle Charlie.

"But she has the little grandchild," said Aunt Cordelia; "she is keeping the home for him. She is happy." And Aunt Cordelia took Emmy Lou's hand.

That very afternoon Aunt Louise began to help Emmy Lou with her lessons. And Aunt Cordelia went around and asked Hattie's mother to let Hattie come and get her lessons with Emmy Lou.

And at school Dear Teacher, walking up and down the aisles, would stop, and her fingers would close over and guide the laboring digits of Emmy Lou, striving to copy within certain ruled lines upon her slate the writing on the blackboard:

The pen is the tongue of the mind.

Emmy Lou began to learn. As weeks went by, now and then Emmy Lou bobbed up a place, although, sooner or later, she slipped back. She was not always at the foot.

But no one, not even Dear Teacher, who understood so much, realized one thing. The day after a lesson, Emmy Lou knew it. On the day it was recited, Emmy Lou had lacked sufficient time to grasp it.

With ten words in the spelling lesson. Emmy Lou listened, letter by letter, to those ten droned out five times down

the line, then twice again around the class of fifty. Then Emmy Lou, having already labored faithfully over it, knew her spelling lesson.

And at home, it was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and giving out past lessons, recite them in turn for her children. And so did Emmy Lou know by heart her Second Reader; as far as she had gone she often gave the lesson with her book upside down. And an old and battered doll, dearest to Emmy Lou's heart, was always head, and Hattie, the newest doll, was next. Even Emmy Lou must square with Fate somehow.

Along in the year a new feature was introduced in the Second Reader. The Second Reader was to have a Medal. Dear Teacher did not seem enthusiastic. She seemed to dread tears. But it was decreed that the school was to use medals.

At recess Emmy Lou asked Hattie what a medal was. The big Fourth and Fifth Reader girls were playing games from which the little girls were excluded; for the school was large and the yard was small. At one time it had seemed to Emmy Lou that the odium, the obloquy, the reproach of being a little girl was more than she could bear. But she would not change places with any one, now she was an intimate friend.

Emmy Lou asked Hattie what it was—this medal.

Hattie explained. Hattie knew everything. A medal was —well—a medal. It hung on a blue ribbon. Each little girl brought her own blue ribbon. You wore it for a week—this medal.

That afternoon Emmy Lou went round the corner to Mrs. Heintz's little fancy store. Her chin just came to Mrs. Heintz's counter. But she knew what she wanted—a yard of blue ribbon.

She showed it to Hattie the next day, folded in its paper, and slipped it for safety beneath the long criss-cross stitches which held the calico cover of her Second Reader.

Then Hattie explained. One had to stay head a whole week to get the medal.

Emmy Lou's heart was heavy—the more that she had now seen the medal. It was a silver medal that said "Merit." It was around Kitty McKoeghany's neck.

And Kitty tossed her head. And when, at recess, she ran, the medal swung to and fro on its ribbon. And the big girls all stopped Kitty to look at the medal.

There was a condition attached to the gaining of the medal. Upon receiving it one had to go foot. But that mattered little to Kitty McKoeghany. Kitty climbed right up again.

And Emmy Lou peeped surreptitiously at the blue ribbon in her Second Reader. And at home she placed her dolls in line and spelt the back lessons faithfully, with comfort in her knowledge of them. And the old battered doll, dear to her heart, wore oftenest a medal of shining tinfoil. For even Hattie, in one of Kitty's off weeks, had won the medal.

It was late in the year when a rumor ran around the Second Reader room. The trustees were coming that day to visit the school.

Emmy Lou wondered what trustees were. She asked Hattie. Hattie explained. "They are men, in black clothes. You daren't move in your seat. They're something like ministers." Hattie knew everything.

"Will they come here, in our room?" asked Emmy Lou. It was terrible to be at the front desk. Emmy Lou remembered the music man. He still pointed his bow at her on Fridays.

"Of course," said Hattie; "comp'ny always comes to our room."

Which was true, for Dear Teacher's room was different. Dear Teacher's room seemed always ready, and the Principal brought company to it accordingly.

It was after recess they came—the Principal, the Trustee (there was just one Trustee), and a visiting gentleman.

There was a hush as they filed in. Hattie was right. It was like ministers. The Principal was in black, with a white tie. He always was. And the Trustee was in black. He rubbed his hands and bowed to the Second Reader class, sitting very straight and awed. And the visiting gentleman was in black, with a shiny black hat.

The Trustee was a big man, and his face was red, and when urged by the Principal to address the Second Reader class, his face grew redder.

The Trustee waved his hand towards the visiting gentle-

man. "Mr. Hammel, children, the Hon. Samuel S. Hammel, a citizen with whose name you are all, I am sure, familiar." And then the Trustee, mopping his face, got behind the visiting gentleman and the Principal.

The visiting gentleman stood forth. He was a short, little man—a little, round man, whose feet were so far back beneath a preponderating circumference of waist line, that he looked like nothing so much as one of Uncle Charlie's pouter pigeons.

He was a smiling-and-bowing little man, and he held out his fat hand playfully, and in it a shining white box.

Dear Teacher seemed taller and very far off. She looked as she did the day she told the class they were to have a medal. Emmy Lou watched Dear Teacher anxiously. Something told her Dear Teacher was troubled.

The visting gentleman began to speak. He called the Second Reader class "dear children," and "mothers of a coming generation," and "molders of the future welfare."

The Second Reader class sat very still. There seemed to be something paralyzing to their infant faculties, mental and physical, in learning they were "mothers" and "molders." But Emmy Lou breathed freer to have it applied impartially and not to the front seat.

Their "country, the pillars of state, everything," it seemed, depended on the way in which these mothers learned their Second Readers. "As mothers and molders, they must learn now in youth to read, to number, to spell—exactly—to spell!" And the visiting gentleman nodded meaningly, tapped the white box, and looked smilingly about. The mothers moved uneasily. The smile they avoided, but they wondered what was in the box.

The visiting gentleman lifted the lid, and displayed a glittering, shining something on a bed of pink cotton.

The visiting gentleman, as if struck by a happy thought, turned to the blackboard. He looked about for chalk. The Principal supplied him. Fashioned by his fat, white hand, these words sprawled themselves upon the blackboard:

The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal.

There was silence. Then the Second Reader class moved. It breathed a long breath.

A whisper went around the room while Dear Teacher and the gentleman were conferring. Rumor said Kitty McKoeghany started it. Certainly Kitty, in her desk across the aisle from Hattie, in the sight of all, tossed her black head knowingly.

The whisper concerned the visiting gentleman. "He is running for Trustee," said the whisper.

Emmy Lou wondered. Hattie seemed to understand. "He puts his name up on tree boxes and fences," she whispered to Emmy Lou, "and that's running for trustee."

The rumor was succeeded by another. "He's running against the Trustee that's not here to-day."

No wonder Kitty McKoeghany was head. The extent of Kitty's knowledge was boundless.

The third confidence was freighted with strange import. It came straight from Kitty to Hattie, who told it to Emmy Lou.

"When he's trustee, he means the School Board shall take his pork house for the new school."

Even Emmy Lou knew the pork house which had built itself unpleasantly near the neighborhood.

Just then the Second Reader class was summoned to the bench. As the line took its place a hush fell. Emmy Lou, at its foot, looked up its length and wondered how it would seem to be Kitty McKoeghany at the head.

The three gentlemen were looking at Kitty, too. Kitty tossed her head. Kitty was used to being looked at because of being head.

The low words of the gentleman reached the foot of the line. "The head one, that's McKoeghany's little girl." It was the Trustee telling the visiting gentleman. Emmy Lou did not wonder that Kitty was being pointed out. Kitty was head. But Emmy Lou did not know that it was because Kitty was Mr. Michael McKoeghany's little girl that she was being pointed out as well as because she was head. For Mr. Michael McKoeghany was the political boss of a district known as Limerick. And by the vote of Limerick a man running for office could stand or fall.

Now there were many things unknown to Emmy Lou,

about which Kitty, being the little girl of Mr. Michael McKoeghany, could have enlightened her.

Kitty could have told her that the yard of the absent Trustee ran back to the pork house. Also that the Trustee present was part owner of that offending building. And further that Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie, leading an irate neighborhood to battle, had compelled the withdrawal of the obnoxious business.

But to Emmy Lou only one thing was clear. Kitty was being pointed out by the Principal and the Trustee to the visiting gentleman because Kitty was head.

Dear Teacher took the book. She stood on the platform apart from the gentlemen, and gave out the words distinctly but very quietly.

Emmy Lou felt that Dear Teacher was troubled. Emmy Lou thought it was because Dear Teacher was afraid the poor spellers were going to miss. She made up her mind that she would not miss.

Dear Teacher began with the words on the first page and went forward. Emmy Lou could tell the next word to come each time, for she knew her Second Reader by heart as far as the class had gone.

Emmy Lou stood up when her time came and spelled her word. Her word was "wrong." Emmy Lou spelled it right.

Dear Teacher looked pleased. There was a time when Emmy Lou had been given to leaving off the introductory "w" as superfluous.

On the next round a little girl above Emmy Lou missed on "enough." To her phonetic understanding, a *u* and two *f*'s were equivalent to an *ough*.

Emmy Lou spelled it right and went up one. The little girl went to her seat. She was no longer in the race. She was in tears.

Presently a little girl far up the line arose to spell.

"Right, to do right," said Dear Teacher.

"W-r-i-t-e, right," said the little girl promptly.

"R-i-t-e, right," said the next little girl.

The third stood up with triumph preassured. In spelling, the complicated is the surest, reasoned this little girl.

"W-r-i-g-h-t, right," spelled the certain little girl; then burst into tears.

The mothers of the future grew demoralized. The "pillars of state" of English orthography at least seemed destined to totter. The spelling grew wild.

"R-i-t, right."

"W-r-i-t, right."

Then in the desperation of sheer hopelessness came "w-r-i-t-e, right," again.

There were tears all along the line. At their wits' end, the mothers, dissolving as they rose in turn, shook their heads hopelessly.

Emmy Lou stood up. She knew just where the word was in a column of three on page 14. She could see it. She looked up at Dear Teacher, quiet and pale, on the platform.

"R," said Emmy Lou, steadily, "i-g-h-t, right."

A long line of weeping mothers went to their seats, and Emmy Lou moved up past the middle of the bench.

The words were now more complicated. The nerves of the mothers had been shaken by this last strain. Little girls dropped out rapidly. The foot moved on up towards the head, until there came a pink spot on Dear Teacher's either cheek. For some reason Dear Teacher's head began to hold itself finely erect again.

"Beaux," said Dear Teacher.

The little girl next the head stood up. She missed. She burst into audible weeping. Nerves were giving out along the line. It went wildly down. Emmy Lou was the last. Emmy Lou stood up. It was the first word of a column on page 22. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "e-a-u-x, beaux."

The intervening mothers had gone to their seats, and Kitty and Emmy Lou were left.

Kitty spelled triumphantly. Emmy Lou spelled steadily. Even Dear Teacher's voice showed a touch of the strain.

She gave out half a dozen words. Then "receive," said Dear Teacher.

It was Kitty's turn. Kitty stood up. Dear Teacher's back was to the blackboard. The Trustee and the visiting gentle-

man were also facing the class. Kitty's eyes, as she stood up, were on the board.

"*The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal.*" was the assurance on the board.

Kitty tossed her little head. "R-e, re, c-i-e-v-e, ceive, receive," spelled Kitty, her eyes on the blackboard.

"Wrong."

Emmy Lou stood up. It was the second word in a column on a picture page. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"R-e, re, c-e-i-v-e, ceive, receive," said Emmy Lou.

One person beside Kitty had noted the blackboard. Already the Principal was passing an eraser across the words of the visiting gentleman.

Dear Teacher's cheeks were pink as Emmy Lou's as she led Emmy Lou to receive the medal. And her head was finely erect. She held Emmy Lou's hand through it all.

The visiting gentleman's manner was a little stony. It had quite lost its playfulness. He looked almost gloomily on the mother who had upheld the "pillars of state" and the future generally.

It was a beautiful medal. It was a five-pointed star. It said "Reward of Merit."

The visiting gentleman lifted it from its bed of pink cotton.

"You must get a ribbon for it," said Dear Teacher.

Emmy Lou slipped her hand from Dear Teacher's. She went to the front desk. She got her Second Reader, and brought forth a folded packet from behind the criss-cross stitches holding the cover.

Then she came back. She put the paper in Dear Teacher's hand.

"There's a ribbon," said Emmy Lou.

They were at dinner when Emmy Lou got home. On a blue ribbon around her neck dangled a new medal. In her hand she carried a shiny box.

Even Uncle Charlie felt there must be some mistake.

Aunt Louise got her hat to hurry Emmy Lou right back to school.

At the gate they met Dear Teacher's carriage, taking Dear Teacher home. She stopped.

Aunt Cordelia came out, and Aunt Katie. Uncle Charlie, just going, stopped to hear.

"Spelling match!" said Aunt Louise.

"Not our Emmy Lou?" said Aunt Katie.

"The precious baby," said Aunt Cordelia.

"Hammel," said Uncle Charlie, "McKoeghany," and Uncle Charlie smote his thigh.

THE CORPORAL ON DUTY

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ANOTHER pay-day was come and gone. The senior captain's wife was giving a bridge to-night.

"Don't you ever tire—" began papa on the afternoon of it. Papas, you see, have days of brooding dejection.

"Never," said mama.

"Don't you ever think of Letitia—"

Now and then, you see, papas thus do think of their Letitias.

"Always. I'm expecting you to get permission for Leg'ré as usual. Why this sudden concern for Letty?"

"I'm tired of it, tired to the soul," said papa, slim, trim papa, biting at his little fair mustache, "of it all—of myself, first. I—it meant something different to me from this at the start. I meant to—"

"I can go without you at any time, you know," said mama, accommodatingly. "The doctor, always, or Toddy, will be more than glad, or—"

But papa went with mama. Toddy was a bachelor, and a captain, and he came to drink afternoon tea and brought Letitia chocolates and Chinese beads. Yet papa did not like Captain Todd, but then, as Letitia tried to fight against admitting, papas seem to have a way of objecting to pleasant things. So papa went with her.

Corporal Leg'ré held mama's scarlet cloak for her as they were starting.

"It's bath-night, Letty," said she remindingly, which proves that she did think of Letitia, you see.

Now the first thing learned by a Letitia and a Corporal Leg'ré at the very beginning of life's setting-up, when they were but mere rookies both, is to obey.

So face about, up-stairs they went, and Letty squared around, and slowly but accurately Corporal Leg'ré slipped buttons out of holes. Then he found towels.

The passage to the bath-room was long and dim, so that Letitia, holding loosened garments with one hand, sought Corporal Leg'ré's hand with the other.

Then he, big and grave, filled the tub, which takes a bit of time.

Letitia knew company affairs like an old sergeant.

"And you haven't said *why* company's cookie is in guard-house?" she reminded him.

" 'Twas a question of that which they do call grammar, ma'am," said Corporal Leg'ré, as equal to equal in discussing company affairs and easing on the hot-water supply; "and which they do say too, no disrespect meant, ma'am, the off'cer in question ain't strong on. Says he to cookie, who'd had schoolin' 'fore his failin' led him to enlistin'—says he to cookie anent a small row in the kitchen—

" 'Was you the man that did it?' says he to cookie, up for trial.

" 'I *were*,' says cookie, solemn like. And there you are, and guard-house it was. And baker's bread and reveille is all we are like to get, reveille being dry hash, as you know, ma'am, and it being the extent of 'Sisty's repertoire, as far as we're finding out," and Corporal Leg'ré felt the temperature of the water with a judicious finger.

Then he went.

"Right outside the door," called Letitia.

"Here, ma'am," answered Corporal Leg'ré.

But a bath-room is a lonesome place, and water makes echoes.

"Corporal Leg'ré?"

"Ma'am, here."

"Whistle, so I'll know."

At attention, outside the door, Corporal Leg'ré whistled—first call, reveille, assembly, mess-call—

Now porcelain tubs are big and slippery, and Letitias are

but baby affairs, and so when, following a splashing sound which might be a fall, she cried out, it could be depended upon that she was hurt.

And so she was, and with her gleaming baby self lifted onto a towel on Corporal Leg'ré's big knees a moment after, gravely they examined the blue welt lifting on the little thigh.

And then, after she had raised her chin for Corporal Leg'ré to button the band of the gown slipped over her head, she remembered to cry some more. It is a rare luxury with a Letitia, you see.

Next Corporal Leg'ré led her back by the hand down the long, dim passage.

"Prayers," said he, not that he had instituted them but that, having learned what the manual of a Letitia is, a Corporal Leg'ré puts her through it unflinchingly.

"Prayers," said he.

"You too," said Letitia. It was the condition.

"Ma'am, yes," said he seriously as with one who knows his duty, and he and Letitia went down together. It was some preceding instructor's form of prayer Letitia favored, Corporal Leg'ré being no innovator.

Four corners to my bed,

said Letitia and the corporal together,

Four angels at my head.
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
The bed be blest that I lie on.

When Letitia next spoke, it was from her pillow. "You won't go?" she asked.

Corporal Leg'ré had fetched in his superior officer's shoes and a shoe-brush.

"Ma'am, no," said he, getting to work.

On the return of papa and mama, something waked Letty. Perhaps it was mama's voice speaking sharply. "Better see him to his room, Leg'ré," she was saying.

But Letitia, unworried, was already asleep. It is the mere

routine of things that papas have to be helped to bed in a Letty's experience of them.

Cooks, following Christmas dinner, leave until next morning. Holidays spent at home seem gloomy affairs to papas and mamas too.

"Toddy has just sent for us to join the rest at his house for eggnog," said mama about dark.

"You told him we would not?" returned papa.

"I told him that we would."

"We'll stay home—with Letty," said papa.

"Leg'ré will, certainly," said mama.

"You shall not ask him to give up his Christmas evening —the men have a jollification on—"

"It's all arranged. Are you going with me, Buckner?"

Papa started up. "If you do, I'll go to town," said he; "I warn you."

"As you please," said mama, pleasantly. "You can't afford to play too high though, if you do, after *last month*—"

When papa went he was in civilian's clothes. The crash of the door after him sounded above the raging wind and the boom of the sea. Christmas nights on a post are depressing times when it storms.

Mama's dress, when she was ready, was scarlet and her slippers were scarlet too. Letty, standing on a chair, laid a gauzy red scarf about the lovely shoulders before the scarlet wrap should go on. She adored to wait on mama.

Afterward, because on Christmas night children are allowed to stay up, Letty and Corporal Leg'ré sat with the story-book before the down-stairs fire, she in his lap. Outside the wind and the sea raged. It made her creep close to her companion.

The story-book had been sent to her by the chaplain at the last post and moreover it was fairy-tales.

"By one Andersen who sets it down his being a Christian," explained the corporal, examining the volume: "the same, no doubt, ma'am, pleasing to a chaplain."

Corporal Leg'ré, left to himself, would read to one straight through a book, marking the place from time to time with a straw, but Letitia, on being consulted, preferred to choose. "The Red Shoes," which she elected to hear, he, after start-

ing, said he couldn't get onto, on account of its being mighty peculiar.

Letitia on the contrary thought she liked it, though at times she clutched the corporal close and heard it fearfully. Christmas nights seem to be creepy times at best.

In the story which the corporal read, so much of a passion for red shoes had lovely Karen and so averse was she to being parted from these shoes in which her feet tripped so charmingly, that she went in them to confirmation; and taking the golden cup of the sacrament from the priest's hands to her lips, she thought impatiently of the time lost from tripping it in her red shoes; these things, and others, did Karen; and again, grown older, stealing by night away from home, she danced at the ball while the one to whom she owed most, lay at home, dying. And so, dancing, dancing lightly in the red shoes, suddenly it was they dancing and not Karen at all, who herself had no power to stop; and it was the red shoes that danced Karen out of the ball-room and down the stairs and into the street and out of the town gate, in spite of herself.

She was frightened. She tried to pull off the red shoes, but they clung fast. She tore at her stockings, but the shoes were grown to her feet, and she was borne on, on, over field, over meadows, even to the churchyard. Never believe the dead dance in the churchyards! They are better employed! It is the Karens in their red shoes, the Karens whom you know, the Karens I know!

And while Karen would gladly have sat, for even one moment, and even on a pauper grave where the bitter fern leaves grow, for her there was no rest. And as she danced on past the church door, behold, it was no Gothic arched door filling the space, but an angel, his wings from his shoulders to the ground, enfolding him.

"Thou shalt dance," said he to Karen tripping it there among the dead, "dance in thy red shoes till thou art pale and cold and thy skin shrivels to thy skeleton. Thou shalt dance, and shall knock at doors where men and children live that they may hear and be afraid—"

But already the red shoes had borne Karen away across the fields and the highways, dancing, dancing, ever dancing—

There was more; but Letty buried her head in Corporal Leg'ré's blouse and they stopped. It was only the clock ticking—that noise—

No, not the clock—

"It's mama!" cried Letty, and she and Corporal Leg'ré hurried to open the door. Mama it was, and early, it being even more than an hour to taps!

The light from the red globe of the hall fell on her. The rain sparkled in her hair, a little disheveled now. And something sparkled in her eyes. Was it anger?

"What drunken brutes enlisted men are, Leg'ré," said mama sharply, dropping her cloak. "It's disgraceful! There's a big row on among them, most of them, I suppose, have been to town to-day, officers called out, all sorts of heads broken, the colonel furious—you're wanted—"

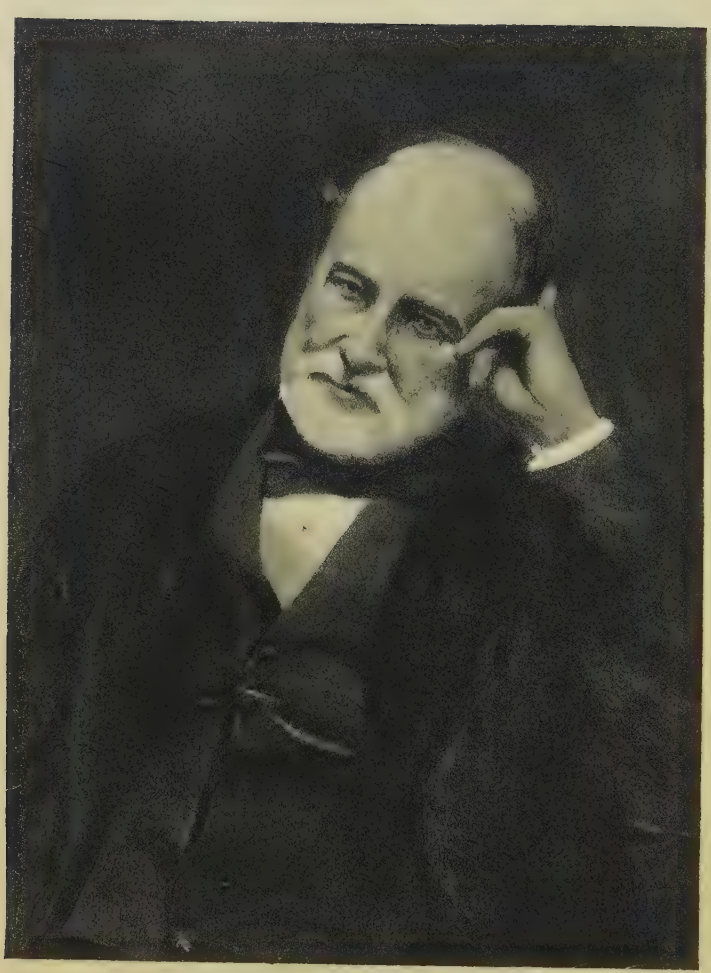
"Ma'am, yes, thank you." Corporal Leg'ré came to attention before turning to go, his big face perturbed. "It's sorry they'll be, to-morrow. I've been there myself, ma'am; it's sorry they'll be, the shame they've brought on the post and the off'cers."

And Corporal Leg'ré went out with haste.

"While as for *our* pleasure—" said mama. "What do you want, Letty?"

For Letitia was touching mama's hand as they two, alone, and at a creepy time like Christmas night, were left. Mere vagaries, such as are indulged in by human natures, com., non., or private, did not disturb Letitia, she had something that really mattered at heart.

"Was the little bush lonesome, mama, did you notice, as you came in?"



Matthew Fontaine Maury

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

[1806—1873]

FRANCIS H. SMITH

THE names of distinguished persons are often suggestive. They may be an epitome of history, if such persons possess a memorable line of ancestry. The name which heads this sketch recalls the amazing folly of a great king, who drove from France a noble race to enrich other lands and impoverish his own. The Huguenots carried to England, Ireland, and America beautiful arts and high character. English writers dwell upon the new trades their country owed to the exiles; while in America we love to acknowledge the moral worth they brought to the struggling colonies. The Atlantic Ocean doubtless kept the mere artisan back. Without the Legarés, the Latanés, Maryes, Maurys, Fontaines and their brethren, our history would have been very different.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was the great-grandson of Matthew Maury, "a Huguenot gentleman," and Mary Ann Fontaine, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Fontaine, once pastor at Rochelle in France and afterward a refugee in Ireland, and author of 'The Memoirs of a Huguenot Family.' Her brother, John Fontaine, was one of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, who in 1716 rode with Governor Spottswood over the Appalachians to the Shenandoah. Her great-grandson, Matthew Fontaine Maury, was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 24, 1806, and died in Lexington, Virginia, February 1, 1873. His early life was spent in Tennessee, to which State his father removed when the boy was five years old. Here on the outskirts of civilization he was fortunate enough to add to the "old-field school" lessons of his companions the advantages of an academy, taught by a faithful man. Even thus his early opportunities were limited. He was to owe his swift success in life chiefly to his unappeasable thirst for knowledge, joined to healthy ambition and untiring industry. As he said afterward in a letter to his cousin, Frank Minor, "I don't think that so much depends upon intellect as is generally supposed; but industry and steadiness of purpose, they are the things."

It was doubtless the brilliant history, sadly shortened, of his oldest brother, Captain John Minor Maury of the United States Navy, which drew the young boy's attention to the public service. Amid

many discouragements—chiefly the disapproval of his father, who having just lost one son felt that he could not spare another—he persisted, and finally, at the age of nineteen, procured a midshipman's warrant and entered upon active service. It is interesting to note that his first cruise was in the ship which carried the Marquis La Fayette back to France, and that during the voyage he attracted the favorable notice of the distinguished guest.

After fourteen years of service afloat on many seas, marked by incessant observation and study and the preparation at intervals of a book on navigation, used for years as a text-book in the United States Navy, he was crippled for life in 1839 by an accident which to most men would have been the end, but to him was the beginning of his greatest work. While convalescing, he wrote for the *Southern Literary Messenger* a series of articles on the navy, entitled "Scraps from the Lucky Bag of Harry Bluff." In these he advocated with marked clearness and force, among other things, the adoption of steam as a motive power in ships of war, and the substitution of a few rifled guns of great size for the multitude of smooth-bore smaller pieces then found upon our large battle-ships. This was in 1839. These papers drew favorable attention from the public and from naval authorities. Their authorship could not be long concealed; and when, in 1841, Maury, though lame, applied for active service, the Secretary of the Navy, acting upon his own knowledge and with the private remonstrance of some of Maury's best friends, declined to grant his request. Soon afterward he was placed in charge of the depot of charts and instruments at Washington, on the recommendation of his brother officers.*

Although brought into this work without his own solicitation, he entered upon its development with characteristic energy. The title of the department, its previous history, and its accumulations suggested a line of work on which he had already spent much thought—the improvement of the faulty charts then supplied to the navy. On overhauling and comparing the "logs" collected in the depot, he was able to furnish a better chart to certain navigators who were willing to coöperate with him, resulting in a shortening of their voyages, which soon drew wide attention to his valuable labors. With this humble beginning, the enterprise grew, with the coöperation not only of the Government but of a great company of the masters of commercial vessels, who in return for the charts furnished them kept accurate logs, which they on their return passed over to the depot at Washington.

Maury was able to issue from year to year his celebrated "Wind

*"Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury," by his daughter, Mrs. Corbin (p. 45).

and Current Charts and Sailing Directions," creating what Alexander von Humboldt called "the physical geography of the sea." It is not too much to say that for sailing vessels he did an incomparable work, in shortening voyages and making them safer, thus adding greatly to the wealth of maritime nations. The subject, which he attacked in a way that was a model of scientific method, was in some respects the most formidable department of physical science. In 1850 all knowledge of physical geography was immature; it had not passed the rhetorical stage common to all infant sciences. The great features of the continents, and the surface-circulation of the ocean were known well enough to interest the beginner and tempt the lecturer. Especially immature was that branch of it known as meteorology. This, dealing with a fluid so light and mobile as air, enveloping to an unknown depth both land and sea; accessible only at its base; subject to a multitude of interfering forces, only part of which are known, and those imperfectly, could scarcely, when Maury began his work, be called a science. It was hopeless to deal with it mathematically, as in the case of gravitational astronomy. In such a field, years of minute observation, accumulating vast stores of facts, must precede and support any sound generalizations. The atmosphere lying over the sea is in many ways under simpler conditions than that which is over the land, and offers the most promising area in which to begin the work. This truth young Maury had the sagacity to see. By his patient, expanding collection of facts through a series of years, and his masterly discussion of these facts, he not only gave the world a new science, of great, practical value, but he gave to students the best specimen, perhaps, which his century affords of the sound Baconian method in the discovery of natural truth. The beneficial results of his labors were quickly extended to the ships of foreign lands, and created such an interest that he was able to assemble at Brussels, in 1853, the first International Meteorological Congress, participated in by representatives of all the great commercial nations of the world, leading to the recommendation of a world-wide uniform system of observations at sea.

Maury returned from Brussels loaded with honors. No American ever had so prompt and so general a recognition of his merit from foreign governments. The Emperor of Russia made him a Knight of the Order of St. Ann; the King of Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; the King of Portugal, Knight of the Tower and Sword; the King of Belgium, Knight of the Order of St. Leopold; the Emperor of France, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Sardinia, Bremen, and France struck medals in his honor. The Pope conferred upon him a nota-

ble testimonial, and the Emperor of Mexico gave him a decoration. More than sixteen learned societies gave him honorary membership; while later the University of Cambridge, England, made him LL.D., at the same time with Tennyson.

Very early in these maritime researches he became convinced that the same method might with advantage be extended to a more difficult field—the land. By official reports and public lectures, as well as by private correspondence, covering the years between 1850 and 1860, he attempted to enlist the interest of men in authority, and especially of the farmers and lake-shore people, whose coöperation in observations his plans contemplated, in this new weather bureau. The point he insisted on was not the mere gathering of statistics to be used in some distant future, but daily reports to a central office, to be immediately digested and published so that people might be warned of the weather to be expected the next day. Others, like Colonel Meade of the army, and Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, were moving in the same direction; and the magnificent result of it all is seen in our National Weather Bureau and Signal Service, which many believe, with Senator Vest, "originated with Lieutenant Maury."

When Maury took charge of the depot of charts and instruments, there was already a movement to enlarge its scope, and Lieutenant Gillis had just returned from Europe with several important astronomical instruments. These his successor Maury soon had in use. Though fitted by his previous work rather for hydrography than for astronomy, he had an ambition to show scientists that the navy could take care of the latter science as well. He applied himself to its development with such success that with the coöperation of a number of able assistants the annual volumes of astronomical observations took rank side by side with those of Greenwich. The name "depot" was soon changed to Naval Observatory and Hydrographic Bureau. Astronomy then took the superior place in that institution, which it has ever since held.

But winds and currents and stars were not enough to occupy the whole time of this remarkable man. He early drew the attention of the Government to the importance of defences on the coast of Florida and at Memphis. They were afterward built. In 1843 he also pointed out the urgent need of a ship canal from the Illinois River to Lake Michigan, to connect with the Mississippi River and the Memphis Navy Yard. Again, his data gathered from mariners included many deep-sea soundings, with specimens of matter from the sea-bottom. He thus discovered the "telegraphic plateau," when Cyrus W. Field was pushing to completion preparations for the first Atlantic cable. Maury took hold of this enterprise with his usual

zeal and industry, giving Mr. Field the benefit of his best thought. So valuable was this help that at a dinner given in New York in 1858, to celebrate the arrival of the first message across the Atlantic, Mr. Field, in replying to a toast, declared that "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

In 1849 Maury's fertile brain revived the dream of the Spanish adventurers of two centuries before, looking to the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama and the union of two oceans. He urged in print the advantages of the Panama route, while not blind to those of the Nicaragua course. His publications led to the Darien exploring expedition under Lieutenant Strain, and helped to prepare our people to resume as an American enterprise the abandoned essay of De Lesseps. It is amusing now to know that in 1849 the estimated cost of the canal was twenty-five millions of dollars.

One of the most noteworthy events during the nineteen years of Maury's incessant and varied activity at the Washington Observatory was the preparation of a book, which he named, after Humboldt's suggestion, 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.' He embodied in it the results of his researches together with certain striking speculations as to the form and distribution of the great atmospheric currents, and the part played by magnetism in the meteorology of the sea. The book, which was intended rather for the educated many than for the scientific few, was written in a glowing and attractive style and in a reverent spirit. Maury believed with David that "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." He had felt this in his early cruises as a young midshipman, and he delighted to give utterance to such sentiments in his later writings. As to the rhetorical cast of some pages of his book, it is doubtless true that public taste, especially in books of a scientific character, is getting to be much more sober in these latter days, and that to enjoy and appreciate such a book as Maury's we must put ourselves back into the tone and temper of his times. Compared in style with some books of wide circulation, written by scientists of the first rank in those days, 'The Physical Geography of the Sea' appears to be severely pruned. A more serious objection to the work was made by some American physicists, who attacked several of the speculations put forward in it. They were presented as hypotheses, and not as ascertained truths. Their rejection would still leave unaffected the great facts which the author had reached. A fertile mind, like a vigorous tree, produces many germs that never fructify. Yet if one acorn brings an oak, we forget the rest.

The success of Lieutenant Maury's book was immediate and

brilliant. It was reprinted in England, where, we are told by Mrs. Corbin, it passed through more than twenty editions. It was translated into the Swedish, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Italian languages. It received the encomiums of great reviews, and the plaudits of leading scientists like Quetelet and Humboldt. Its last edition in this country was prepared during the closing years of the author's life (1872-'73).

When the distress of 1861 came on, Maury, like Lee, believed it to be his duty to follow his native State. He resigned with pain a post which he had filled to the honor of his country, and humbly took a station in which his great talents had no adequate field. When peace came, it found him with his family in England, without a home and without a country. After trying in vain to find both in Mexico, he availed himself of the Act of Amnesty, issued at Washington in 1868, and returned to Virginia. He had been offered the directorship of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, and the chancellorship of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. He declined both, but accepted the chair of physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and here he died February 1, 1873. A few months later his body was borne through the Goshen Pass "when the ivy was blooming," to be laid in the Virginia Valhalla at Hollywood, Richmond.

Of Maury's personality it may be said that no one that had the privilege of meeting him ever forgot the event. He had the winning manner and kindly address which seemed to belong to the men of his race and section. No worthy young fellow ever felt ignored or oppressed in his presence. He wore his honors easily, but while he valued the public tributes he received, he was not fond of displaying the insignia which came with them. He would put on those jewels sometimes in the privacy of home to gratify his children. He loved the little ones, and if to be childlike is to be perfect he was charmingly complete. His conversation was interesting to the thoughtful in the richness of the lessons he drew from common things. He would couple facts, regarded by others as unconnected, and thereby disclose unsuspected relations. It takes genius to make the rejected refuse of one generation the valuable ore of a succeeding one. This detection of a hidden meaning in the simplest matters shows the inexhaustible nature of truth, and is the mark of a superior mind.

We have spoken of the splendid acknowledgments promptly given to this great American by foreign countries and by European philosophers. To be candid, we must say that in his own land he was less fortunate. The American public honored him, but from official superiors and scientific compeers he often received scant

appreciation. Especially heavy has been the censure visited upon him, not so much by open rebuke as by silent neglect, by the victorious section in the Civil War. His name is carefully omitted in official records of the departments he created. Most of his comrades have been forgiven, and some advanced to Halls of Fame; but he, the lovable and brilliant American, remains apparently condemned. Public libraries may be found where no one of his works can be procured. But the world moves and moves upward. The day will come when in the city where his great work was done a column will arise to tell posterity that the American people are too great to forget the achievements of one of their greatest fellow-citizens.

Francis H. Smith

THE GULF STREAM AS THE STORM KING

From 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.'

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so may we infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of

order and the evidences of design; these make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch, its main-spring or the balance-wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and, while he admires the motion of its hands, and the time it keeps, or the tune it plays, he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces, and show him each part separately; he will recognize neither design, nor adaptation, nor relation between them; but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel, and cog, explain their movements, and then show him the result; now he perceives that it is all *one* design; that, notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices, and the agents concerned, the whole piece is of *one* thought, the expression of *one* idea. He now rightly concludes that when the main-spring was fashioned and tempered, its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—*adapted*—to the rachets on that, etc.; and his final conclusion will be, that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance; for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design, and obedient to the will of *one* intelligence. So, too, when one looks out upon the face of this beautiful world, he may admire its lovely scenery, but his admiration can never grow into adoration unless he will take the trouble to look behind and study, in some of its details at least, the exquisite system of machinery by which such beautiful results are brought about. To him who does this, the sea, with its physical geography, becomes as the main-spring of a watch; its waters, and its currents, and its salts, and its inhabitants, with their adaptations, as balance-wheels, cogs and pinions, and jewels. Thus he perceives that they, too, are according to design; that they are the expression of One Thought, a unity with harmonies which One Intelligence, and One Intelligence alone, could utter. And when he has arrived at this point, then he feels that the study of the sea, in its physical aspect, is truly sublime. It elevates the mind and ennobles the man. The Gulf Stream is now no longer, therefore, to be regarded

by such an one merely as an immense current of warm water running across the ocean, but as a balance-wheel—a part of that grand machinery by which air and water are adapted to each other, and by which this earth itself is adapted to the well-being of its inhabitants—of the flora which decks, and the fauna which enlivens its surface.

Let us now consider the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the meteorology of the ocean.

To use a sailor expression, the Gulf Stream is the great "weather breeder" of the North Atlantic Ocean. The most furious gales of wind sweep along with it; and the fogs of Newfoundland, which so much endanger navigation in winter, doubtless owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of immense volumes of warm water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was 80°. "The heavy, warm, damp air over the current produced great irregularities in his chronometers." The excess of heat daily brought into such a region by the waters of the Gulf Stream would, if suddenly stricken from them, be sufficient to make the column of superincumbent atmosphere hotter than melted iron.

With such an element of atmospherical disturbance in its bosom, we might expect storms of the most violent kind to accompany it in its course. Accordingly, the most terrific that rage on the ocean have been known to spend their fury within or near its borders.

Our nautical works tell us of a storm which forced this stream back to its sources, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of thirty feet. The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key. The Florida Keys were inundated many feet, and, it is said, the scene presented in the Gulf Stream was never surpassed in awful sublimity on the ocean. The water thus dammed up is said to have rushed out with wonderful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description. The "great hurricane" of 1780 commenced at Barbadoes. In it the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed;

the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted, and the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different islands, not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives on shore, while farther to the north, the "Stirling Castle" and the "Dover Castle," men-of-war, went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas.

Several years ago the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic, which so often rage with disastrous effects to navigation. The result may be summed up in the conclusion to which the investigation led: that they are occasioned by the irregularity between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and of the neighboring regions, both in the air and water.

The habitual dampness of the climate of the British Islands, as well as the occasional dampness of that along the Atlantic coasts of the United States when easterly winds prevail, is attributable also to the Gulf Stream. These winds come to us loaded with vapors gathered from its warm and smoking waters. The Gulf Stream carries the temperature of summer, even in the dead of winter, as far north as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

One of the poles of maximum cold is, according to theory, situated in latitude 80° north, longitude 100° west. It is distant but little more than two thousand miles, in a northwestwardly direction, from the summer-heated waters of this stream. This proximity of extremes of greatest cold and summer heat will, as observations are multiplied and discussed, be probably found to have much to do with the storms that rage with such fury on the left side of the Gulf Stream.

I am not prepared to maintain that the Gulf Stream is really the "Storm King" of the Atlantic, which has power to control the march of every gale that is raised there; but the course of many gales has been traced from the place of their origin directly to the Gulf Stream. Gales that take their rise on the coast of Africa, and even as far down on that side as the parallel of 10° or 15° north latitude, have, it has been

shown by an examination of log-books, made straight for the Gulf Stream; joining it, they have then been known to turn about, and, traveling with this stream, to recross the Atlantic, and so reach the shores of Europe. In this way the tracks of storms have been traced out and followed for a week or ten days. Their path is marked by wreck and disaster. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1854, Mr. Redfield mentioned one which he had traced out, and in which no less than seventy odd vessels had been wrecked, dismasted, or damaged.

THE PERFECT ADAPTATION OF NATURE

From 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.'

We see the light beginning to break upon us, for we now begin to perceive why it is that the proportions between the land and water were made as we find them in nature. If there had been more water and less land, we should have had more rain, and *vice versa;* and then climates would have been different from what they now are, and the inhabitants, animal or vegetable, would not have been as they are. And as they are, that wise Being who, in His kind providence, so watches over and regards the things of this world that He takes notice of the sparrow's fall, and numbers the very hairs of our head, doubtless designed them to be.

The mind is delighted, and the imagination charmed, by contemplating the physical arrangements of the earth from such points of view as these are which we now have before us; from it the sea, and the air, and the land, appear each as a part of that grand machinery upon which the well-being of all the inhabitants of earth, sea, and air depend; and which in the beautiful adaptations that we are pointing out, afford new and striking evidence that they all have their origin in one omniscient idea, just as the different parts of a watch may be considered to have been constructed and arranged according to *one* human design.

In some parts of the earth, the precipitation is greater than the evaporation; thus the amount of water borne down by every river that runs into the sea may be considered as the

excess of the precipitation over the evaporation that takes place in the valley drained by that river.

This excess comes from the sea; the winds convey it to the interior; and the forces of gravity, dashing it along in mountain torrents or gentle streams, hurry it back to the sea again.

In other parts of the earth, the evaporation and precipitation are exactly equal, as in those inland basins such as that in which the city of Mexico, Lake Titicaca, the Caspian Sea, etc., etc., are situated, which basins have no ocean drainage.

If more rain fell in the valley of the Caspian Sea than is evaporated from it, that sea would finally get full and overflow the whole of that great basin. If less fell than is evaporated from it again, then that sea, in the course of time, would dry up, and plants and animals there would all perish for the want of water.

In the sheets of water which we find distributed over that and every other inhabitable inland basin, we see reservoirs or evaporating surfaces just sufficient for the supply of that degree of moisture which is best adapted to the well-being of the plants and animals that people such basins.

In other parts of the earth still, we find places, as the Desert of Sahara, in which neither evaporation nor precipitation takes place, and in which we find neither plant nor animal.

In contemplating the system of terrestrial adaptations, these researches teach one to regard the mountain ranges and the great deserts of the earth as the astronomer does the counterpoises to his telescope—though they be mere dead weights, they are, nevertheless, necessary to make the balance complete, the adjustments of his machine perfect. These counterpoises give ease to the motions, stability to the performance, and accuracy to the workings of the instrument. They are "*compensations.*"

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions apparently the most opposite, but in proportions so ex-

actly balanced and nicely adjusted that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come and stand in its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us that when the little snow-drop which in our garden-walks we see raising its beautiful head, at "the singing of birds," to remind us that "the winter is passed and gone," was created, the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to its tiny fibres. Botanists tell us that the constituiton of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this fecundation, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not have reproduced itself, and its creation would have been a failure.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world? When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the

Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it can not take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation burning.

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God, for reasons which man may never know, chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, and to feed the plants with nourishment? or why was the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers, or gentle dews? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their manifold and marvelous offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, which make us wiser and better men. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?

RULES OF CONDUCT

Extracts from an Address delivered to the Students of The University of Virginia, 1855. This selection and those following are from the 'Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury,' compiled by his daughter, Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin.

In entering upon your duties as a citizen, recollect your excellent training here: it has given you many advantages; therefore, do not neglect to lay down rules of conduct by which they may be most improved.

Whatever may be the degree of success that I have met with in life, I attribute it, in a great measure, to the adoption of such rules. One was, never to let the mind be idle for want of useful occupation, but always to have in reserve subjects of thought or study for the leisure moments and the quiet hours of the night. When you read a book, let it be with the view to special information.

The habits of mind to be thus attained are good, and the information useful.

It is surprising how difficult one who attempts to follow this rule finds it at first to provide himself with subjects for thought—to think of something that he does not know. In our ignorance our horizon is very contracted: mists, clouds, and darkness hang upon it, and self fills almost the entire view around, above, and below to the utmost verge. But as we

study the laws of nature, and begin to understand about our own ignorance, we find light breaking through, the horizon expanding, and self getting smaller and smaller.

It is like climbing a mountain: every fact or fresh discovery is a step upward with an enlargement of the view, until the unknown and the mysterious become boundless—self infinitely small; and then the conviction comes upon us with a mighty force, that we know nothing—that human knowledge is only a longing desire.

The impression is very common, that when a young man leaves college he has finished his education; but do not, when you return home, crowned with the honours of these schools though you be, give in to this notion even for a moment; it is another of those mischievous popular fallacies that you should guard against. Here you have been disciplining the mind, training the thoughts, and laying off the fields in which they may be usefully employed. You have finished nothing here; you have only been clearing away rubbish and preparing the foundations; and notwithstanding that you have been under the eyes of the best masters, and have laid your foundations of the best materials and in the most scholarly manner, yet, like the foundations for any other superstructure, unless built upon, they will soon grow weak and be frittered away.

If you cease to study now, you will soon forget all you have learned here.

Movement, progress, is a law of the physical world; here rest and decay are correlative terms. The stars cannot stand still and keep their places; a planet by going back would be hurled into destruction, and even the plant of the earth that ceases to grow straightway withers and dies. And so it is in the moral world: the progress of man must be upward and onward, or downward and backward. His mind cannot stand still. There is no such thing as a stationary condition for the human understanding. To stand still is death; to go backwards is worse.

With the advantages of the good training which you have received here, you cannot go amiss for subjects of study and improvement. The rock at your feet, the plant in every walk you tread, the air that surrounds you, the insect that flits across your path, the stars that look down upon you, are all

suggestive of knowledge. They abound in subjects which it is good for clear heads and sound minds to study and investigate.

When the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters, the physical forces that produce the works of nature were brought into play. The wonders, the harmonies, and the beauties of creation are but the display of these forces. As exhibited in the aspects of nature, they are never-ceasingly instructive. In the silent hours of the night you may learn excellent lessons from them by watching the "hosts of heaven." I sometimes do this through the telescope; and of all the wonders and beauties that are revealed by this instrument, the simple passage of a star across the meridian is to me the most grand and imposing; it is exquisite—it is sublime! At the dead of night, when the noise of the city is hushed in sleep, and all is still, I sometimes go over alone to the Observatory to revel in this glorious spectacle. The assistants, wearied with watching, have retired to rest, and there is not a sound to be heard in the building save the dead-beat escapement of the clock, telling the footsteps of time in his ceaseless round. I take up the ephemeris, and find, by calculation made years ago, that a star which I have never seen will, when the hand of that clock points to a certain instant of time, enter the field of the telescope, flit across the meridian, and disappear. The instrument is set, and as the moment draws near, the stillness becomes more and more impressive. At last I look—it is glorious! A pure bright star is marching through the field to the music of the spheres; and at the very instant predicted, even to the fraction of a second, it stalks across the wire and is gone. The song that was sung by the morning stars has been felt, and the heart, swelling with emotions too deep for the organs of speech, almost bursts with the unutterable anthem.

The machinery by which the forces of the universe are regulated and controlled is exquisite; and if it be instructive to study the mechanism of a watch, or profitable to understand the principles of the steam-engine, the contrivances of man's puny intellect, how much more profitable and instructive must it be to look upon the broad face of nature and study that machinery which was planned and arranged in the perfection of wisdom.

If you be at first a little sceptical as to this order and arrangement, taking the harmonies of nature for discord, you will soon feel satisfied that the machinery of the universe —that mechanism which gives nature her powers to act—is, in all its parts, the expression of one thought, as much so as the works of a watch are of one design; that the same hand which weighed the earth and gave gravitation its force, adjusted the fibres of the little snow-drop and proportioned their strength.

The forces displayed in the blade of grass, in the wing of the bird, and in the flaming path of the comet as it whirls around the sun, are all adjusted with equal nicety and care. Chance has nothing to do with the works of nature; yet there are many of her operations which, upon partial study only, do look like the results of accident. Botanists tell us of some: they say that certain plants have not the power of scattering their pollen—it is glutinous, and will not fly with the wind—but as the insects come to suck the flower it adheres to them; they, lighting on other blossoms, deposit it there in the right place for germination; nay, students of these things go so far as to say that the fig-crop of Smyrna, which alone supports thousands of human beings, could not be brought forth if a certain little insect were to fail, regularly and at the right time, to perform certain offices for this plant. But are not insects as well as plants agents and instruments of the Creator? Have they not their appointed offices to perform in the economy of the universe? And has the insect any more ability to resist the power of instinct than a good seed in good ground has to resist the forces of germination?

In studying the works of nature, therefore, discard the idea that they are the results of chance or accident. In the mind of the truth-loving, knowledge-seeking student, the coming of the gall-fly in due season to minister to the fig-tree of Smyrna and make it bear fruit for hungry thousands, is no more the work of chance than it was by chance that the raven carried "bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, to the prophet at the brook."

REPLY TO THE RUSSIAN OFFER

RICHMOND, VA., October 29th, 1861.

ADMIRAL:—Your letter reached me only a few days ago; it filled me with emotion. In it I am offered the hospitalities of a great and powerful Empire, with the Grand Admiral of its fleets for patron and friend. Inducements are held out such as none but the most magnanimous of princes could offer, and such as nothing but a stern sense of duty may withstand.

A home in the bosom of my family on the banks of the Neva, where, in the midst of books and surrounded by friends, I am without care for the morrow, to have the most princely means and facilities for prosecuting those studies, and continuing those philosophical labours in which I take most delight: all the advantages that I enjoyed in Washington are, with a larger discretion, to be offered me in Russia.

Surely a more flattering invitation could not be uttered! Certainly it could not reach a more grateful heart. I have slept upon it. It is becoming that I should be candid, and in a few words frankly state the circumstances by which I find myself surrounded.

The State of Virginia gave me birth; within her borders, among many kind friends, the nearest of kin, and troops of excellent neighbours, my children are planting their vine and fig-tree. In her green bosom are the graves of my fathers; the political whirlpool from which your kind forethought sought to rescue me has already plunged her into a fierce and bloody war.

In 1788, when this State accepted the Federal Constitution and entered the American Union, she did so with the formal declaration that she reserved to herself the right to withdraw from it for cause, and resume those powers and attributes of sovereignty which she had never ceded away, but only delegated for certain definite and specified purposes.

When the President-elect commenced to set at naught the very objects of the Constitution, and without authority

of law proceeded to issue his proclamation of 15th April last,* Virginia, in the exercise of that reserved right, decided that the time had come when her safety, her dignity, and honour required her to resume those "delegated" powers and withdraw from the Union. She did so; she then straightway called upon her sons in the Federal Service to retire therefrom and come to her aid.

This call found me in the midst of those quiet physical researches at the Observatory in Washington which I am now, with so much delicacy of thought and goodness of heart, invited to resume in Russia. Having been brought up in the School of States-rights, where we had for masters the greatest statesmen of America, and among them Mr. Madison, the wisest of them all, I could not, and did not hesitate; I recognised this call, considered it mandatory, and, formally renouncing all allegiance to the broken Union, hastened over to the South side of the Potomac, there to renew to Fatherland those vows of fealty, service, and devotion which the State of Virginia had permitted me to pledge to the Federal Union so long only as by serving it, I might serve her.

Thus my sword has been tendered to her cause, and the tender has been accepted. Her soil is invaded, the enemy is actually at her gates; and here I am contending, as the fathers of the Republic did, for the right of self-government, and those very principles for the maintenance of which Washington fought when this, his native State, was a colony of Great Britain. The path of duty and of honour is therefore plain.

By following it with the devotion and loyalty of a true sailor, I shall, I am persuaded, have the glorious and proud recompense that is contained in the "well done" of the Grand Admiral of Russia and his noble companions-in-arms.

When the invader is expelled, and as soon thereafter as the State will grant me leave, I promise myself the pleasure of a trip across the Atlantic, and shall hasten to Russia, that I may there in person, on the banks of the Neva, have the honour and the pleasure of expressing to her Grand Admiral the sentiments of respect and esteem with which his oft-re-

*Calling on Virginia to furnish 75,000 troops to force South Carolina back into the Union.

peated acts of kindness, and the generous encouragement that he has afforded me in the pursuits of science, have inspired his

Obedient servant,

M. F. Maury, *Commander C.S. Navy.*

To H.I.H. The Grand Duke Constantine,
Grand Admiral of Russia,
St. Petersburg.

ABOUT "NEW VIRGINIA"

Mexico, September 23rd, 1865.

My Dear Wife:—My heart is as big as a mountain and as heavy as lead. Your letter is so sad at leaving friends behind and going to a strange land. This is Saturday night. Perhaps you sailed to-day, for the line of steamers in which I wanted you to go sailed Saturday. I received ten days ago your letters up to the 14th. You were then just making up your mind to come here, and my letter telling you to go to England would take you so by surprise. The last mail brought me many letters from you and the children. I shut myself up, threw myself on the bed, and wept and read and wept and read all day long. 'Twas night before I got through them.

Perhaps you'll feel better when you get to England. There you will not hear such constant discussions as to the wisdom of my course, and the propriety of your coming here; and that, I am sure, will be a great relief. Moreover, the sacrifice is for the benefit of our children. There they can go to good schools, and I can come and see you. If you stayed where you are, you could have neither; if you come here you must do without the schools. So you see you are in the path of duty, and the reflection that it is so will comfort and console you, I am sure.

Yesterday I received my appointment as Director of the Observatory here; and to-day my naturalization papers, which qualify me to hold office.

My salary is $5000 to commence with June last. Last night I submitted—by request—estimates for my staff and office. . . . Dick and family, I suppose, will sail from New York on the 8th, and be here about this time next month. I

shall strive to interest Dabney's friend, General Wilcox, also the Talcotts, in them, so that I may not leave them friendless in a strange land, when I come to see you; also Miss Scarlett, a nice lady, the daughter of the British Minister.

I came to our new house the day before yesterday, and am now housekeeping. It is a nice house. I have one-half of the upper storey, the Talcotts the other—or are to have. The houses here, you know, have no chimneys, and they have a large yard in the middle. My side of the parallelogram is nearly one hundred yards long. I have a very large parlour dining-room, kitchen, and six other rooms, two of which I shall use as an office when I am put in charge of immigration. The house is ready-furnished. This arrangement will make it cost me about $50 per month, leaving about $3000, which will be a smart allowance for you and the children for the year. I am by no means sanguine about my "New Virginia"; not but that there are plenty of people in the South who are dying to come. I know more about that than you do, for there are now about one hundred first-rate men, some of them with their families, from various parts of the South, looking for homes. Some of them have been sent by their neighbours and friends to look at the country and report. The Government is not yet prepared to offer them lands on any terms. We are not ready. Some of them have gone home in disgust, and the golden, precious moments are passing by. I am not yet in harness; but if I can't carry colonization, this is no place for me. And this the Emperor also understands, for I have told him I could not stay if immigration fails. At any rate, I now almost despair of seeing it well in motion before this time next year. But this will give me a long time with you and those precious children. I am so proud of them. Their praises, coming from the heart, are more than music to my ears. 'Tis joy and comfort to my heart. Bless their sweet hearts! Tell them to study and be good and true. "Brave," I know bears himself like our son, and a man. He is a noble boy. Hug him six times, and kiss him twenty for me.

I have been entertaining visitors, and reading over again that sweet budget of letters—especially yours—all day. How I do wish I could take all care from you, and make you happy!

But, my dear sweet wife and noble mother of our noble children, what can I do more than I have done—and I am doing—to show myself worthy of you and of them, and do homage to the great ambition that I have to deserve your and their praise and love? . . . . You know what brought me here. I did hope—and still hope—to help to repair the ruin that was made of the most righteous cause and noble people that ever suffered the shipwreck of almost all that is dear. I may yet succeed in that. But I may fail, and if I do it will not be because I spared myself or forgot your happiness. . . . . It becomes me to try this to a conclusion; it becomes me to use whatever power for good I may have acquired in the world for the benefit of this people, who have suffered in the same cause with us, and who are so near and dear to us. Nay, my sweet companion and friend, it becomes me to be up and doing, especially while our good friends—Tremlett, Jansen, and others—are so kindly exerting themselves on my account. How would it have done for me, instead of trying myself to do something, to have folded my arms—as Rutson and others suggested—until the Federal authorities would have permitted me to come back—to what? To poverty and misery; and that too while Tremlett was undergoing the fatigues and expense of that journey to Denmark, Sweden and Russia on my account!

No; rely upon it my sweet friend and partner, that in coming here I have done the wisest and best thing that under the circumstances, I could do.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

[1841—]

ROBERT ARMISTEAD STEWART

AMONG that group of men and women of letters who have brought distinction to Richmond, Virginia, as the center of literary activity, William Gordon McCabe occupies a prominent place. He was born in Richmond, August 4, 1841. His father, the son of a distinguished officer of the Revolution, was a clergyman, noted not only in his profession, but also as an authority on Colonial history and as a poet of no mean talent. The Rev. Doctor McCabe's wife was Sophia Gordon Taylor, a great-granddaughter of George Taylor, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and on her mother's side descended from the Gordons of Earlston, Scotland.

The first ten years of young McCabe's life were passed in the ancient town of Smithfield, while his father was rector of the Episcopal church there; the next six he spent at Hampton. After a preparatory course, in which he distinguished himself above his fellows, and after serving a short apprenticeship as tutor, he entered the University of Virginia, in 1860. But his stay here was destined to be short, for the secession of Virginia was the signal for him, along with many of his fellow students, to hasten to the front in a student corps known as the "Southern Guards." He entered the army as a private, but because of his conspicuous prowess and devotion he was promoted through the various grades till the end of the war found him a captain of artillery. His career embraced the Peninsular Campaign, Chancellorsville, service at Charleston, with the gallant Pegram's artillery in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, after Appomattox, he joined General Johnston in North Carolina in the vain hope of renewing the struggle.

In October, 1865, Captain McCabe founded in Petersburg, Virginia, the University School, with so vast an influence in shaping the character and ideals of the young gentry of Virginia as not inaptly to be compared to Rugby in its prime. For twenty-six years he labored in this chosen field, and found his reward in a noble body of high-spirited, well-grounded youth who went from out his walls to win distinction in all walks of life. During this period of teaching McCabe had been active in many other ways. His fame as a Latinist was based on his profound studies in that language, as attested by his

numerous publications and the evidence of his learned colleagues. As a writer of graceful verse he had come into notice through the pages of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* and now his forceful prose gained him added reputation, while his forensic ability and his wit made him a welcome guest in every gathering.

During the period of his greatest literary activity McCabe published the works mentioned in the bibliography appended hereto.

Among his addresses may be mentioned: "Virginia's Schools before and after the Revolution," delivered at the University of Virginia in 1888; his address before the New England Society of New York in 1899, which attracted the editorial comment of the leading newspapers in the country; "John R. Thompson," an eloquent address on the occasion of the presentation of the portrait of the Virginia poet to the University of Virginia in 1899; and his speech at the University of Virginia in 1905, when the late Professor Thomas R. Price's library was presented to that institution. Articles by him have appeared in *Harper's Monthly, The Century,* etc., while in England *The Academy,* the *Saturday Review* and other of the foremost English monthly and weekly publications have accepted his work. After the death of Tennyson, Captain McCabe published in *The Century* of March, 1902, a very striking article entitled "Personal Recollections of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," which was received with great interest throughout the English speaking world, for the author's long intimacy with the poet-laureate enabled him to speak with authority.

In recognition of his scholarship and literary achievements, Captain McCabe has had conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts by the College of William and Mary and by Williams College in Massachusetts, that of Doctor of Letters by Yale in 1897, and that of Doctor of Laws by the college of William and Mary in 1906. He is a member of Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, and of many other distinguished clubs and societies both in this country and in England.

Dr. McCabe has a unique private library, rich in autograph presentation copies from Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, and many other men of note. One of his most highly prized possessions is a first edition copy of 'Henry Esmond,' bearing on the flyleaf the inscription "For my dearest mother and children, W.M.T." This book was given by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Richie to John R. Thompson after her father's death, and when Thompson died, in 1873, was left by the poet to his friend McCabe.

Dr. McCabe combines a varied learning with the keen perceptions of a great wit, the brimming zest and high spirits of a joker, and the genial nature of a man of the world—qualities that have gained him

the esteem of savants and soldiers, of poets and philosophers, on both sides of the Atlantic. His earnest, helpful efforts in the broadest humanitarian undertakings have gone far outside the conventional limits of his calling, making him widely known as a public man. Thus he conspicuously served his Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, after her partial destruction by fire, for he was one of that board of visitors through whose energy she was fully refurnished in material equipment.

In addition to his eloquent and witty prose, McCabe has produced verse that deserves a place in the American anthology. Its body is slender, nor is its range broad; but within his limitations he has produced poetry that is felicitous in diction, skilful in metrical structure, possessed of feeling in the lyric vein and fire in the heroic.

Dr. McCabe, still in the enjoyment of robust health, is pursuing a busy life of public service and civic virtue, although he long ago gave up active work in his chosen profession of a teacher.

Robert Armistead Stewart

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FIRST MEETING AND LAST PARTING

From "Personal Recollections of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," published in the *Century Magazine*, March, 1902.

More than sixteen years ago it was that, at the instance of a dear old friend of mine in England, who was also a close friend of the Tennysons, I received an invitation to Aldworth, the poet's country-seat on the border-line of Surrey and Sussex.

It is always somewhat trying to a shy man to go into a country house where all the people are strangers to him, and my shyness was not diminished in the present instance by recalling more than one story of Tennyson's brusquerie to visitors. Still, my experience of English hospitality had been for many years so uniformly charming that I had no very serious misgivings.

The elder D'Israeli tells us, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius," and—there are not a few of us who sadly admit this dictum to be true.

But it was not so in the case of Tennyson—at least, after he had passed middle age. As we all know, he was one of a family of twelve children, the son of a country parson, whose living at Somersby in Lincolnshire brought him in but the slender stipend of two hundred pounds a year. But though inheriting virtually nothing, and living for years the ideal life of the poet, in tranquil seclusion, "far from the madding crowd," sedulously devoted to his art, minutely correcting, revising, polishing, as is the wont of true genius, that does not disdain "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease"—publishing only at long intervals until the days when he had become famous—he yet achieved a substantial fortune, and when he accepted a peerage in his old age, was able to support in becoming fashion the adventitious dignity of his rank.

About 1867 the poet purchased some thirty or forty acres of land near Haslemere in Surrey, and determined to build there—in part to escape, as he said, the London cockneys, who swarmed over his lawn at Freshwater in summer, but chiefly because the air of the Surrey hills, tonic with its scent of heather, was peculiarly invigorating to his wife, who for many years had been an invalid, and whom, as did his own "Geraint"

in the case of "fair Enid," he always "compassed with sweet observances."

His friend James Knowles, long editor of *The Nineteenth Century,* was his architect. The place he called Aldworth, and there, for the last twenty years or more of his life, he lived for the greater part of the year, still keeping up Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, whither he went to reside soon after he was created Laureate in 1850.

Aldworth, one of the loveliest homes in a land of lovely homes, is situated on the lofty range of Surrey hills known as "Blackdown." It lies perched on a steep incline, high up on the mountain-side, much of the level space on which it stands having been wrested from nature by enormous labor. Behind it to the northwest rise sheer the lonely downs, covered with bracken and gorse, shutting out the bleak winds of winter, while to the south the Sussex wealds and Kentish hop-fields, dappled with light and shade, lie spread out in smiling beauty at one's feet.

From the stately south terrace, with its ivy-covered stone balustrade and its huge vases filled with flaming roses, one may look clean away for full sixty miles—the bold chalky outlines of Leith Hill gleaming white in the distance to the left, in the foreground the dreaming spires of Petworth soaring aloft amid clustering English elms, while, far beyond, above the wooded copses of Arundel Castle, home of the Howards, dukes of Norfolk, one may catch the shimmer of that "silver sea" which Shakspere sung as fitting setting to the "tiny mother-isle."

One, standing there, could but remember instantly his own description of the view he loved so well, in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley:

> You came and looked and loved the view,
> Long known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue
> With one gray glimpse of sea.

On a clear day, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Fairlight, overlooking Hastings, and mark the very spot where Norman William landed with his bold barons, a D'Eyncourt in his train, to wrest the land from the Saxon.

Short of sight as was the old poet, he apparently knew every foot of the historic landscape, and once, as we stood together, looking southward from the great library windows, when I thoughtlessly asked him of some place in the direction of Pevensey, he answered promptly, "Oh, that—nothing special there now, but there lay once the 'Silva Anderida' of Tacitus."

Without, Aldworth is fair indeed to look upon, with its old-fashioned pleasaunces and rose-garden, where the poet, with his passionate love of flowers, always delighted to wander, its dense coppices and wide expanses of velvet turf, such as one sees nowhere outside of England.

Within, it is the ideal home of the wealthy man of letters, with its busts and portraits and paintings. Everywhere there are books, and over the chimneypieces in the stately rooms are emblazoned the arms of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt; for, though the Laureate sung in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" that

> The gardener Adam and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent,

he was yet possessed of that proper pride in being sprung of an ancient and honorable race common to every man of gentle birth. The note of genuine English comfort is everywhere dominant, while to a man of culture it is a veritable "Palace of Art." Such was the English home at the doors of which I alighted on that August day more than sixteen years ago.

The poet had not returned from his long daily tramp over the downs, but I was shown in at once to Lady Tennyson, who received me with such charming cordiality that within a few minutes I was chatting away as gaily to her, as she lay on her lounge, as to some old gentlewoman in Virginia who had known my mother and all my "people." In a few moments, in stalked the poet, just returned from his walk, and gave me grave and courteous welcome.

I need hardly describe to my readers that face and figure so familiar to them from photographs. (I may say here, in passing, that, to my mind, the best of these photographs is that by Barraud, though the poet himself and his wife and son preferred the one by Mayall, a copy of which he kindly volunteered to give me after I came to know him well.) He was

clad, as always when I saw him, in a gray suit, "cynically loose," as Carlyle neatly said—a powerfully built man, yet "loosely made," as the homely phrase is, but with not a trace of awkwardness in his movements.

One may not be certain, but I think that, even had I not known who he was, I should have recognized the "king among men"—the head finely molded; features massive, yet delicately chiseled; a noble brow; dark-brown eyes, grave, and at times keenly penetrating, otherwise heavy-lidded; his hair, still very dark, falling away from his brow; his beard somewhat straggling, and, as Horatio hath it, "a sable silvered," beneath which one readily divined the stern-set jaw—a face of resolution, dashed with melancholy.

Then the gong sounded for luncheon, and we went in at once. At luncheon my misgiving melted away in great measure, and I ventured on one or two mild stories, to which the great man seemed to take kindly, and then, the repast over, we went off to the summer-house, perched on the cliff, for a smoke. Cigars he never smoked, but "infinite tobacco" still, as in the old London days, when Carlyle found him "such company over a pipe." There, over what Thackeray calls "that great unbosomer of secrets," the ice was fairly broken, and in exchange for the pure gold of some most delightful stories about men long passed away, I gave him in return of my own base coin.

But I ask any old soldier of our Civil War, North or South, who could resist such a chance? None of our ancient war stories, none of the rough-and-ready wit of our Southern soldiers, had drifted across the seas, and here was virgin soil. One may be sure that I "worked" it "for all it was worth." And so I warmed up mine antique martial chestnut-jokes of a hoary antiquity, which may, for aught I know, "have cheered the Aryan hordes on their weary westward march from the table-lands of Asia."

I remember (one sees that I am keeping to the "frank egotism") that he chuckled much over my Christopher Columbus story, a story with which I afterward "paralyzed" the latter's august descendant, the Duke de Veragua, when his Grace was presented to *me* at Chicago. And he specially delighted in a little story about a man in my own town, which he begged

me (as an Englishman would) to "send to *Punch,*" and which I sometimes tell late in the evening, when punch has been sent to me.

He also liked the story (new to him), of the Poughkeepsie man who battered out the brains of his dear wife with a heavy oaken frame inclosing the worsted-worked motto, "God bless our home."

Of all the talkers I have ever met he was, "taking him all round," as we say, the most interesting, when "i' the vein," which was commonly near midnight, in his den and over a pipe. Swinburne (*tantum vidi,* I may say) is a more brilliant talker, especially when moved by a subject he loves and knows well, such as the early English dramatists. Browning (who, to use an expression which Tennyson detested, was "awfully kind" and hospitable to me), just won your heart, and your brain too, by the simple honesty, the infectious boyishness of his talk. Matthew Arnold, too, was always to me, whether in the whirl of London society, or in a quiet corner at the Athenaeum, or in his modest Surrey home at Cobham, one of the most delightful of men to listen to. He was so cordial, so full of kindly simplicity, that I never once detected in the genial flow of his conversation that academic note which some have objected to.

But delightful as were all these, Tennyson's talk was far and away the best and most enjoyable I have ever listened to, with its dry humor, shading off suddenly into vehement earnestness; its felicity of epithet, that at times flashed out like a search-light, and lighted up the whole subject of discussion; its underlying vein of robust common sense; its wealth of apt quotation and charming reminiscence.

Like every other author whom I have ever known, Tennyson was, I think, pleased at some apt quotation from himself.

When I went away from Aldworth at the end of this first visit, he sent the carriage ahead and walked with me past the entrance-gate (or, as an irreverent old crony of mine enviously said, he "saw me off the premises").

"You must come again," he said as we shook hands.

With unblusing effrontery I pressed him to come to me at Petersburg, Virginia, where, as my introduction told him, I

was then head master of the University School and assured him that Oriental splendor awaited him at "Dotheboys Hall."

"Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great,"

I quoted from the "Idylls." He laughed, but I saw that he was pleased.

* * * * * *

When I went down to Aldworth late in August of 1892, on my return from Greece, I at once saw a great change in the dear old man, though he was still cheerful, and when we went every day for our walk, his talk was as full of quips and as entertaining as ever. But his step was feebler, the walks were shorter, the massive brows seemed sunken, and his hearing was noticeably impaired. His dread of meeting strangers was more acute than ever.

The day before I left, Burne-Jones (prince of "good fellows," as he was prince of painters), with his daughter and her husband, Mr. MacKail, whose delightful Greek Anthology must be familiar to many of my readers, were to come to luncheon, driving across country from the place they had taken for the summer. They did not turn up at the hour, and after waiting twenty or thirty minutes, we went in to luncheon.

Hallam always kindly placed me next his father at table, but on that day he had suggested that I should give up my usual seat to Burne-Jones, so that the latter might have more direct talk with the poet. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes when the great hall-bell clanged sharply, and we knew that our guests had arrived. They had lost their way, and we heard their laughing voices explaining their adventures to Hallam, who had gone out into the hall to greet them. As I jumped up from my seat next the old poet to go over to the seat first assigned me, he clutched at my sleeve, and said, with rather a pathetic insistence: "Sit still, sit still; why do you want to leave me?" But I shook my head laughingly and darted around the table to the other side.

I can never forget the day I left Aldworth that fateful year —the last time I ever saw him. I was to go up to London in the afternoon, and we had walked before luncheon and had much talk (his most interesting, touching English smugglers in the "Great French War," I remember), and then after lun-

cheon Hallam and I had gone out on the south terrace for a smoke.

After finishing my cigar, I went up into the library to say good-by. He was sitting near the great south windows reading, wearing his black velvet skullcap, the book held close to his face, just as I had so often seen him.

"Well, I'm off," I said cheerily, "and have come to say good-by."

He took my outstretched hand in both of his—I remember noticing at the moment what sinewy, carefully kept hands they were, with long, nervous fingers—and then he said very gently and sadly: "I am a very old man now. You may never see me again, but always come to us here when you come to England. God bless you!"

Such were the last words I heard fall from the lips of Alfred Tennyson, and the gentle old voice still lingers in my ears as a benediction.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS R. PRICE

From the Address on the occasion of the Presentation of his Library to the University of Virginia.

His whole soul was fired with unflagging purpose to enlarge the boundaries of his own knowledge; he was an enthusiastic and conscientious teacher; he was as singularly careless of fame as he was notably untouched of any of those ignoble jealousies that so often beset men of genius and learning; he was, in short, as Dr. Butler, President of Columbia, wrote in his report on his death to the trustees, "eager to produce men and scholars rather than books."

But the paramount reason of his publishing so little is to be found, I think, in his literary fastidiousness—his passion for perfection of form, which was "the dominant of his study and teaching." He had all Sainte-Beuve's horror of the "*à peu prés*"; he "loathed the smug face of facility"; he was tireless in seeking the elusive word; unwearying in his quest of some hovering, subtle rhythm of phrase, some haunting cadence, that witched him with its beauty half-revealed and mocked him with its music as it fled. Yet he was indued by

nature with a delicate ear, "the supreme touchstone of perfection," and in his graver papers writes with most convincing lucidity and precision, while he has the happy art of imparting to his lighter sketches and studies an aroma of delicate and playful humor, a felicity of allusion, an ease and grace of diction, a certain note of distinction, that makes them a joy to every reader of refined intelligence.

Whatever the award of time as to his place in scholarship and letters, he has at least left behind him to those of us who miss him and still hold him in our hearts a legacy which time cannot touch—the fragrant memory of his tender heart and open hand, the remembrance of his spotless integrity and stainless honor, of duty scrupulously fulfilled to the very end, and of all those stern and gentle virtues that noble souls reckon the highest.

PERORATION FROM A SPEECH BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

But it needed, I think, the splendid object-lessons given by Southern men in this Spanish War to silence forever the cavils and doubtings of many austere patriots who for thirty years and more had proved themselves "as invincible in peace as they had been invisible in war."

Above the first fierce mutterings of the coming storm rose high and clear, yonder at Havana, the voice of Fitzhugh Lee, grandson of "Light-Horse Harry," once the *beau sabreur* of the "Army of Northern Virginia," demanding with soldierly directness prompt Spanish recognition of the sanctity of American citizenship.

Then, when the die was cast, and the *Olympia,* on that memorable May morning stood into Manila Bay, "on the bridge" close alongside of George Dewey, of Vermont, stood "Tom" Brumby, of Georgia (God rest his noble soul!)—and so, when the American flag was first unfurled to the breeze over the first American possession in the Eastern world, the son of an old Confederate colonel stood at the halliards.

Ten days later, at Cardenas, the first crimson libation of the war was poured out on the altar of Cuban liberty, and

the brave young blood of that gallant lad, Worth Bagley, of the "Old North State," son, too, of an old Confederate soldier, cemented forever the reconciliation between the North and South.

And as in quick succession the names of Hobson and Blue and "Fighting" Joe Wheeler blazed in official despatches, the thunderous shouts of a reunited people drowned even the "iron-throated plaudits of the guns."

As Marshall Ney said when he saw the beardless young French conscripts rushing in all the joyous valor of their youth upon the Russian guns at Weissenfels: *"C'est dans le sang! C'est dans le sang"* ("It's in the blood! It's in the blood!").

Many of you, doubtless, traversing the noble hall of William Rufus, have entered the corridors of St. Stephen's, and there, glancing down the long line of gleaming statues, have paused to look upon the calm, majestic features of John Hampden, the most able and resolute man in the kingdom, who fell on the Parliamentarian side at Chalgrave Field—and, immediately opposite, upon the grave, romantic face of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, "that incomparable young man," as Clarendon calls him, who in the very flower of his young manhood gave his life for his king in that unhappy civil strife.

It may well be, that when this generation shall have passed away, and the motives and convictions of men shall be apprehended without passion, that the young American, treading some one of those stately avenues that lead to our national Capitol, shall pause opposite "the presentment" in bronze of Grant and of Sherman, to gaze upon the heroic figures of Lee and of Jackson.

God forbid that war, civil or foreign, should come again in this our time. He who has once seen the sufferings and sorrows and desolation that it brings to happy homes can never wish to see it again.

But should it come, men of the North and of the East and of the West—I speak for my people—that people who never yet faltered in half-way defiance to a foe or in half-way welcome to a friend—I speak for my people—ere the first call to arms of our common country shall have died upon the breeze, you shall hear the tramp of our legions as they wheel

into line to touch elbows with the stalwart sons of New England, eager to keep time with cadenced step to the music of the Union—aye, and to hedge round with stubborn steel the "Starry Banner," that symbolizes once more to us, as to you, the majesty of American citizenship and the indestructibility of Republican institutions.

REUNION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

HERE in this battle-drowned capital of our ancient Commonwealth, shall the men who wore the gray yearly gather and recall the names of those who went forth to battle at the bidding of Virginia—who now lie sleeping on the bosom of this Mother, that, not unmindful of their valor, not ungrateful for this filial devotion, shall keep forever bright the splendor of their deeds, "till earth, and seas, and skies are rended."

No "Painted Porch" is hers, like that of Athens, where, for half a thousand years, the descendants of the men who had followed Miltiades to victory might trace the glories of their Marathon—no gleaming *Chapelle des Invalides,* with the light flaming through gorgeous windows on tattered flags of battle —no grand historic Abbey, like that of England, where hard by the last resting-place of her princes and her kings sleep the great soldiers who have writ glorious names high upon their country's roll with the point of their stainless swords.

Nay, none of this is hers.

Only the frosty stars to-night keep solemn watch and ward above the wind-swept graves of those who, from Potomac to James, from Rapidan to Appomattox, yielded up their lives that they might transmit to their children the heritage of their fathers.

Pondering in her heart all their deeds and words, Virginia calls us, her surviving sons, "from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of their virtues," bidding us, in the noble words of Tacitus, to "honor them not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence, and, if our powers permit us, with our emulation."

Reminding her children, who were faithful to her in war,

that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another," she points to the tasks left unfinished when the "nerveless hands drooped over the spotless shields," and with imperious love claims a fealty no less devoted in these days of peace.

I claim no vision of seer or prophet, yet I fancy that even now I descry the faint dawn of that day, which thousands wait on with expectant eyes; when all this land, still the fairest on the globe—this land, which has known so long what old Isaiah termed the "dimness of anguish"—shall grow glad again in the broad sunlight of prosperity, and when from Alleghany to Chesapeake shall resound the hum and stir of busy life; when yonder noble roadstead, where our ironclad *Virginia* revolutionized the naval tactics of two continents, shall be whitened by many a foreign sail, and you, her children, shall tunnel those grand and hoary mountains, whose every pass Lee and "Old Stonewall" have made forever historic by matchless skill and daring. Thus, comrades, assured of her heroic Past, stirred by the great hope for her Future, may we tonight re-echo the cry of Richmond on Bosworth Field:

> Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;
> That she may long live here, God say amen!

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES*

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
  Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
  With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
  From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
  And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.†

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
  There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
  Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

*Petersburg Trenches, 1864.

†James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), the poet, and great soldier and supporter of Charles I.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
  Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
  With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
  On the old *Romance*—which she holds on her knee—
Of *Tristam,* the bravest of knights in the fray,
  And *Iseult,* who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
  As she watches the dying embers fall:
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
  Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
  For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
  But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
  To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men—
  I'll be true to the end all the same.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
  The snow is falling overhead;
  I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
  The soldiers cluster round the blaze
  To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
  Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
  I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years
  Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
  The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
  I see again the glad surprise
  That lighted up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
  She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
  Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cheerful faces all are gone!
  Asleep within the quiet graves
  Where lies the snow in drifting waves—
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
  But knows that loved ones far away
  On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
  For me no yearning prayers arise.
  The lips are mute and closed the eyes—
My home is in the bivouac.

In the Army of Northern Virginia.

JOHN PEGRAM*

Fell at the Head of his Division, February 6, 1865.
Ætat XXXIII

What shall we say now of our gentle knight?
Or how express the measure of our woe
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell—
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath—
What can we do but point to where he fell,
And, like a soldier, met a soldier's death.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed—
God pardon us, if blind with tears we grope,
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet—O foolish and of little faith—
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears—
We loved him so! we never dreamed that Death
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah! dear bronzed face, so fearless and so bright!
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe—
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight,
The eager eyes—the flush on cheek and brow.

No more we'll greet the lithe, familiar form
Amid the surging smoke with deaf'ning cheer—
No more shall soar above the iron storm
The ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

Aye! he has fought the fight and passed away—
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife,
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,
And careless only of his noble life.

*Born in Petersburg, Virginia, January 24, 1832; killed near Hatcher's Run. He was a graduate of West Point, served on the frontier, and gained distinction in the Civil War as a cavalry leader. At the time of his death he had risen to the grade of major-general.

He is not dead but sleepeth! Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid our great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done!—
His face shall shine, as they with stately tread
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled! Few and brief
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith;
Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief,
And grant Thy servants such a life and death!

Bivouac on the Right of Petersburg, February 8, 1865.

ONLY A MEMORY*

"Old times, they cling, they cling."—Owen Meredith.

I

Still I can see her before me,
As in the days of old,
Her lips of serious sweetness,
Hair of the richest gold.

II

The rings on her dainty fingers,
Love in her tender eyes,
And the sweet young bosom heaving
With low delicious sighs.

III

Is it a wonder I love her?
That through long years of pain,
I still am true to the old love—
The love alas! in vain.

Howitzer Camp, Yorktown, September, 1861.

*Published in *The Southern Literary Messenger,* November, 1861, the editor prefacing it with: "Isn't this a little gem? Pity the soldier-poet should have cause to write it."

MARY GREENWAY McCLELLAND

[1853—1895]

JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE, JR.

MARY GREENWAY McCLELLAND was born August 5, 1853, in the straggling little village of Norwood (then called New Market), Nelson County, Virginia, on the James River, about forty miles below Lynchburg, and there spent the first six years of her life. Her parents then moved across the river into Buckingham County, and made their home in Elm Cottage, a picturesque old frame house nestled under the branches of a great spreading elm, and seated high on a bluff overlooking the river, with pretty, rich meadows lying along the banks of the muddy James. Connected with the outside world by only the private ferry and the slow-moving canal-boat, the family led necessarily a quiet, secluded life.

As there was no school in the neighborhood, the girl had to depend for her education solely on home training. Though her father, Thomas Stanhope McClelland, had been educated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, and at the University of Virginia (1829), he had no influence on her writings, and indeed rarely read any of her books. Her mother, however, a woman of unusual culture and literary taste, early perceived her young daughter's talent and took great care in educating her. From a small, well-selected library which she brought from Philadelphia to Virginia on her marriage, she read aloud to her two little girls, first simple tales of childhood, and then, as they grew older, she acquainted them with more serious stories. Of Scott's novels they were particularly fond, and from them Miss McClelland must have received no little inspiration.

At a very early age she began to read for herself and compose stories. Even before she could write, she was accustomed to relate to her admiring sister elaborate tales with complex incidents and many characters, and continue them from day to day with never flagging interest on the part of either useful listener or narrator. As soon as she could use a pencil she began to write short stories for the amusement of herself and of the family. In her mother, to whom she always read her manuscripts, she found ever a kind and judicious critic.

After the marriage of her sister the care and support of the household fell chiefly upon her, and much of her work was planned and actually written while she was engaged in her domestic duties. "Her first experience with type was the appearance, in 1879, of two bits of verse in the columns of a newspaper, one of these written while churning with the left hand, the other composed while pursuing a turkey hen to her hidden nest in the woods."*

Her first published book appeared in 1884. It was a small pamphlet of sixteen pages, 'Ole Ike's Memories,' a series of narrative poems in negro dialect, sold for the benefit of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Virginia. 'Oblivion,' her first novel, was issued in 1885, and 'Princess,' though written earlier and recast, came out in 1886.

In 1887, feeling the need of a systematic training, she outlined and began a prescribed course of reading, in which she was aided by the generosity of her publisher, Mr. Henry Holt. Besides reading and criticizing her manuscripts, he kindly forwarded from time to time such books as he thought she might need. She sought to show her appreciation by dedicating to him without his knowledge her fourth book, 'Jean Monteith.'

Other novels and tales followed in rapid succession. She became a regular contributor to *Lippincott's, Harper's,* and the *Youth's Companion,* and was made one of the editors of *Peterson's Magazine.* Her circle of acquaintances rapidly widened; and when the railroad replaced the sluggish packet-boat, she made frequent visits to Lynchburg, Richmond, and Philadelphia. Sometimes for several years in succession she spent two or three weeks in Richmond, and in the literary circle of that city made many friends and acquaintances. On one occasion she visited by invitation her publisher, Mr. Holt, in New York.

But she was preëminently a lover of home, and never outgrew her domestic tastes and habits. The death of her mother, in 1893, was a severe blow, from which she never recovered. Her health gave way, and after a lingering illness ending in consumption she passed away at Elm Cottage August 2, 1895, three days before her forty-second birthday. She was laid to rest in the family burying ground overlooking the beautiful valley of the James.

Her character seems to have been altogether exemplary. With a strong sense of duty, she was ready always to do any task that came to hand. Sympathetic and generous, she was quick to aid those in distress, and never refused an appeal for assistance. In the work of younger, struggling writers she took the keenest interest, and

*Charles W. Coleman, *Harper's Monthly,* 74, 852; and *Literature,* John B. Alden, publisher, October 13, 1888.

seized every opportunity to lend them a helping hand. In regard to her own writings she was exceedingly modest. She never alluded to them in conversation, and always felt that she could improve on what she had written.

Miss McClelland was a facile and prolific writer. Though her literary productivity extended over a period of only ten years, she wrote during that time nearly twenty novels and sketches. Almost all are romances of love, self-sacrifice, and adventure, with an occasional tendency to introduce problems of divorce, heredity, and spiritualism, as in 'Princess,' 'Broadoaks,' 'Mammy Mystic,' 'Madam Sylva,' and 'Eleanor Gwynn.' In almost every instance, however, the problem is not strongly handled or clearly worked out, and the effect is often inartistic and unpleasant. At times the plot is poorly developed, especially where there is a mystery involved, a concealed identity, or an unsuspected relationship. Like Fenimore Cooper, she inclined to veil the mystery too closely, so that the reader is given too slight a clew to take hold of.

She is at her best in those stories dealing with the lives and manners of the plain country folk whom she saw and knew in her own immediate neighborhood.

'Burkett's Lock,' for example, containing a history of Joe Burkett, the lock-keeper on the James River and Kanawha Canal, and his family of sons and daughters, is a sympathetic, realistic study of the simple, restricted lives of the slow-moving mountaineers. The story is told with simplicity, directness, and a certain amount of dramatic power. It is in many respects superior to 'Oblivion,' a study of the North Carolina mountaineers, which, though it contains some excellent sketches of the mountain folk, with their monotonous, narrow lives, their intense seriousness, quaint flashes of humor, and inveterate love of gossip, is nevertheless weakened by over-sentimentalism and melodrama. Compared with the stories of Charles Egbert Craddock, with which the novel inevitably suggests comparison, it is inferior in descriptive and dramatic power.

The scene of 'Manitou Island' is a great swamp in one of the Southern States. The story, containing as it does two insane characters and one idiot, and culminating in a fearful death-struggle on the dark waters of the swamp, is far from pleasant.

'Mammy Mystic' is somewhat of the same type, with the action taking place on a large plantation in Louisiana, and with its scenes of voudou rites laid in the neighboring bayou. The heroine, Eugénie, is the daughter of a mulatto. When an infant she was substituted for her mistress's child, and was reared in ignorance of her true birth. The story is gloomy, often morbid, and leaves a disagreeable impression on the mind of the reader.

'The Old Post Road,' a short, stirring tale of love and highway robbery,' and 'The Ghost of Dred Power,' a story of barely a hundred pages, with a skilfully constructed plot and scenes shifting from the present on the plains of Texas to the past on the battle-fields of the Civil War, are both more interesting and more successful.

In 'Princess' the scene is laid on an old plantation on the James River below Richmond, and attractive glimpses are given of the ancient mansion and of life on the plantation. But the discussion of divorce, though recast at the suggestion of the publisher, is not altogether pleasant, and the love scenes are overdrawn.

'Jean Monteith' is a story of a daughter's self-sacrificing devotion to the memory of her father. Many of the scenes give an impression of unreality and unnaturalness. Yet not a few pictures of the mountains and woods in the stillness of a summer's day and in the bursting of a sudden storm linger clearly in the memory. Danvers, the mountaineer, rough, but honest and warm-hearted, is one of the best characters in the book.

'A Self-Made Man' is by far the best of her novels. Edward Jackson Anthony, the son of a former overseer on the Beverley estate, having gone West in his youth, returns to Virginia a millionaire, and concealing his identity, buys the old Beverley place. He falls in love with Mrs. Beverley, a widow, and former owner of the estate. But the social barrier is too strong. He sees himself supplanted by a friend. There is a brief, well depicted struggle between hatred and friendship. Friendship conquers. Quietly he disappears to bury himself again in the great West, and leaves to his friend and the woman they both love a handsome sum with which to begin their married life. The conclusion of the story reveals a finer artistic touch, a greater self-restraint, and more freedom from the melodramatic than any other of Miss McClelland's novels. The characters are more varied, more interesting, and more true to life: Anthony with his energy, honesty, sturdy self-respect, liberality, and rough kindliness, counterbalanced by his coarseness, commercialism, and pride in his own career; Mrs. Beverley, refined, high-spirited, generous; her two little boys, Ran and Hector, full of mischief and boyish energy; Miss Cornelia, a narrow, prejudiced old maid; and finally the old negroes with their devotion to "Ol' Miss" and their dread of the "po'-house."

Yet it is doubtful whether Miss McClelland has contributed to Southern literature any character that will live. Her talent lay, not so much in subtle analysis or delineation of character, or in skilful development of plot, as in sympathetic, truthful portrayal of scenes of Southern life; traveling on the James River Canal; a cypress

swamp in Louisiana; a mountain flood in North Carolina; plantation life on the lower James; and negro customs and superstitions.

Miss McClelland's style, though as a rule natural and easy, is sometimes marked by affectation and vagueness. Instead of a wedding journey we read of "the usual nuptial progression." Dying an early death is characterized as "tossing into the infinite in a halo of beauty and youth." Again we read of "A sympathy which almost amounted to divination jostling obtusities that just escaped brutishness." Such crudities of style, however, are the exception rather than the rule. The foregoing examples occur in 'Mammy Mystic,' a posthumous volume which doubtless escaped revision by the author.

Although Miss McClelland as an artist can hardly be ranked with Charles Egbert Craddock and Ruth McEnery Stuart, she must nevertheless be classed with them as a woman who, devoted to her profession, bore her modest and not altogether unimportant part in the literary awakening of the South.

John M. McBryde, Jr.

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[The biographical sketch of Miss McClelland is based almost entirely on details furnished by her sister, Mrs. W. H. Whelan of Norwood, Virginia.]

A REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

From 'A Self-Made Man.' Copyright, J. B. Lippincott Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

THE "overseer" class of the South in ante-bellum days constituted as distinct a grade as can be found in any country where birth, not wealth, is the standard of respectability. From the higher class—their employers—they were removed by ignorance and poverty; from the lower—their charges—by race-instinct.

There was no antagonism between the inhabitants of the large house where the proprietor lived and the inhabitants of the small house in which dwelt his prime minister, such as appears to exist between the rich and poor of other sections. Nor was there any effort on the part of the upper class to keep the lower down, or to hinder members of it from acquiring knowledge or property. On the contrary, there existed between the two great amity and friendliness, and in some instances, where the tie was of long standing between employer and employed, a sort of feudal feeling which led the one to yield protection and cordial liking, and the other an admiring respect and loyal, if lazy, service.

It is no uncommon thing even yet in the South to hear one man say of another, "I've knowed him all my life. My father was his father's overseer 'way back in slavery times. They are right down clever people, his folks are: we allus liked 'em mighty well." The liking was generally mutual; and that the "overseer" class of the South remained so long, and remains still, in a great measure, in a lower position is due partly to their own willingness, partly to the habit of subordination.

Across the ravine from the Beverley mansion, beyond a little stretch of woods, stood a settlement of cabins which had formerly been occupied by slaves belonging to the estate. Some of the houses had fallen into partial or total ruin, but a few were still inhabited, as was shown by the curling smoke ascending from their chimneys. Above them, nearer the crest of the hill, stood the overseer's house—a neat building of hewn logs, with a rough porch in front, and still in a good state of preservation.

It had been occupied by a family of white tenants at the time when this portion of the Beverley plantation passed into other hands; but the lawyer, in obedience to instructions received from the new proprietor, had moved them out and had the house done up a little. Not that Ned Anthony cherished any sentiment connected with the house in which he had been born; on the contrary, he considered it emphatically "a dog-hole;" but he was a practical fellow and well used to roughing it, and thought that the "old shanty" would do well enough to live in for a month or so while he should run up a decent house; that is, if he should decide to make any sojourn in Virginia.

Anthony stood in one of the rooms, whistling softly, and looking about him, one morning about a week after the night on which he had renewed his acquaintance (as he thought) with his old playfellow through the parlor window. The next day he had gone down to Richmond to order some things he needed for his temporary establishment, and to talk to a contractor about putting up a house for him in case he should decide to "stop on the ranch" for a year or so. He was not a man that ever let the grass grow under his feet.

Standing in the middle of the old room, the past got hold of him somehow, and pushed its way through the hard crust of the outer man to the sanctuary which even the roughest of us keep somewhere about our anatomy for the refuge of a few tender associations—our youth, our homes and mothers, the girl, perhaps, whose eyes gave us our first heart-ache.

Old Mrs. Anthony had not been in any way a show-figure. She was tall, and spare of limb, and slow of speech and gait; her eyes were sad, and her thin sallow face had rather a mournful expression. She wore rough clothes, and a kerchief folded cornerwise over her grizzled hair, and smoked a corn-cob pipe in the intervals of her labors; but she was a good woman, a faithful, dutiful wife, and a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, kind and gentle and patient, and indulgent to her offspring, as women of her class usually are. Her son—her youngest-born—had loved her, and it was of her alone he was thinking as he stood by the hearth-stone and looked at the corner where her spinning-wheel and her old split-bottomed rocking-chair used to stand. Poor old mother!

if she could see him now, standing there, wealthy, educated, well dressed, honored among men, and owner of the old plantation on which they had lived as servants!

Of the saturnine, long-haired father, and the five lank, slab-sided brothers, the problem of whose useless existence it had taken a civil war to solve, he thought little. He had not cared for them greatly, and it was no distress to him to know that they were dead. But his mother was different. She had been the one human creature he had loved unselfishly —besides little Mary Beverley. He was thinking of her, of his grief at her death, his indignation when within the year his father had brought home another in her place, his hatred of his stepmother, which had resulted in his running away from home to seek his fortune, and all the old-time matters, when he was aroused by hearing a voice outside. It was a clear, full voice, softly modulated, and its intonation was very pleasant: unmistakably the voice of a lady.

"Stay here, laddies," she was saying, "and play until I get through talking to the old people, and then we'll walk over to Judge Wilmer's for some apples. I can't let you come, indeed, Ran. The last time I took you to the cabin you upset Aunt Kitty's churn and wasted all the poor old woman's butter-milk on the floor. Yes, my child, I know it was an accident; but such accidents are always happening to you. You are a very unlucky and heedless little boy, and to take you visiting is simply to invite calamity. Stay here, and be good children. I won't be long."

Anthony drew near the window, and in a moment had the satisfaction of seeing a tall, graceful woman, with a little willow basket in her hand, pass, and enter the farthest of the group of cabins.

Meanwhile, the boys, two in number, and aged respectively five and seven years, had taken possession of the porch, and were climbing on the railings. They were large, straight-limbed children, and the smaller had a crop of chestnut curls that fell almost to his waist. As they jumped about, they laughed and chattered. The door was a trifle ajar, and Anthony could hear every word.

"Aunt Neelie didn't want mamma to put any coffee in her basket," remarked the smaller child: "she said mamma oughtn't

to give the servants things, 'cause maybe we'd want 'em ourselves. That's mean, ain't it, Hector? We've got a whole bucket of coffee in our store-room, and poor old Aunt Kitty hasn't any in her cupboard. She asked mamma to save her the *grounds:* I heard her, that day I knocked the churn over."

"Aunt Neelie's such a hunks! I hate her!" responded Hector. "She's always fussing about something. Other folks want coffee too, just as well as she does, I reckon. Mamma don't listen to her, one good thing, and gives the old folks things all the time. White people always give to black people: Aunt Neelie ought to know that. If *they* didn't, who would?"

But this was much too difficult a question for little Ran to settle: he avoided it, therefore, and introduced another topic. "Hec, what is *paupers?*"

"Folks that haven't any money, nor any place to live, nor things to eat, nor clothes to wear," defined Hector, comprehensively.

"Then we ain't that. I thought we weren't, because we've got land, and a house, and lots of things. And you've got a calf, and I've got ten cents, and a gander, and a little pig, and a speckled pullet, and—" growing weary with the enumeration of his wealth, "and—oh, yes—a drake with a wen under his chin."

"Who said we were paupers?" fired Hector. "It's a lie!"

"So 'tis," acquiesced Ran, pleasantly, "if not having things is being paupers. But you must not say it's a lie, Hec, because 'twas Aunt Neelie that said it. She said it when mamma told her that the gentleman had come that bought the land, you know—grandpa's land, and father's. She cried when mamma told her, and said the Beverleys were paupers, and that mamma didn't care one bit, and was glad the land was gone, because she wasn't a Beverley."

"She *is* a Beverley," asserted Hector; "and I'm going to have the land back when I get to be a man. I'm going to work hard and make a lot of money, and ask the gentleman to let me have it back; and I know he will, because he won't love it like we do. He's just a stranger, you know, Ran: so he won't care for it, and will like the money better."

"That will be jolly," said Ran. "I'll help."

The listener inside smiled to himself. Prosperity had de-

parted from the old family, and they felt the change: he had thought they would, when he saw the land advertised. He had not bought it himself to gloat over their downfall and his own uprising. He scarcely knew yet why he had bought it. Perhaps, he was a little influenced by the feeling that the land had better be in his hands than in those of strangers; perhaps, it was only a passing whim; but, anyhow, he *had* bought it, and, while he knew perfectly well that it was a poor investment for his money, he was not sorry that he had done so. These boys were Hector Beverley's sons, of course: indeed, their names, Hector and Randolph, made that fact patent. He wondered if there were any more children. "Aunt Neelie" must be his former object of detestation—Miss Cornelia: he recognized her at once.

The little boys were sitting on the steps. Hector had a straight pine tobacco-stick in his hands, and was splitting it with his knife into long slender splinters to make a bird-trap. Ran was watching him with interest. Anthony, looking out at them, remembered many a time when he had sat there splitting tobacco-sticks for the same purpose.

Hector took up the discourse. "Ran!" he said, and paused to wrestle with a knot.

"What?"

"Mamma says we must not talk about Aunt Neelie. I asked her what made Aunt Neelie so nasty, one day, and she said when I got old, and had lots of trouble, and a pain in my back 'most all the time, I wouldn't like folks to call me nasty. And I reckon I wouldn't, neither. She tells us bully stories sometimes, too, and then I almost like her. Maybe when she gets to heaven, where her back can't ache, and the coffee won't ever be burnt, and the rolls won't ever be sour, she'll be real pleasant."

Ran pushed back his hat with his hand until the brim rested on the mass of curls on his shoulders, and regarded his brother steadfastly, an expression of dismay on his face that was comical. Evidently the future held possibilities for which he was unprepared.

"Is Aunt Neelie going to heaven?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Of course she is," responded Hector. "There ain't any other place for her to go. She's old, and she's a woman. You

couldn't say a woman was going to hell, could you? I'd like to know what sort of manners you'd call *that*. Of course, she's going to heaven."

With which triumphant settlement of the difficulties of the future state on the plain principles of life laid down for him here below by his very old-fashioned mother, Hector returned to his whittling.

Ran pondered. "Hec," he said, "I reckon she will go in a good way ahead of us, and she's sure not to like it down by the gate, because she'll think somebody else has got a better place. I tell you what we'll do: we'll squat down right by the middle walk, behind the box-bushes, and wait till we hear some of the angels talking about her and saying where she's gone, and then we'll clip the other way and hunt for father."

"That ain't a good way," objected Hector: "you're sure to meet her walking round, anyhow: so there isn't any use of dodging. You can't stay in one place fifty hundred millions of years without seeing all the people."

"Can't I?"—despondently; then, with more hopefulness, "I can everlasting toddle, Hec, and Aunt Neelie walks so slow. When I see her coming towards me, you just watch out *sharp*, and you will see one little angel *hustle*."

SEARCH FOR THE VOUDOU

From 'Mammy Mystic.' Copyright, 1905, The Merriam Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

When the scheme was unfolded to the little negress she abhorred it. There were snakes in the swamp, she declared vigorously, and alligators, and "har'nts." Mammy Mystic would find out about it and whip her. She was "afeard" all around, and more than willing to wait for a natural unfolding of the mystery. But Eugénie was not. No appointed time of disclosure awaited in her future and her curiosity burned like a live coal. Wait she would not. She domineered over Chance and hectored until she finally carried her point. Chance could not "cross her heart" to the fact of the swamp being infested by ghosts (the only manifestation of evil feared by the white child) and could only bring forward conjecture, founded on

the hypothesis that if the bayous were haunted (and everybody knew they were) the swamp must be also. This Eugénie refused to admit. Many people had been drowned in the bayous and that, of course, made a difference.

Fortune favored the small conspirators above their deserts. The very next afternoon, about sundown, word was brought from the village that old Toinette Wild, a notorious politician and ringleader among the blacks, lay *in extremis,* and that none of the negroes about were willing to shroud her when the spirit should pass. She had been accounted a "cunjer-queen" of exceptional potency, and to her race had been an object of terror for years. Whether the superstitious blacks expected the devil to come for his own in person is an open question, but as the end approached excitement and terror among them rose to such a pitch that a deputation had been sent for Mammy Mystic, who was supposed to possess courage and occultism sufficient to cope with the devil on his own ground. Mystic obeyed the summons for reasons of her own, not unconnected with a desire to pose startlingly before her people and enjoy to the full mysterious supremacy.

At Eugénie's solicitation Chance was accorded permission to spend the night on the nursery floor. Nothing could possibly be better, and the spirits of the children rose to high-water mark. They giggled and romped until tea-time, and during that meal Eugénie could scarcely conduct herself with decorum. It seemed to her that bed-time would never come, or the house quiet down for the night. There was no difficulty about keeping awake. Chance spread her blankets close beside Eugénie's little bed, and the pair whispered and thrilled as the moments dragged themselves along. When the clock struck eleven Eugénie cast aside her bed-clothes and leaped to the floor.

"I can't wait another single minute," she declared excitedly. "Auntie's been upstairs hours, and everybody's bound to be dead asleep by now. Help me button my shoes, Chancie, and find a dark frock. We've got to be dark all over, and steal just as easy."

In ten minutes the dressing was complete and the pair sallied forth into the night. The moon was full and flooded the earth with radiance so that they were not at all afraid. The trees on the lawn stood out sharply and the shrubberies seemed

to huddle and cast shadows. The house stood silent as a ship becalmed in an ocean of stillness. The children set out running. In the stable-yard the big bloodhound came out of his kennel and barked. Eugénie spoke to him and he relapsed into amiability and manifested willingness to join the expedition. This could not be permitted, so by threatening pantomime, they sought to impress upon him that his escort would be superfluous. Old Neptune, however, scented diversion, and with tail a-wag set them gayly at defiance. "He'll spoil everything—barking and making a fuss," fretted Eugénie. "How can we creep easy with him bouncing about like a bear?"

Then Chance, never without resources, produced a biscuit, intended for her own refreshment, and toted the dog back to his kennel and chained him.

In the cotton-field the pods were beginning to burst for the picking. The plants looked like branching candelabra, with snow in the candle-cups instead of tapers. In a few days the entire field would be foam-crested with the fleece. The familiar place looked mysterious and alien in the moonlight: the children scuttled along between the rows like rabbits.

The swamp seemed more mysterious still, weird and unaccountably different. The track, used for carting out cypress shingles, was narrow, but well defined. On either hand was swamp-ooze, set with tussocks and saw-grass, and beyond cane-brakes and heavier jungle.

The moonlight fell clear until the path entered the swamp when a screen seemed to interpose and break the light into patches. The atmosphere grew dense with moisture and the exhalations of dank, decaying vegetation. The jungle thickened; bay trees, magnolias and cypress mingled with the canes and were matted with a dark entanglement of creepers. Overhead the branches pushed close and waved spectral, trailing dependencies of moss. The silence was so intense that the children could count their own heart-beats. They pressed close together, holding hands, and scurried along, impressed by the loneliness, and becoming conscious of the awe which, with children, is the ante-chamber of terror.

"It'll be light in the clearing," Eugénie promised. "It's big and open. The moon can shine good. And there'll be fires. Tom told about fires."

Chance made no rejoinder. The adventure was beginning to pall on her.

Momentarily, the silence seemed to deepen and expand. Not a breath stirred, not a twig creaked. The very owls and insects were voiceless. Even the tree-toads and alligators had given over grunting and booming and were wrapped in slumber. Eugénie began to whistle, trilling out her notes like a mocking-bird.

"You better heish makin' dat fuss," snapped her companion. "Folks comin' 'long behin' hear you an' ketch we-all."

"So they will," acquiesced Eugénie, desisting. "I forgot." The idea of other humanity abroad made her more cheerful. Her spirits rose, and she made a succession of jumps, dragging Chance after her.

"Do you reckon there'll be many folks at the clearing, Chancie?" she queried.

"Dunno," was the cross retort.

"What do you think?"

But instead of considering the question Chance leapt nimbly into the air shrieking, "Oh, Lawdy! oh, Lawdy!" and began to run with all her might. Eugénie, frightened out of her wits, raced after, but the little negro was going at full speed, and it was fully five minutes before she caught up.

"What was it?" she gasped.

"A snake," Chance gasped back. "I trod plumb on his back. He wiggled bof' sides o' my foot an' his ole tail hit 'gin my leg. Oh! Lawdy! I'se so skeered!" then viciously, "I *tole* you to keep out'n dis pisen snaky ole place. I *tole* you!" Her voice trailed off into a whimper.

"Did he bite you?" whimpered Eugénie, in turn. "Let's go home, Chancie. I'm 'fraid! I don't like it out here. It's so lonesome. Let's go home."

"I ses so too," sobbed Chance. "But how we-all gwine git by dat snake? He done quirl up by now an' he mout strike we-all passin'. He quirled soon as I hopped off'n him."

Can't we run fast and *jump* when he get to the place?" Eugénie suggested.

"Whar's de place?"

The pertinence of this query reduced Eugénie to helplessness. She knew no more than Chance did how far they had

run. The moonlight had waned perceptibly; soon it would vanish altogether. She glanced skyward in desperation and sobbed under her breath.

From somewhere, close at hand, came a scratching, rasping sound, as of claws against wood. An opossum was scrambling down a cypress trunk and grunting as he came. The children clung together in an agony of terror, their teeth chattered and their flesh stirred on their bones. To their quickened imaginations the sounds were invested with awful significance. The only explanation of them which presented itself was that a monstrous bear, or a grim and grisly wolf was at hand ravening for their blood. They cowered with trembling legs and extremities of ice. Their teeth chattered audibly.

"Let's pray," suggested Eugénie in desperation, feeling that something must be done to relieve the situation.

"Tain't no use," moaned Chance. "Dat varmint gwine crack we-all's bones befo' we fetch amen. Gawd ain't in no sich place as dis nohow. Dis de debbil's hole, dis is. Gawd ain't got no business here."

Through the swamp suddenly pealed the eldritch mirth of a great laughing owl, beginning with a high note, like a shriek, and trailing into a prolonged demoniac chuckling. To the horror-stricken children the laughter seemed omnipresent, in the air, in the jungle to right and left, above and around them. They shrieked in unison. "It's a har'nt! It's a har'nt!" and their hair lifted itself.

"*Run!*" breathed Eugénie, veering in her tracks.

The hideous hilarity broke forth again, multiplied by the echoes into all pervasive ghastliness. The children stood not on the order of their going. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, now one, now the other in the lead, they raced back the way they had come, sobbing and stumbling in the semi-darkness and to themselves, seeming to run with weighted feet. They forgot the snake, they even forgot the newer terror of five minutes back, everything was submerged by an overwhelming superstitious dread of some awful, invisible presence which mocked them with laughter and, for aught they could tell, might race at their heels with clutching hands and eyes of evil.

Back through the cypress belt, back through the jungles

and cane-brakes, out into the open, where saw-grass and lily-pads bordered the track, the children sped like hunted things. They were breathless and spent but they dared not stop. The moonlight was gone, the starlight might follow, and darkness descend upon the world before they could get through the big gate and across the cotton-field.

What was that moving among the cotton, like a jack-o'-lantern leaping, flickering and dancing? What sound was it booming like a bell, full, sonorous. Heaven defend them! What monster was this bounding towards them? Cut off front and rear, desperate and demoralized, the terrified children fell in a heap and huddled together, while old Neptune bounded nearer and nearer, his trailing note changing into a quick bark of exultation.

Mammy Mystic, Millie, and black Stephen, the latter's husband, hurried up and bent over the children with wonderment, questions, and keen words of rebuke. What were they doing out of their beds at that hour of the night? And where had they been?

"We wanted to see the Voudou," sobbed Eugénie, clinging to Mammy Mystic. "We went in the swamp like Tom Thurrow and a haunt chased us out."

The child, wild with terror and excitement, trembled like a leaf, and Mammy Mystic lifted her in her arms, soothing her with soft Creole mother-words. She had come home from Toinette's earlier than she had expected and discovered the absence of the children. After searching the house for them she had run straight to her daughter's cabin, leaving Mrs. Philip all unnerved and hysterical, to rouse up Millie and Steve for the search. Old Neptune was a blood-hound of the old breed, and a rare trailer, so they had taken him along.

Mrs. Philip was exceedingly annoyed and, when the judge returned the following day, complained of Eugénie in unmeasured terms. If the child were allowed to run wild without rebuke there was no telling what mischief and danger she might get into. The judge himself was troubled, and laid upon Eugénie, and also upon the servants, strict orders that there should be no more such adventures. When questioned as to her motive for embarking on such an expedition, Eugénie curled her arms around her father's neck and coaxed and

evaded. All her instincts were secretive, so she held back the true reason and declared instead that she had gone for a frolic and to frighten Chance.

THE FLOOD

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"Like a thief in the night." The simile is hackneyed, but it will serve, for so the water came. The overplus of spring, rivulet, and brook, with the accumulated wash of the mountain-sides, had swelled the river to a mighty torrent which poured itself through the valley in a perfect flood. From hillside to hillside the water went with a current in the middle like a mill-race. The rail-road bridge was still standing, but the water had swept around both ends, isolating it like a scrap of wire fence in the middle of a prairie. Against it, on the upper side, a huge hammock had formed, and it was only a question of moments, and a few more logs and trees, ere the whole structure must give way; so impotent is iron, and cunning handiwork, against the power of such agents of destruction as weight and water.

All the villagers, men, women, children, and dogs, were abroad upon the hillside, wondering, gazing, commenting, and questioning. The railway-track was seven feet under water, and the river was still rising.

"Thar goes Rideout's sto'," remarked Knapp, the carpenter, "startin' out down country on er v'yage o' diskivery. Look how well she holds together; every log an' plank in place as solid as the day I j'ined 'em." The speaker paused to regard his handiwork with pride. "Thar she swings out into the current—bound for Tennessee. I call that a good squar' lead."

"Ther depot's 'bout followin' suit," observed Thrasher fishing in his pocket for a twist of home-made tobacco, and helping himself to a liberal "chaw."

The depot building moved slightly, lifted, turned slowly with a waltzing motion, and drifted off down stream. Telegraph-posts followed, washed up and falling like trees with a sullen splash. A stack or two of rough food, straw and fodder came sailing by, bowing and bending with the motion of the

water. Then more logs and a great pile of drift. And the river was still rising.

John, Dick, and Ralph Woody went out to the extreme end of a knoll of ground that was now a peninsula, and stood looking down on the flood with vivid interest. A hammock of fence-rails, planks, and *débris,* carried by the current around the end of the bridge, drifted past the spot where they stood; there was a dead tree lying across it, with three or four chickens perched among its branches; a drowned hog was caught between two of the planks. The men looked at each other, but said nothing. More trash, and the body of a dead horse; then something square and large like a great dark box, that turned over and over as it floated down; then another dead horse. Dick glanced round with a great fear in his eyes. "The stage!" he said hoarsely.

"Thet fust horse was Carter's dun mare, an' the other—"

"Was mine," finished John, with a break in his voice—"I know. And Charlie?"

"They'll be out on the hillside safe enough. Carter ain't one to be took onawar' an' lose his head. He knows the ways of water good es any man upon the mountain. Old man Carter knows what to do in er freshet. Depen' upon it he had all ther folks out on ther hillside long afore the wust come. The stable an' lot is a sight nigher the river then the house." Woody spoke reassuringly, but his heart was small and faint within him.

The sun, clear and bright, rose above the crests of the eastern mountains, and sent long level rays like golden fingers across the tree-tops and the valley, touching the breast of the raging flood and the anxious brows of the pallid groups. And the river rose and rose, inch by inch, foot by foot; and the people waited breathless.

A sound from up by the bridge—a crashing, and tearing and rending, high above the steady monotonous roar of the water. The iron-work was giving way, was snapping like glass before the assault of the terrible battering-ram the flood was hurling against it. A house, driven end foremost against the pile of logs and *débris* already collected; a house with human beings—men, women, little children—on the roof, crouching, clinging in mortal terror to the very shingles; the wild

wail of whose agony and fear rose high above the fury of the flood, as the house struck. The bridge parted; the hammock, freed at last, broke and floated down stream in fragments; the house remained for a moment stationary, hung against the masonry of the middle pier. God! for power to save them! for strength to hold back the death-torrent! The house bent with the force of the current, recovered itself, bent again. Dick thrust himself in front of John, and held him forcibly back behind his broad shoulder: he *should not* see it. The flooring of the bridge gave way, the house swung round with a sudden lurch as it was caught by the unobstructed might of the torrent; one end caught against the pier held it still, it careened to one side more and more, the water was too strong, and it capsized slowly. A wail broke from the helpless spectators. Women cast their aprons over their faces and sobbed aloud, and men wrung their hard hands together and groaned.

Is there no end to tragedy? Something else comes floating down the death-stream, past the ruined bridge, in the wake of the house which had proved a sepulchre. A boat; one of the kind peculiar to the rivers of the South—flat-bottomed, almost square at stem and stern, but raked so as to ride the water like a duck. In it stood a boy, waving his hands to them entreatingly, calling aloud in a voice inaudible to them, lost in the roar of the flood. As it neared they saw something white lying in the bottom of the boat, huddled in a heap at the boy's feet.

"It's Charlie!" muttered John, hoarsely, and began to tear off his coat, forgetful of his fifty years and his eighteen-stone weight.

Dick caught him by the arm. "Hold on, John!" he cried, "you can't do it man; you'll be drowned afore you've gone fifty yards. Hand along thet rope, Thrasher; and stand by, fellows, to haul in when I give ther sign. I'm goin'."

And in less than a moment he was stripped to the trousers, had a rope fastened securely under his shoulders, and a knife between his teeth to cut it if it should foul, and was up to his neck in the turbid flood.

Woody, with his legs well apart and his back braced against a tree, paid out the rope steadily, while Thrasher and John stood by watchfully, ready to render aid at a second's notice.

The rest of the villagers, scenting the new excitement, came hurrying up; and Knapp, at John's suggestion, tore off to the store for more rope.

Dick was a stout swimmer and a wary one. Where the water was backed over the land the work was easy. With great, strong strokes he swam, going with the current, and saving his strength for the dash into the strong water when the boat should drift near enough. On it came, the boy kneeling in the head watching eagerly the white mass in the bottom motionless. Gathering all his strength, Dick drew hard on the rope to slacken it, and dashed into the current. It was hard work, cruel work, battling with the greedy water for its prey; but he fought on with the dauntless resolution that was part of his nature.

The great muscles stood out in the powerful arms; the broad, bare chest rose and fell with each magnificent stroke as evenly and rhythmically as a piece of machinery; the blue eyes were steady and very watchful. They neared each other, the drifting boat and the struggling man. John fell on his knees and cried aloud, "God help him!" and the crowd took it up, crying too, "God help him!"

Woody paid out steadily, letting the rope slip through his hands swiftly as it was needed. The two objects in the water were approaching still more nearly to each other. The boy leaned far over the side, in his eagerness, and stretched out his hand. Dick caught at it, missed it; caught at it again, and was drawn to the side of the boat. A mighty shout went up from the people, who cried, "Thank God! thank God!" But the end was not yet.

Dick swam by the side of the boat, with one hand on the gunwale; but both were in the current drifting down, and there was danger of the rope fouling and dragging him under. Suddenly the strain on it ceased; it hung limp in Woody's hand, and he pulled it in, a yard at a time. Had it broken? The men groaned in terror and excitement as the boat drifted on.

About a mile below, a great mountain-spur jutted boldly out into the valley, causing the river to make a sharp bend in order to sweep around it. In the elbow formed by this bluff the flood was backed, making a great pond of eddy-water comparatively still. As the current rushed down the centre chan-

nel, floating drift was cast aside by the force of the sweep into this eddy, where it circled slowly and lodged against the bluff. Already great logs and piles of *débris* formed hammocks against the hillside, and Dick noticed the action of the water as he swam. If there had been a paddle, a bit of board, or even a shingle in the boat, he would have scrambled in and endeavored to guide the little vessel into the eddy; but there was nothing. He must try to draw it to the edge of the current by swimming, and let the water throw him out. Hauling up the rope, he made Charlie cut it and fasten one end to the head of the boat, passing it through a hole and doubling it around his shoulders for greater strength. Then swimming obliquely, he drew the boat after him, fighting inch by inch, but gaining slowly. All the long mile the battle continued, until at last victory was achieved. The boat, drawn from the swiftest of the current, was thrown into the eddy-water, where Dick, well-nigh exhausted, laid his hand again on the gunwale to guide her and let her float down towards the bluff.

The men, who had kept pace with them by running and scrambling along the hillside, climbed out over the trash and hammocks, regardless of holes and the danger of rolling logs, intent only on getting at the boat and its occupants. Dick had contrived to wedge it into a tolerably secure place near the shore, and had climbed into it, cutting himself free of the rope. He was bending down close over something in the bottom of the boat, shielding it from sight with his body. "Throw me a coat!" he called; and Woody stripped off his and threw it. Dick rose up presently with something in his arms closely enveloped in the folds of the heavy garment, and leaning over, gently put it into Woody's arms. It was small and very heavy —the body of a little child.

Then Dick stepped on to the hammock himself with the form of a woman in his arms; a woman in a long white night-dress that clung wet and close to her form, defining every splendid line and curve, from the superb bust and shoulders to the slender, rounded ankles. Her face, pallid as marble, rested against Dick's breast, and her long black hair, heavy with water, trailed in a dripping mass over his bare white arm and shoulder. Somebody—John—handed him another coat, and he wrapped it around her.

HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY

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Not a breath stirred, and the world waited for the dawn-wonder. In the dimness, the trees held naked arms aloft, and every bush and twig uplifted itself with sturdy aspiration and silently accumulated energy, with slow compacting of bark and fibre, to meet the stir and impulse of the spring. Tom dropped on his knees on a mossy stone and laid his lips to the surface of the water, drawing it in in deep draughts. When he lifted his face the long ends of his sandy mustache were dripping and bedraggled, like the feathers of a rooster caught out in a storm. He dried it on his coat-sleeve, as is nature's instinct, and rose to his feet, glancing in the direction of the cabin as he did so. The moon, reduced to a specter, lay against the cold gray of the sky, like a pale anemone against a limestone boulder. Around the eastern horizon a narrow line of light conveyed the intelligence that the nations in the far places of the earth had entered on their heritage of rest.

From the log hen-house behind the cabin a couple of roosters voiced their discovery of dawn with as much eagerness as though it had been an unprecedented happening. They could not get over it, or their own joy, and crowed singly and then together, piling up testimony in duet and solo so that there should be no mistake about the matter. And, as if in response to their urgency, a thin trail of smoke rose from the cabin chimney and floated upward, showing that the fire had been stirred and fresh chips laid on, with a thought of breakfast in the background. The door opened and a man stepped out on the porch with a gun in his hand: the voices of dogs whimpering in an out-house attracted Tom's attention, and explained the phenomenon of his own unchallenged approach.

"Rob fastened up the dogs over-night," he soliloquized. "He's gwine to his turkey-blind most likely."

His eyes followed Rob as he crossed the clearing and jumped the draw-bars at the side beyond the cabin. It was not much of a jump, for half the bars lay on the ground, since there was nothing in the field for the cattle to hurt, but Rob took it at long range from sheer pleasure in his own agility.

Tom had no impulse to join his rival, or to exchange gratuitous civilities with him, so he waited at the spring until Rob should strike into the path lower down and get ahead of him. When he had allowed the hunter what he considered a sufficient start, Tom resumed his own journey down the mountain.

The light had increased, and aided by the reflection from the snow, was strong enough to make objects visible, and to etch the bare branches with tolerable distinctness on the cold background furnished by atmospheric distance. The thought crossed Tom's mind that the hunter must have overslept himself—"bein' Sunday," and that a trip to a turkey-blind so close on sunrise would be love's labor lost.

"Wild turkeys air gifted fowels," he pondered, with insight gained by experience, "Havin' to look out fur number one an' scuffle fur a livin' sharpens birds ther same as humans—keeps ther intellecks God A'mighty gin 'em in prime runnin' order. *Keen* ain't ther word fur thar eyes an' y' ears an' it's my belief them old gawblers kin smell too, same as a fox-hound. An' notice!—thar ain't nothin' gwine little enough fur 'em to miss! It's plumb curious! Every stick an' limb an' scrop o' bresh you lay on a blind have got to be stole thar—one at a time, an' days an' days between licks so them durned razor-edged creeters kin count it natu'l growin'. Then ther baitin'!—just as percise as stalkin' deer an' heap mo' troublesome. An' at last, when you come to shoot, if you ain't squattin' in their blind an hour befo' they git thar, or so much as break a stick onbeknownst—good-bye-turkey! Funny how tamin' 'em thickens up thar senses. A tame turkey is a natu'l born fool."

Tom's ruminations on the deleterious effects of domestication were cut short by a sound in the woods. He instantly paused, with eyes alert and attention keenly arrested—it was the note of a wild turkey. An answering call came from the other side, from the direction in which Tom supposed the blind to be. His practiced ear unconsciously analyzed the quick, sharp notes, and his inward comment was that Rob's turkey-bone had a flaw in it. The imitation of the wild bird's call was fairly good, but not perfect; the second effort was better but still not up to nature, and the suspicious old gobbler, who had opened the conversation, seemed to feel a want, for he plainly came to a halt and called again. Rob replied, and

now it would have required a subtle ear to detect a difference between the sounds. About fifteen yards ahead of the spot where Tom stood, a fallen log lay beside the path with a fringe of bushes close up to it. The bushes stirred, parted, and a splendid gobbler appeared upon the log; he lifted his scarlet head and turned it this way and that, as though taking observations, and having satisfied himself that the coast was clear —for Tom, at sight of him, had dodged behind a tree—opened his wings a little and jumped from the log, with a clucking call intended to reassure his following. Another, and another bird crossed the log and the path and disappeared in the woods in the wake of the first. Tom's quick eye numbered them—twenty-five, at least, and half of them, apparently, gobblers. His sporting instincts kindled, and he longed for a gun with ardor. Rob's seductive call sounded once more from the wood.

"Thet fellow gits all ther luck," growled Tom discontentedly. "He never even made thet blind. Connor done it himself befo' Chris'mas, an' then got tuckered out baitin' an' let Rob take the job. Rob air same as a possum 'bout gutherin' arter t'other folks plantin'."

Tom had yet to learn the world-old lesson that the successful man is not the man who simply labors, but he who can seize opportunity. Toil counts for much in life, but quick perception and instant adaptation count for more.

"I could spile his fun by creepin' through ther bushes an' mockin' a fox or some y'uther varmint," his thought ran on; "I could skeer them turkeys in-about to death. If t'warn't such a free-nigger trick I'd do it too. He'll git a gawbler this mornin' sure an' maybe three or four. When thar heads air down, pickin' corn, an' ther sight's good, I've know'd a prime passel kilt in a couple o' shots. I'd like to see what out he makes. Maybe I kin git close enough to view th'out spilin' sport."

He turned aside into the woods, stepping cautiously and following the tracks of the turkeys, distinctly visible in the snow. Once or twice he paused to listen, and then moved forward carefully. The blind was nearer than he had supposed, in a little hollow, or more accurately, slight depression in the hillside. Tom approached as near as he dared, and then noiselessly climbed a tree, to give himself every advantage.

For a few yards the ground was comparatively level and had been utilized for a field of action. Not a bush, nor stone, nor bit of brush, had been meddled with; but the fallen leaves had been moved aside to make a baiting-place in the center, with "leaders" from it into the woods in various directions. The blind was a mere brush-heap, disposed as naturally as possible, behind which a man could crouch and through the interstices of which he must take his chance of hitting his game. The pile of corn at the central baiting-place, and in the little trails leading from it, had been covered by the snow, but Tom could see that fresh grain had been scattered about, and a good deal of it in line with the blind.

The turkeys were busy with their breakfast, but huddled together so that to shoot among them might be productive of more terror than execution. Tom could see the hunter lift his head and peer cautiously through the brush: he was waiting for the flock to spread out and give him a better shot. The sun just showed a rim above the eastern mountains and the level light-rays glinted along the burnished backs of the bending birds and struck out prismatic reflections: the crimson of their wattles came out bravely against the whiteness of the snow. They had laid aside all caution, and every bird had breakfast in his mind and naught besides, and pushed and huddled against his neighbors in efforts to secure the major portion of the food for himself. Soon they began to spread out, following the lines of corn. Rob raised himself, crouching upwards inch by inch, and swerving sideways to rid himself of the brush. The watcher felt a thrill of excitement tingle along his nerves, his hand closed on a near limb as though it had been a gun-barrel; involuntarily he closed one eye and inclined his head a little for the sight.

Four splendid gobblers were in line, their heads almost together, their bodies even, like soldiers on parade. Beyond them a group of seven or eight fed toward the blind. Rob had inched himself to the edge of the brush-heap; he was on his knees, the gun against his shoulder: the gobblers' heads were down; he crouched lower, aimed steadily, and sent the contents of both barrels, in quick succession, into the flock.

What followed was like the transformation scene at a theater. The turkeys started, leaped upward with cries of

alarm and amazement, and vanished into the woods on every side, leaving their dead on the field. In a quarter of a second not a living feather was in sight, and hardly a sound of the stampede audible in the bushes.

Rob advanced, gun in hand, to examine his game. The charge had been heavy and the range close: three of the four gobblers had been beheaded as cleanly as though guillotined. The second shot, although not so pretty, had been equally effective, and Rob was surrounded by trophies of his success seven in number.

Tom slipped down from his post of observation and came forward, quick with the sportsman's instinct of helping to secure game.

"Mornin', Rob," he called, accounting for himself at once. "I seed you come out as I passed the clearin' along about daybreak, an' I 'lowed you was arter turkeys. The critters crossed the path lower down an' I crept in arter 'em to see ther fun. You done some toler'ble pretty shootin' just now."

Rob pushed his hat backward and held out his hand. "Mornin'," he answered cheerily; "I'd have done better with a better gun. Them durned skittish fowels don't give a muzzle-loader much chance. If you're tol'r'ble spry an' have luck, you git in a couple o' shots an' thar's the end o' your tether. Whyn't you sing out when you seed me? I'd have fetched you out a gun. 'Twas a pretty passel o' turkeys."

"Mighty pretty," Tom assented, catching up one of the gobblers by the legs and weighing it in his hand. "Them fellows ought to dress twenty pounds apiece. What air you aimin' to do with 'em?"

"Eat some, an' sell some," Rob replied laconically. "They'll fetch somthin', I reckon, in the Marshal market," Tom observed. "Ther winter's been open so far, an' thar ain't been the glut o' game that comes with a snowy season. It's in better order too. I'll help you tote it home if you want me."

The offer was accepted, and the men shouldered the game and proceeded with it to the cabin in the clearing.

LOUISA S. McCORD

[1810—1879]

CLELIA P. McGOWAN

LOUISA S. McCORD was born in 1810 in Charleston, South Carolina. Her father, the Honorable Langdon Cheves, was one of the most highly gifted of the many remarkable men claimed by the county of Abbeville, South Carolina, and his daughter inherited much of his force and vigor of intellect. Many articles from her pen in *DeBow's Review* and the *Southern Quarterly* show her literary ability and her entire familiarity with the burning political and economic questions of that day and generation.

Langdon Cheves, Member of Congress in 1810, Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, 1816, was in 1819 elected president of the United States Bank. This position, and a subsequent office as Chief Commissioner of Claims under the Treaty of Ghent, necessitated his residence in Philadelphia for a number of years. There Louisa attended the school of an accomplished Irishman, Mr. Grimshaw, and later, studying with Mr. and Mrs. Picot, French emigrés, became a proficient French scholar, to the end of her life speaking French as easily as English.

As young girls, she and her sister saw something of life in Washington, where, as well as at the residence her father owned in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the home also of President Buchanan, Louisa Cheves had the opportunity of associating with and observing distinguished men from other sections of the country. All of these circumstances went to develop and mould the remarkable mind and character which were later to expend themselves so nobly.

Early in life she inherited the large plantation known as "Lang Syne," near Fort Motte, South Carolina, mention of which to-day among her descendants seems to bring up an overwhelming rush of memories and personal experiences, or those so often heard as to seem personal. Well organized, with many arrangements for the health and comfort of the "people," as the negroes were called, this plantation, making constant demand on all the faculties, developed the practical side of her nature, and gave her training for the larger work awaiting her. Here she had for her negroes a hospital and a day nursery, both under her personal supervision. She was a fearless rider, making her daily rounds of inspection of the plantation

work on horseback. Her home was most hospitable, but there was no display. She used to say that "women with three hundred children could not afford diamonds."

In 1840 she married David J. McCord of Columbia, and for thirteen years she knew that happiness which wedded life, where minds as well as hearts are congenial, alone can give. Their interests were the same in public questions and private studies. Their writing tables stood on either side of the big open fireplace in the library at Lang Syne, and there was constant interchange of sympathy and criticism. Her literary work was limited to those years. After her husband's death and a succession of family bereavements her health and eyesight failed. Two years were spent in Europe, where she received kindness and attention from literary people and others to whom she carried letters.

As her son grew older, more time was spent in Columbia for the necessary educational facilities, and the life there was largely in the circle of college professors and other friends of "old Columbia" society. In the war between the States this only son lost his life at the age of twenty-one, January 23, 1863. During the remaining years of the war, Mrs. McCord devoted her utmost strength and means to alleviating the sufferings of the Southern soldiers, and in otherwise aiding the Cause. She was first president of the Soldiers' Relief Association, and chief worker in the Government hospital established in the South Carolina College. She conducted a soup-kitchen in her own home, where from fifty to a hundred men were fed day after day for many months; and on the plantation she set up work-shops of all kinds. Cloth was woven, shoes were made, the hair of rabbits, spun with old silk ravelings, was knitted into gloves, lead from an elaborate system of water-works was sent to make bullets; and, in the midst of all this, she accomplished her task of knitting three socks every day, including Sunday. Under such pressure of grief, anxiety, and exhausting physical exertion, the mind still struggled for expression as of old, in scattered lines written on bits of newspaper and old envelopes.

After the war Mrs. McCord spent the remaining years of her life with her daughters, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1879.

In making any estimate of Mrs. McCord's literary work it is necessary to take into consideration the extraordinary epoch during which she lived, the circumstances of her life and the atmosphere which surrounded her, all of which have been indicated in this personal sketch.

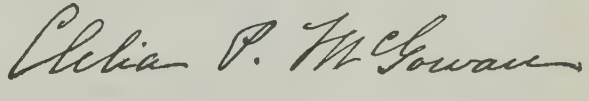
That she should have found time to write at all is remarkable; that she should have written trenchant and able articles on political

and economic questions is more so. She made an admirable translation of Bastiat's 'Principles of Political Economy,' which might well be adapted for use in the public schools of this free country.

A little volume entitled 'My Dreams' contains the fugitive verse accredited to Mrs. McCord's pen. Here and there is seen the "gleam of true poetic fervor" of which she speaks in the dedication of this little volume to her father, but in no one instance is there any theme, or handling of theme, suggestive of the force and fire which make her poetic tragedy, "Caius Gracchus" a thing of life. It is deeply touching and significant in reading this "Tragedy in Five Acts" to see that Mrs. McCord all unwittingly foreshadows her own tragic future. She was indeed a Mother of Gracchi, after the death of her only boy, seeing in every Southern soldier another son for sacrifice.

Honorable W. P. Miles, Member of Confederate Congress and president of South Carolina College in 1880, says of the "Caius Gracchus": "It abounds in striking passages full of high and noble thoughts, clothed in language well fitted to give them just expression. The characters of Gracchus and Cornelia are given in accordance with their traditional reputations; and the former, with due poetic license as the hero of the play, is portrayed in fairest hues as the ideal patriot and citizen. Some of his speeches are very fine and effective. 'Caius Gracchus,' like many plays written by some of the first English authors, is a 'closet drama' not intended for the stage. But that it shows strong dramatic power, and a high poetic faculty and sentiment, even the casual reader must admit."

Going further than this, the "Caius Gracchus" is a well considered and well sustained drama, on classic lines which can never be out of date. It compares most favorably with the work of Stephen Phillips and M. Rostand, who hold the highest place among the few modern dramatists. Studying "Caius Gracchus," it is easy to believe that had the hard and iron hand of war and much adversity not been laid so heavily on this mind, almost virile in its forces, Southern literature would have been made richer by her works.



CAIUS GRACCHUS

CHARACTERS

Caius Gracchus,
Opimius, Lucullus, Roman Senators
Pomponius, Licinius, Friends of Gracchus
Fulvius, Factious Citizen
Septimulieus, Citizen
Livius Drusus, Tribune
Philocrates, Slave of Gracchus
Cornelia, Mother of Gracchus
Licinia, Wife of Gracchus

Senators, Citizens, Tribune, Child, etc.

THE CLAMOR FOR GRACCHUS

From Act I, Scene I.

FIRST CITIZEN (*Aside*).

Thus they out-talk us. We had best away,
But let us give one cheer before we go. (*Aloud*)
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

CITIZENS.

Huzza! huzza!
(*Exeunt Citizens with Pomponius.*)

LUCULLUS.

Do you note that?

OPIMIUS.

Ay, damn him! Note it well!
He'll be the incubus will ride us yet;
And faith, he'll spare no spurring when he mounts.
His flashing eye has that within it speaks
A daring spirit, near which, did he live,
Tiberius would seem mild and humble.
His voice has tones which strike into the heart.
I late was in Sardinia, and I heard
When he addressed the troops. There was a thrill
Upon each noted wording of his tongue
That made me shiver. While I hated him,
And could have plunged a dagger to his heart,
Tears crept into mine eyes, and I must weep.

When he upbraided them their want of duty,
It seemed myself had sinned, and been
The recreant soldier, whom his tongue disdained.
And when he spurred them to a nobler course,
My bounding heart burst forth in loud acclaim;
Spite of myself, it worshipped Caius Gracchus.
And yet I hate him. If his burning words
Can stamp them so, upon a heart like mine,
Which nature, circumstances, and every tie
Point him its bitter, great antagonist,
What wonder if the people hail him home,
Not with applause, but wild and frantic transport!

LUCULLUS.

He must not come; for the ripe city waits,
Like willing damsel, wanton at his wish,
To fall into his arms.

OPIMIUS.

He must not come,
If art or fraud can hinder. I have feared him
Since first (how well I note the day) he stood
Forgetting all the sham of modesty
That he had nursed to cheat our foresight off,
And in the rostra boldly dared to stand
In loud defence of Vettius. How he threw
From his bared shoulders the discarded gown!
Stamped, and strutted, in fierce passion casting
His fluent words in eloquent appeal
Forth to the trancèd people, who screamed out,
Well nigh mad for joy, their raptured triumph,
In hailing their plebeian orator.
I hate the villain, from my heart's deep core,
And I would scant at nothing which could cast
The people from their love and worship of him.
Pshaw! here comes trooping back the noisy crowd;
I have no stomach for their prate to-day—
Let us pass on. (*Exeunt*)

THE RETURN OF GRACCHUS

From Act I, Scene III.

LICINIA.

But mother, you
Methinks are hardly glad to know he's coming.
Your cheek has found no flush of expectation,
Your eye no glance of triumph. There you sit
And argue calmly, while I am mad
To strain him to my heart.

CORNELIA.

Your love, my child,
Is wild with youth. Mine, sobered with life's age,
By thought and sorrow tamed to curb itself,
Is therefore not less true, and might perchance
Die for the loved one, full as soon as yours.

LICINIA.

But tell me, mother, when you heard it said
Your son was coming home, why did a tear
Start to your eye? And while my poor heart beat
And fluttered with the wildness of its hope,
Why did you simply wipe that tear away,
Nor ever even say, "I'm glad to know it"?
Surely you love him, mother!

CORNELIA.

Surely, yes.
But see, the loved one here!

(*Enter Gracchus.*)

GRACCHUS.

Ah! my sweet bird,
Who watchest for thy mate, now tune thy song
To welcome home the wanderer. Mother, here
I bring you home the heart whose every thought
Hath been for you, this dear one, and for Rome.

CORNELIA.

Welcome to Rome, my boy.

LICINIA.

But thou art strange!
Why truly, mother, thou didst promise right
That I had lost my love. This is not he!
This bearded soldier, seamed and browned in the wars!

GRACCHUS.

What, saucy one! Would'st thou disown thy lord?
Nay, I am used to keep a stricter rule,
And will allow no mutiny in camp.
So rebel, come, that I may punish thee
With this, and this—and thus with kisses plague thee!

LICINIA.

Nay; get thee gone. I must perforce admit,
By these rough ways, thou'rt still the feather-head
Who left me here, some many years agone.
I thought thou hadst grown wiser.

GRACCHUS.

How's this, mother?
You have not been half strict enough, I fear,
In training of this sauce-box. But pardon,
I am a fool; for I stand trifling here,
The while your grave look holds some big import.
What is it, mother? Speak. I too have learned
To wrap me much in deeper thoughts of late.

LICINIA.

Nay, Gracchus—prithee, love! nay, not that look!
Thou mak'st me thus already weep to think
That thou art come again to this stern Rome.

GRACCHUS.

What, have you not grown older? Still the same?
My little pet must pout her rosy lip,
And sulk at business, when it rivals love!
Smooth down thy ruffled feathers, pretty one;
For surely not my wish, but need, doth force
My thought aside so soon, to wander from thee.
Mother, your anxious look should find its words.

CORNELIA.

Unwillingly, with harshness thus to break
Upon our happy meeting; but I fear
Each moment lost is so much life-blood drawn,
Weakening your cause, to make it hang its head
As evil-conscienced, or as sick at heart.
Rome's all a-fire; and your best lovers now
Half-turned against you, pondering, shake their heads.
As doubtful of your course.

GRACCHUS.

What! would they wish
To see me drag out life the Senate's drudge?
To rot away my soul, like worthless carcass
In the highway cast, for daws and crows to pick at!
Bear down my spirit to feebleness of age!
All for the profit of the proud usurpers,
Who from between our teeth the hard-earned bread
Snatch wantonly, to make them luxuries
At which the starving people stare, and wonder
What are their uses and their purposes!

CORNELIA.

Be cool! be cool! and heed that you do not,
In blaming one extreme, to the other rush.
But for the present, think first of yourself,
And purge yourself from rashness. Claim your right,
Making appeal to the censors of your cause.
Where you are slandered, charge the slander back,
And cleanse the name that envy seeks to blot.

GRACCHUS.

Mother, you're right. I loiter here too long.
Farewell, Licinia, I'll be quickly back.
Send your best wishes with me and take heart.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE TRIBUNE

From Act II, Scene II.

SEPTIMULIEUS.

I knew it! bless the Gods! We're now almost
Upon the ladder's top. The people's voice
Will hoist up Gracchus! Then, good luck, his friends!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Spite of the Senate they will make him tribune.

SEPTIMULIEUS.

Ay; to be sure they will! and he will make
A glorious tribune too! Pray ye, remember
I've always been his friend. No shuffler, I,
To catch the passing time. I've ever kept
My service in his cause, and I know too,
He notes my merits kindly.

(*Enter Fulvius.*)

FULVIUS.

Huzza, boys!
The votes are counted. Gracchus is our tribune!
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

CITIZENS.

Huzza! huzza!

SEPTIMULIEUS.

I told you so! I'm one of his best friends!
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Now we've got
A tribune who, as cunningly as need be,
May pose the law against your Livius Drusus.

FULVIUS.

Ay, let our lordly rulers champ the bit
And fret their hearts out; 'tis not like that Gracchus
Will abdicate the tribuneship to please them.

He's fairly mounted and he'll ride them down.
'Twill do me good to see the proud patrician
Bending beneath the spur, plunging and foaming,
Like high-bred courser vaulting from the will
Of who would ride him: forced again to crouch,
Groaning in mingled rage and agony,
Till whip and spur at last have done their work,
And the proud blood is tamed to bow its neck,
Offering its head to meet the steady rein
Which leads him to his task.

UNWELCOME COUNSELLINGS

From Act II, Scene IV.

GRACCHUS.

But you are too unruly. You have schooled
The citizens to riot. When they should
By hardy temperance, steady perseverance,
Push on to their great end, you rouse them idly
To drinking and excess. Those powers of mind
Which to a resolute effort should be turned
You make them drown in license and debauch.

FULVIUS.

Why, one would think, you had not yet unlearned
Your school-boy lesson; that you truly deemed
The popular majesty an enthronèd thought,
And not a joke to gull the dirty crowd
And coax the votes from its high mightiness.

GRACCHUS.

You word it well; an enthronèd thought it is!
The might of mind, whose myriad streamlets meet,
One gathered flood of condensed light to form.
Each dirty rivulet its ripple brings,
Which in the sweeping current mingling, drops
Its dust and dross. Its purer part goes on,
And on, and on—until at last the whole,
By the great alchemy of reason, flows
Pure as it must be, from its origin.
Thought sprang from God, and all bestained with earth,

Struggling and creeping still, at last the truth
Is forced upon the day. The world's great mind
Though stumbling off in error, must at last
Work out its vexed problem, and perfection
Wrought from reflected deity in man,
Burst sun-like from the mist of error forth.

FULVIUS.

Strange pantheon this our mottled world, in sooth,
Of embryo deities? At a cheap rate
You make your Gods,
Who trick themselves in wisdom,
Picked up, 'twould seem, in filth and public gutters.
Yon drunken blackguard, rolling in the dust,
And yonder snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, gaping clown,
With their shag-heads, and vacant staring eyes,
Are these the exponents of your godlike thought?

GRACCHUS.

These, even these, are men; and I could weep
To see their nobler natures thus debased.
It is the sin of those who, better knowing,
Do dam the stream, instead of cutting out
A clearer course to give its current way.
If yours the better mind, its effort turn
To raise, not crush them lower in their mire.

FULVIUS.

I must be off, or you till midnight preach,
And these divinities, the citizens
Whom you to-day address, will take it ill,
If you are hoarse, and thence not eloquent.
Farewell! May all the Gods shower blessings on you.
(*Exit Fulvius.*)

LICINIUS.

You waste your teaching on a heart like that.

GRACCHUS.

The heart is good. The head in truth sometimes,
For want of thought to steady it, doth wander
On bootless errands. 'Twill correct itself.

LICINIUS.

The heart is sapless; rotten at the core,
And the head weakened by its selfishness.
From head and heart alike, great thoughts are born;
The truly noble cannot sever them.
I'd shun the man, who at his nature scoffs,
And trampling on his own divinity
Feels not the consciousness of human greatness.
Forgive me, that, but dealing in few words,
In honest sooth I'd warn you—shun this Fulvius.

GRACCHUS.

He is my friend. I'll hear no ill of him.

LICINIUS.

Gracchus, it cannot be, a mind like yours
Should fail to fathom such a shallow thing
As this same Fulvius. Pray you——

GRACCHUS.

Pray you, cease,
Nor stun me with unwelcome counsellings.

LICINIUS.

But one word, only!

GRACCHUS.

What! You'd quarrel, would you?
Who underrates my friend, doth carp at me.

LICINIUS.

Would it were only at yourself I carped,
For you would listen patiently; but here—
Well, well; I've done. Your frown speaks stinted patience,
And anger listens to no argument. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM THE ADDRESS OF GRACCHUS

In Act II, Scene VI.

Friends, brothers, Roman citizens, I come
As ye have willed it, that I may explain
And speak to you concerning your own rights.
Man has, in every station, rights his due.
Our slaves look to their masters for support.
The very claims we hold upon their labor
Make us a rule to tender them again
What comforts we can furnish to their lot.
If placed by circumstance, necessity,
Beneath our rule, protection thence we owe—
And he basely evading these, degrades
Himself below the thus defrauded slave.
You, Romans, have a sterner government;
For our rich nobles, who do make themselves
Perforce the country's purse-holders, forget
To leave some portion of your gains for you
Whose toil and heart-ache won them. Are ye poor?
Why do your starving infants beg in vain
A hard, dry crust? Why are their shivering limbs
Wrapt but in rags, as they cower tearful round
The dying embers of your empty hearths?
Are there no vacant lands, the people's due?
Where are the rich fields that your fathers conquered?
And where the exuberant harvests that yourselves
Have made Rome's property? What justice gave them
New riches to the rich? The proud patrician
Who toiled not, bled not, in the gaining them;
Who sat at home by the fire and warmed himself
By talking over battles that *you* fought;
He waited for no law to make them his;
But by the strong hand of oppression seizes
The bread which should have fed your hungry babes.
Is there no corn in the market? You will find
A large abundance. There have lately been
New importations from the provinces.
Why do you starve, then? Why do you not buy?
You smile as though the bare idea were strange.

You cannot buy. You have no monies. Rich,
Usurious, the plunderer speculates
On your starvation. Beggars the which you are
His robberies make you, and he taunts you then,
Mocking your poverty by this display,
Showing how rich the country is in grain,
While he from hunger-clenched fingers, screws
To pay for a mere handful, your last doit!
With poverty your chilling bed-fellow,
And hugged by hunger, while ye thus are driven
To wrap ye in your rags and wait for death,
Who are those laborers, well-dressed, happy, sleek,
Tilling the fields which, citizens, are yours?
From the depopulated country fly
The shepherd and the husbandman, to make
Room for the rich man's slave. Beasts have their dens,
They hide them in their caves, and there may rest;
But you, who in the cause of Italy
Your heart's-blood spill, ye Roman citizens—
To you she gives no home! She leaves you nought
Save only God's light and the air you breathe!
The poor man has no home; he claims no shed
'Neath which his huddling brats may gather them.
From place to place the forlorn things he drags
And with their mother lays them on the earth
There, where the soldier sleeps. What mockery then,
To call on such, ye generals of Rome,
And bid them fight for their domestic Gods,
Their homes and sepulchres! *Their* sepulchres!
Their fathers' bones are scattered to the winds
And the patrician ploughs them through his fields,
Nor heeds plebeian graves! And yet they fight;
Plebeians fight and die. The Roman blood
Boils up in the combat and the victory's won,
For what? That these proud rich may sit and revel
In some new luxury, some dear-bought pleasure,
While you, ye so-called masters of the world,
In your possession hold no foot of ground!
To your assistance you have summoned me;
And where the anxious thought you dared not word,

Your walls speak to me. Public monuments
In blotted and scrawled sentences implore
Succor to Rome. Dare ye then help yourselves?
On you I call, to make your effort too.

A MOTHER'S WARNING

From Act III, Scene I.

GRACCHUS.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

CORNELIA.

Curb it, my son; and watch against ambition!
Half demon and half god, she oft misleads
With a bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome;
And a hoarse murmuring vengeance smoulders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes;
But oh! beware, my son, how you shall force it!

GRACCHUS.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains which gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come!
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and Progress forward points.

CORNELIA.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
All progress is for good. But the deep curse
Of bleeding nations follows in the track
Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
To find a glory in its lust of rule;
Which piling private ill on public wrong,

Beneath the garb of patriotism hides
Its large-mawed cravings; and would thoughtless plunge
To every change, however riot waits,
With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
And red-eyed murder, to reproach the deed.
Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

GRACCHUS.

Man lives to die, and there's no better way
To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

CORNELIA.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
May but my son prove worthy of the crisis;
Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
Beyond the marked outline of licensed right;
Curbing his passions to the duty's rule;
Giving his country all—life, fortune, fame.
And only clutching back, with miser's care,
His all untainted honor. But take heed!
The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
The countenance of some higher, better thing.
'Tis well to seek this wisely; but with haste
Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach
It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
Remorse and darkest evil in her train.
Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to Heaven
Against this fearful mockery of right!
This license wild, which smothers liberty
While feigning to embrace it.

GRACCHUS.

Fantastic thought
Doth evil thus enwrap with unsketched ills.
No heart-sick maid, nor dream-struck boy am I
To scare myself with these.

CORNELIA.

Most true and more. I reverence human mind;
And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
To nature's inborn majesty in man.
But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
My feeble aid, this mighty power to lead
To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
To foul misuse of highest purposes,
The madness of their leaders drags them on.
I would not check aspiring, justly poised;
But rather bid you "on"—where light is clear
And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
Men in the aggregate cease not therefore
Still to be men; and where untaught they fall,
It is a noble duty, to awake
The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious right to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps!
And Wisdom is a laggard at her task
When but in closet speculations wrapt
She doth forget to share her thought abroad
And make mankind her heir.

GRACCHUS (*looking towards the street*)
Ah! Fulvius comes.

CORNELIA.

Your evil spirit haunts you in the form
Of this same factious citizen, who errs
From no bold error which outstrips the right,
(And thus misleads oft by exaggerate good,)
But, selfish to the core, he counts the worth
E'en of his madness.

GRACCHUS.

Mother, you are harsh.
But I've no time to battle in his cause.

Forgive my haste. I've business which must make
My best excuse for lack of courtesy.

(*Exit.*)

A MOTHER'S COMPLAINT

From Act IV, Scene V.

CORNELIA.

All wrong! all wrong! What mean these hired bands
Thronging our streets? No Roman faces these!
Strangers who skulk at noon-day, 'neath the garb
And roughness feigned of country reapers hiding
Some ill intent. I like it not; it smacks
Of evil purpose.

GRACCHUS.

Nay; to be trampled on!
Forever driven to the wall by fraud
From these our task-masters—yet to be reproached
When in their own base coin we pay them home
Some trifling arrears! Curse them, I'll strike,
And with their own unholy weapons maim them!

CORNELIA.

This is a mistimed anger, and I grieve
That you to beard Opimius have resolved.
His aim is your imprudence, and you thus,
By this hotheaded Fulvius spurred, now cast
Your every point into his ready hand.
'Tis the calm right, that you should seek to win,
Nor cheat your heart, while nursing its revenge,
To think that duty works it. Call you this,
This rampant hate, and angry violence,
Which drives a thoughtless people to the verge
Of lawless anarchy, which grasps at fraud
To work its selfish ways, and makes success,
Not right, its rule of action—call you this,
Because you link with it some actual wrong
Inflicted on a thoughtless populace—
Call you this patriotism? Search your heart
And read its motives clearer.

GRACCHUS.

You wrong me much,
And travesty my truest feelings, mother,
In most unworthy garb.

CORNELIA.

Would it were so!
Most willingly I'd take the wrong myself,
To know your object pure. But you have let
Your passion much mislead you. You have been
So erring in your selfish thought, to lose
The higher point of action. May you find
Fitting occasion to retrace your steps!
The time's unripe, and you would force it on,
Not by a gentle teaching to the truth,
But gag it to your own ideas of right,
And force mankind to gulp your system down.
Oh! check this energy, whose mistimed warmth
Has in the crowd a storm of passion roused
Of inauspicious aspect. Con again
The lessons you yourself had taught, ere letting
Our moneyed landholders' oppressive frauds
Opposing frauds within your bosom wake,
Driving the noblest feelings to that verge
Where virtue becomes rashness, and ambition
Outtracks the path of right. If yet 'tis time,
Unspeak your spell. The angry turmoil sooth
Of differing tempers, which now clashing rage
Like the wild waves of some tumultuous sea,
Each lashing each to anger.

GRACCHUS.

Can it be
That I have thus in passion drowned the right?
There is a half contrition in my heart
That speaks your judgment true. Your calmer thought
Doth damp the fierceness of my anger's hate;
And with cooled passion, my big faults do rise
To taunt me with their folly. I will try;

Trust me, I'll do my best; and now farewell.
Licinia need not know all that is passing.
She has, you know, not half your courage, mother;
Let her be quiet; if the storm must burst,
She'll learn it time enough.

THE SADNESS OF FAREWELL

From Act V, Scene I.

LICINIA.

'Tis fearful, mother! Surely these are not
The men who call themselves the friends of Gracchus!

CORNELIA.

I would they did not. 'Tis the festered limb
That makes his cause to halt, and there's no surgeon
So skilful he can lop the gangrene off.
I fear me, the whole body dies of it.

LICINIA.

I would I were a man, with a man's soul,
And not the coward nature modelled me!

CORNELIA.

What would you, fair face, if you were a man?

LICINIA.

I know not what I would, but I would try
To stand by Caius as another self.
I would have cast myself before that crowd,
Instead of shrinking from its noisy riot,
And would have frowned on them, as Caius might,
Borrowing the solemn thunder of his voice,
And with his quiet majesty of mien,
Bid them go home, and hush their savage tumult.
I am a coward—ay—a very hare
For panting fearfulness, and yet methinks,
I could for Gracchus cast my life away,
E'en as a worthless straw!

CORNELIA.

Peace, peace, my child,
E'en in my breaking heart, which overcharged
With its own miseries bursts, I feel there's room
Still left to pity thee. But helpless all,
While pity grasps the burden, until reason
Doth totter 'neath the load, yet fails she still
To ease thee of one fraction of its weight.
Let us go home. You can do no good here.

LICINIA.

No, I must stay. Gracchus went out unarmed,
As though on simple business to the Forum,
And I have brought him this. (*Shows a dagger.*)

CORNELIA.

'Tis a small help.
But here he comes.

LICINIA.

Dear heaven! I give you thanks
For this one comfort, in so many sorrows!

(*Enter Gracchus and friends.*)

GRACCHUS.

Mother! Licinia! What do you here?

LICINIA.

We watch for you. I pray you, Caius, come,
Come with me home! You shake your head: well then—
Come with me anywhere! In other worlds
We'll make a home elsewhere. Nay smile not thus,
As though in mockery of my simple suit!
What's Rome to you that you should die for her,
And leave your wife and boy? Come, dearest—do!
Come drown ambition, drinking deep of love!

GRACCHUS.

Licinia, would you save your husband thus?
If I have erred ambitiously—at least,
Not by a foul desertion bid me swell

My much repented fault. Should I a traitor—
Recreant—turn cowardly, to shun my friends,
Would you, love, longer own my tarnished name,
Or rather weep for Gracchus as one dead,
With horror shrinking from the counterfeit,
Whose shame could blight his honor! E'en yourself,
With all your gentle cowardice, would shun
And blush to name the father of your boy.
Entreat me not, then, with an early shame
To blot his fair young brow; but rather let
A father's blessing guard his orphaned pillow.
Bear him my parting kiss, and now, farewell.

LICINIA.

(*Falling on her knees, catches his robe.*)
No, no! Come home with me! I'd love you still,
Though you of the world's shame were made the butt;
I'd love you in my heart's world, and forget
Men's flouts and hisses, as the howling cry
Of savage beasts that roam in unseen wilds.
Men's voices hurt us not: we'll let them pass,
And think that they are spirits, gibbering ghosts,
That wander in some stranger world to ours.
The wind doth blow and hiss us every day,
And howls and whistles in its mocking rage,
And yet we heed it not. The forest trees
Do constant whisper 'mong their summer leaves,
And yet we never fret to learn their secrets!
Men's talk, as innocent, would hurt us not,
Would we but doom them exiles from our world
And live in our own hearts!

GRACCHUS.

Dearest, you'd spurn—
None sooner than yourself—this foolish dream,
Did once your better reason find its sway.

LICINIA.

Speak to him, mother! Bid him stay with us.
What is the world to him? Its thought wounds not.
He would not bleed because it frowned! Speak, mother!

CORNELIA.

Alas! I cannot in your cause, my child.
Our life is for the world. Man doth forget
His every highest purpose, scorning it;
And from the level of his high intent
Doth thus degrade himself.

LICINIA.

Oh! I am mad!
I cannot reason; I but pray—"come home."
You do not leave me now as formerly,
Tribune or lawgiver, from the rostra speaking;
Nor yet a glorious war doth summon you,
Where should death be your lot, at least I'd see
Your corse brought home for noble funerals.
Meek victim of an angered foe, you go—
Oh Gods! for what? I had forgot—take this!
(*Gives the dagger.*)

GRACCHUS.

As a last gift I take it. But I go
Unarmed, as he should do whose mind is fixed
To suffer violence, rather than commit it.

LICINIA.

You go before the murderers of Tiberius
To throw your life away! And I must soon
A weeping suppliant to the river stand
To beg the corse of Gracchus! Mother, kneel!
Do you not love your son? Does your heart beat?
He is your all on earth! Kneel with me, mother,
(*Draws Cornelia to her knees.*)
Pray to him here, as though he were some god!
He will not dare refuse you! 'Twere a shame
To see him spurn his mother! I am mad;
I cannot pray. Pray *you* as though great Jove
Were looking down upon us! Mother, pray!

GRACCHUS.

Mother, have pity! Rise—remember now,
Your oft-spoke lesson. Death is nothing, standing
Close elbowed by dishonor. Kneel not to me.

CORNELIA.

I do not kneel to you. Hear me, ye Gods!
My supplications are to you for this
My last, best hope in life; my *only one!*
I pray ye now to give him strength to bear
This heavy trial; parting, worse than death,
From the heart-stricken loved ones! Go, my son,
I have no word to stop you. If your life
Without dishonor can be saved, remember
You owe it to your wife, and to your boy.
Farewell! The Gods protect you!

GRACCHUS.

Noble mother!
Forgive me that I have so often spurned
Your wiser councils. Now the ghosts of them,
While your reproach is mute, look mournful back
To show me all my folly, and my sin.
Farewell! . . . . . .
(*Disengages himself gently from Licinia, who falls fainting into Cornelia's arms.*)
And for this poor heart-broken thing,
Receive her, mother, as the legacy
Of all the love I bear you. (*Exit with friends.*)

CORNELIA.

What means my niggard eyes that they do leave
Their fount for sorrow dry! Let madness come!
Or drivelling idiocy, that droops in life
In moping corners! It were peaceful rest!
(*Pauses thoughtfully.*)
But this is weakness. Thus Heaven wills it not.
My laggard spirit faints before its time;
My task is not yet done. Up! up! and work!
Life yet has duties, and my comfort is
Yet to fulfil them. Daughter! Daughter! wake!
We must go seek our boy, who waits us still,
To show us how his wooden horse can trot!
Oh! what a motley is this struggling world!

THE DEATH OF GRACCHUS

From Act V, Scene VII.

GRACCHUS.

Here I must stop. Exhaustion seizes me.
Ye Goddesses, grim tenants of this grove,
Sprung up in vengeance from the angry blood
Of Coelus, shed by his exasperate son,
Receive me, a self-offered sacrifice
To ward your vengeance from unhappy Rome.
Let my spilt blood that soon will sprinkle round
Upon your dark-leaved cedars' roots, its life,
Smooth down those jealousies, and heal dissensions
Whose earthquake troubles in their tremblings rock
The fated city to its threatened fall.
Methinks ye heed my prayer. I see ye now.
Your blood-shot eyes gaze on me with a look
Inexorable and yet half in pity.
Your serpent hair towards me hissing seems
As 'twould th' expiatory victim seize!
Officiating priest, my brow I bind
With cedar wreaths, for my own sacrifice,
And wait the blow that to your vengeance gives me.
Philocrates, there is yet time. Escape.

PHILOCRATES.

Never.

(*Enter Opimius with troops, Lucullus, Septimulieus, etc.*)

OPIMIUS.

There stands the traitor. Down with him!
Ye pause, ye rabble crew, as though ye saw
Some god to wonder at.

SOLDIER.

Methinks it is.
I would not dare to touch him for my life.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Nor I. The thought would haunt me to my grave.
(*They throw down their arms, and Lucullus rushes to strike Gracchus.*)

LUCULLUS.

Then take thy death from me.
(*Philocrates throws himself in the way, receives the blow, and at the same strikes Lucullus. Both fall.*)
Base slave! Stand off!
He's killed me. Oh! to die by a slave's hand!

GRACCHUS (*looking at Philocrates.*)

And thou art gone, my last true friend, before me.
(*Septimulieus creeps behind Gracchus and stabs him.*)
'Tis done! I thank ye, Gods! (*Dies.*)

SEPTIMULIEUS.

The gold is mine!

OPIMIUS.

Villain! it is.

EDWARD McCRADY

[1833—1903]

ALEXANDER S. SALLEY, JR.

EDWARD McCRADY, LL.D., D.C.L., son of the Honorable Edward McCrady (1802-1892) and Louisa Rebecca (Lane) McCrady, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 8, 1833. He received his preparatory training at the school of Samuel Burns in his native city, and was graduated from the College of Charleston in 1853. After reading law in his father's office he was admitted to the Bar in May, 1855, and immediately entered upon the practice of law with his father. He took an active interest in the militia and in May, 1854, was elected major of a rifle battalion. The next year he wrote several articles on the necessity of militia reform. This led to his appointment on a commission, created under a resolution of the General Assembly in 1859, to examine the militia system of the State. In 1860 he resigned his commission as major of the rifle battalion and accepted the captaincy of a company of guards. His active service in the State military establishment began with the taking of Castle Pinckney in the harbor of Charleston, December 27, 1860, and ended with the surrender of Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861.

He then entered the service of the Confederate States, June 27, 1861, as captain of the Irish Volunteers, of Charleston, the first company to volunteer for the war. He was at once ordered to Virginia, and his company was attached to the First (Gregg's) Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. He was promoted Major December 14, 1861, and Lieutenant-colonel June 27, 1862. When the great battles around Richmond began soon after, Colonel McCrady was sick in bed in that city, but determined to join his command in the field, and so expressed himself to his physician, who positively refused to give his permission, assuring him that he could be of no use in the lines, and predicting death as the penalty of the attempt. Nevertheless, although too weak to ride on horseback, he hired a carriage and had himself driven to the lines, joining his brigade just as the battle of Cold Harbor began, and reporting to General Gregg for duty. As he was unable to walk, General Gregg ordered him to serve on his staff, so that he might remain mounted. In this manner he shared the fortunes of his brigade during the action, rendering valuable services, but fainting three times upon the field. After the

battle he was taken back to his sick-bed in Richmond, to linger for weeks with typhoid fever. On July 30, 1862, although scarcely recovered and still very feeble, he rejoined his regiment and commanded it at the battle of Cedar Run and at Second Manassas, where he was severely wounded in the head. Narrowly escaping death from this wound, he missed the Maryland campaign, but rejoined his command after its return to Virginia, during the affair at Snicker's Gap. He was present for duty at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and rendered good service in assisting in the repulse of the Federal attack on Gregg's brigade, in which General Gregg was killed. On January 27, 1863, while in camp on Morse's Neck, he was seriously injured by a falling tree and rendered unfit for further field duty. Rejoining his command several times, only to find himself physically disabled, he saw his last actual engagement at Mine Run in December, 1863; and in March, 1864, he was transferred to the command of the camp of instruction at Madison, Florida, where he served until April, 1865. While on his way to join the Army of Northern Virginia he heard of General Lee's surrender, and surrendered himself on May 5, 1865.

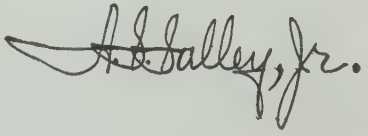
On February 24, 1863, Colonel McCrady was married at Chester, South Carolina, to Mary Fraser Davie, daughter of Major Allen J. Davie, an officer of the War of 1812, and granddaughter of Major William R. Davie, a famous leader of North Carolina militia in the Revolution and subsequently a general in the United States Army, Minister to France, and Governor of North Carolina. In October, 1865, McCrady resumed the practice of law in co-partnership with his father in Charleston. In 1867 he organized the Survivors' Association of Charleston, and two years later accepted its presidency. He was also chairman of the executive committee of the State Association in 1869, and commenced the work of recovering and collecting historical materials of the war between the United States and the Confederate States. His report of 1870 forms the basis of all the information we now have of the troops of South Carolina in the Confederate service.

In 1880 he was elected a member of the General Assembly, and was returned by successive reëlections till 1888. During his incumbency he introduced and carried through that body an act to establish a Bureau of Confederate War Records, a bill to prevent dueling, a bill perfecting the railroad laws of the State, and the famous "Eight Box Ballot Law," the first step toward an educational qualification for voters. In 1882 he was appointed Major-general of the State Militia, and had much to do with bringing the militia of the coast region to a high degree of efficiency. His legal services in connec-

tion with the political trials of the reconstruction period, his defence before the Supreme Court of the United States of the stockholders of the banks broken by the misfortunes growing out of the war between the United States and the Confederate States, and his arguments in the McKeegan and Davie will cases, with others, placed him in the front rank of the bar of South Carolina. In 1899 he was elected president of the South Carolina Historical Society, of which he had been an active member since 1875, and to which he contributed a large number of valuable monographs. He died in Charleston, November 1, 1903.

For many years prior to his death Colonel McCrady had applied himself to the writing of the history of his native State, which proved to be the greatest achievement of his life. This monumental work was published by the Macmillan Company of New York under the following titles: 'The History of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government, 1670-1719' (1897); 'The History of South Carolina under the Royal Government, 1719-1776' (1899); 'The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1775-1780' (1901); 'The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1780-1783' (1902). His history thus covers more than one hundred years, from the settlement of the Carolinas to the close of the Revolutionary War. Only one who loved his native State as he did could have felt the long neglect of her history by her own people, the slurs and slanders of alien authors, the richness and glory of her abundant and extraordinary records. Only one fitted by education, patient and determined labor, by trained discrimination in evidence and judgment, could have carried through the painstaking examination into authorities that enabled him to complete a work of such imperishable value. "The author's conception of his duty as an historian," says Professor Wauchope, "is thoroughly modern. He shows sound judgment in the selection and condensation of his material, avoids the vagaries of narrowness and preconception, and never allows himself to sacrifice fact to imagination. With a constant and honest desire to discover and record the truth, he yet does not ignore the atmosphere of adventure that surrounds his subject, and vitalizes the story of those early chaotic times with a touch of romance. Nor is there lack of realistic detail. Without tedious generalization we are supplied with a satisfactory analysis of the causes of things. Liberal in his estimate of men and measures, temperate and philosophical in spirit, the work commends itself to the general reader by its dramatic movement and readable style, and to the investigator by its scientific method and scholarly tone. One may regret the absence of literary finish, picturesque men, and vigor of imagination, but it should be borne in

mind that McCrady's work belongs not so much to the literature of feeling as to the literature of knowledge, and that since its appeal is obviously to the intellectual faculties, it would be unfair to expect a preponderance of æsthetic qualities."*



THE PREDECESSORS OF THE REGULAR SETTLERS

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Beyond the part of the province which had thus far been settled by the English, the Huguenots, the Irish, the Welsh, and Germans; beyond the points on the rivers to which they had pushed their canoes and carried their periaguers; and beyond the sand hills which stretch in a belt, from twenty to forty miles from the Savannah River to the upper part of the Pee Dee, and thence into North Carolina, and which in some of the first maps is marked Deserta Arenosa—the Great Desert—where we first come to the falls of the great rivers, lies the territory which used to be designated as the Up Country, or as Mr. Logan in his admirable work calls it Upper South Carolina, the magnificent domain now teeming with population and wealth, excelling in agriculture, and abounding in manufactures, which constitutes the present counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Edgefield, Greenville, Oconee, Pickens, Newberry, Laurens, Union, Spartanburg, Fairfield, Chester, Lancaster, York, Kershaw, and Richland.

The landscape of this country, when first visited by the English, was neither wholly rugged with mountains nor monotonously tame with unbroken plains, but a series of mingled elevated ranges, undulating hills, and flowing vales, forming a glorious analogue of the true Scotch-Irishman's heart and nature. Interspersed with forests and prairies and vast brakes

*See Wauchope's 'Writers of South Carolina.'

of cane—the latter often stretching in unbroken lines of evergreen for hundreds of miles from the alluvial country on the coast to the interior sources of streams, says Logan—it was not surpassed in picturesque beauty and grandeur by the best portions of Texas; and its virgin soil was not inferior to that of the same boasted state. When the hunters and cow drivers first penetrated this region there were considerable portions of it as destitute of trees and as luxuriant in grass and flower as any prairie of modern times. Through this country the Catawbas and the Cherokees roamed. It abounded in wild horses, buffaloes, bears, deer, elk, panthers, and other wild animals.

A country, says the same author, then abounding in magnificent woods and prairies and so rich in its production of animal life, must have offered, as do similar regions of the West at the present day, rare attractions to the hunter and stock-raiser; and if all information on the subject had been wholly lost, it would not be difficult to conjecture what sort of men first ventured to penetrate its unexplored wilds.

Three remarkable classes of men preceded by several years the regular settlers of northwestern Carolina; these were the hunters, cow drivers, and Indian traders. The hunter, though no pioneer—for he appropriated no lands, levelled no forests, and cultivated but little soil—yet served by his adventurous life many valuable purposes; he conciliated the jealous savages, impressed them, as Indians were easily impressed, by his romantic courage and unrivalled skill in the use of the rifle, with sentiments of respect for the character and prowess of white men, and brought back from his wanderings to the border settlements glowing accounts of Elysian fields he had seen in the wilderness, and thus opened the way to the most eligible sections for succeeding groups of advancing settlers. Thus Logan relates that Patrick and William Calhoun, the pioneers of western Abbeville, were induced to visit the Long Canes by descriptions of the fertility and loveliness of the country there which they had obtained from a band of hunters at the Waxhaws.

Not far from the log hut of the hunter stood that of the cow driver—a character likewise worthy of note. Besides his association with the Indians and these gloomy wilds, there was little romance about him; yet his life was one of self-reliance, hardship, and active vigilance, and in it were trained for emi-

nent usefulness many of the backwoods soldiers of the Revolution. Logan mentions General Andrew Williamson of White Hall as one that had been a cow driver in his youth on the Cane Pastures, and that in 1740 Thomas Nightingale, the maternal ancestor of the Johnsons of Charlestown, had established a cow pen six miles from the present site of Winnsboro. A cow pen was quite an important institution. It was usually officered with a superintendent and a corps of sub-agents—all active men, experienced woodsmen, and unfailing shots at long or short sight with the rifle. For these a hamlet of cabins was erected beside the large enclosures for the stock, all of which, with a considerable plot of cleared land in the vicinity for the cultivation of corn, made quite an opening in the woods; and when all were at home, and the cattle in the pens, presented a very noisy, civilized scene in the midst of the savage wilderness. These rude establishments became afterward, wherever they were found, the centres of settlements, founded by the cultivators of the soil, who followed just behind the cow drivers in their enterprising search for unappropriated productive lands. These embryo settlements never failed to afford abundant possessions, some society, and sure protection from the Indians and from the no less terrible white marauders who now began to infest the border.

But the Indian trader, says Logan, was a far more interesting character than either the hunter or the cow driver. Devoted as he was to the arts and wrangle of gain, he nevertheless possessed not only a fearless intrepidity, but a high order of intelligence, and in more than one instance education and learning. He advanced without ceremony into the heart of Indian settlements, and for the sake of pushing his lucrative business was content to live in many instances, a long lifetime deprived of the comforts and amenities of civilized society. Anthony Park, one of the first settlers of the back country, and who lived to a very advanced age in Newberry, travelled in 1758 some hundred miles among the Indians to the west of the Alleghany Mountains. He found several white men, chiefly Scotch or Irish, who said they had lived among the Indians as traders twenty years, a few from forty to fifty, and one sixty years. One of these said he had upward of seventy children and grandchildren in the Nation. If these ac-

counts be correct, says Logan, the oldest of these traders must have taken up his abode among the savages four hundred miles to the west of Charlestown before the close of the Seventeenth Century, when the white population of Carolina scarcely extended twenty miles from the sea coast. In 1690, several years before the English settlers on the Ashley knew that such a people as the Cherokees existed, one Daugherty, a trader from Virginia, ventured to take up his residence among them for the purpose of traffic.

The Indian trade, until 1716, was conducted solely under the auspices of individual enterprise. The system of exchange was exceedingly advantageous to the English adventurer; for a few trinkets, looking-glasses, pieces of colored cloth, hatchets, and guns of small value, he could procure, on the Savannah and Catawba, peltries which in Charlestown would command many times their original cost. But in that year, partly for the sake of its enormous profits, and partly with the design of having better control of the Indians in view of the public safety, the Proprietary Government assumed the direction of all its affairs, and conducted it thereafter as a great public monopoly.

Next to the traders, says Logan, the most interesting characters employed in the Indian traffic were the pack-horsemen. These frequently consisted in part of boys, under the direction of an experienced *voyageur,* and their life was one of exposure, hardship, and not unfrequently of thrilling adventures. In peace and in war, in every vicissitude of weather, they were found upon the path. When menaced, it was usual for several caravans to unite for mutual protection; yet they were not unfrequently attacked, the drivers and traders murdered or routed, and their horses and goods seized by the marauders.

THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE

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The fire of the fort was principally directed at the *Bristol* and *Experiment,* carrying each fifty guns, and they suffered most incredibly. The first was the flagship on board of which was Sir Peter Parker and with him Lord William Campbell, who had volunteered his service and was complimented with the command of her lower deck. Sir Peter received two wounds, but gallantly remained at his post, encouraging his men and reënforcing his ship from other vessels. Lord William Campbell received a wound in his side, which was at first reported to be not of a serious character, but from the effects of which he ultimately died. Early in the action the *Bristol* had the spring of her cable shot away, which caused her to lie end on to the battery, and was raked fore and aft. She lost upwards of one hundred men killed and wounded. Captain Morris received a number of wounds, but with noble obstinacy disdained to quit his post until his arm was shot off; he died a week after. Perhaps, it was said, another instance of such slaughter could not be produced; twice the quarterdeck was cleared of every person except Sir Peter, and he was wounded. The vessel had nine shots in her mainmast, which was so much damaged as to be obliged to be shortened; the mizzenmast had seven thirty-two-pounders, and had to be cut away. The day was very sultry with a burning sun, the wind very light, and the water consequently smooth. But for this it is probable the *Bristol* could not have been kept from filling, as she was hulled in many places and otherwise so damaged that the carpenters of the squadron were called to her for assistance while the battle raged in all its fury. The *Experiment* suffered almost as much as the *Bristol.* Captain Scott, her commander, like Captain Morris, lost his right arm, and was otherwise so badly wounded that his life, too, was at first despaired of. The number killed and wounded on the *Experiment* was about the same as upon the *Bristol.* All the while the battle raged barges were passing from one ship to the other and to and from the transports, removing wounded and bringing fresh men as occasion required. So great was the slaughter on board these two

ships that a remonstrance was made to Sir Peter Parker that if the fire from the fort continued, the two ships and their arms would be entirely destroyed; indeed, their abandonment was in contemplation when the fire from the fort slackened from want of powder.

The fort, on the other hand, had not escaped with impunity. Three or four of the fleet's broadsides striking the merlons at the same moment shook the slight work to its foundation, and it was apprehended that a few more would realize Lee's predictions and tumble the whole fabric down. Owing, however, to the peculiar character of the palmetto logs of which the fort was built, comparatively little damage was done, save in the concussion and shaking of the framework. Though the ships which were to have gained position at the cove failed to do so, yet even from the position the ships had reached the southwestern curtain of the fort was so enfiladed and the guns were so often struck that it was apparent that had they reached that point, unless beaten off by the batteries at Haddrell's Point at long range, the fort in all probability would have proved the slaughter pen Lee had predicted. Soon after the action began the three twelve-pounders which were in the cavalier or interior bastion were abandoned, the works not being sufficiently high to protect the men who manned them.

The flagstaff of the fort was shot away some time after and fell with the flag outside the fort. Upon this Sergeant Jasper of the Grenadiers of the Second Regiment leaped down from one of the embrasures, and tearing the flag from the staff returned with it through a heavy fire from the shipping, and fixing it upon a sponge staff planted it once more on the summit of the merlon amidst a rain of shot and shell; then giving three cheers returned to his gun, which he continued to serve throughout the engagement. While the battle was raging General Lee dispatched a letter by one of his aides, ordering Colonel Moultrie if he should expend his ammunition without beating off the enemy to spike his guns and retreat with all order possible. Colonel Moultrie was thus placed in a most embarrassing position.

If he exhausted his ammunition, he was to desert the fort and thereby to permit Colonel Thomson at the extreme end

of the island to be cut off with the whole of his command. But as he was not required by this order to abandon the fort as long as he had ammunition, he determined to save it as long as possible. By slackening the discharges of his guns to intervals of about ten minutes each, he was enabled so to protract the defence and to save the day. The powder, however, being much reduced and a rumor spreading in the fort that the British troops had effected a landing between Colonel Thomson and the fort, Moultrie ceased firing entirely, reserving his ammunition for the troops he believed to have effected a landing. This was between three and five in the afternoon. The cessation of the fire was so complete that the British at this time believed that the fort was silenced. President Rutledge, however, succeeded in sending Moultrie five hundred pounds of powder with a note predicting "honor and victory," and adding by way of postscript, "Do not make too free with your cannon—keep cool and do mischief." This supply of powder enabled Moultrie to resume his fire at shorter intervals during the rest of the day. About the time the supply of powder sent by Rutledge arrived General Lee came over in a boat from Haddrell's Point through the British line of fire, and ascending the platform of the fort he pointed two or three of the cannon which were discharged against the enemy. He remained a quarter of an hour, then saying to Colonel Moultrie, "I see you are doing very well here—you have no occasion for me—I will go up to town again," he left the fort, and returned to Haddrell's Point through the same line of fire in which he had come.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Muhlenberg of Virginia, with seven hundred continentals, crossed over from Haddrell's Point and reënforced Colonel Thomson, thus rendering his position more secure against any further attempt from Long Island.

The total number killed in the fort was twelve and the wounded twenty-five. The dying words of Sergeant McDaniel of Captain Huger's company will be remembered as long as the story of the battle is told. He was cruelly mangled by a cannon ball, yet life and vigor remained long enough to enable him to call to his comrades, "Fight on, my brave boys; don't let liberty expire with me to-day."

On the other side the *Bristol* alone had upward of one hundred men killed and wounded and the *Experiment* not much less. Each of their captains lost an arm and died a few days after. The *Solebay* had twelve killed and wounded and the *Active* seven. Thirty-seven were killed and wounded in the fort, over two hundred in the fleet. The proportion of loss in the fleet was scarcely less than six to one over that in the fort. The fort expended about 4,766 pounds of powder, the fleet about 34,000 pounds.

The firing had continued until near seven o'clock in the evening when it slackened with the setting sun, and at half-past nine it ceased on both sides. At eleven the ships slipped their cables without any noise or piping and returned with the last of the ebb tide to their former anchorage near Five Fathom Hole. When the morning of the twenty-ninth of June broke upon the scene the *Actæon* lay fast ashore at the distance of about a mile from the fort. The rest of the men-of-war and transports were riding at anchor opposite Morris Island, while Sir Peter Parker's broad pennant was hardly seen on a jury mast considerably lower than the foremast of his ship. The blue flag with the crescent and the word "Liberty" still gently waved in the wind from the sponge staff to which it had been fastened by Jasper. Boats were passing and repassing in safety between the fort and town, and the hearts of the people were throbbing with gratitude and exultation. The garrison at Fort Moultrie fired a few shots at the *Actæon,* which were promptly and gallantly returned from her by Captain Atkins, when, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Americans, he set fire to her, taking off her crew in small boats, leaving her colors flying and her guns loaded. But this did not prevent a party under Lieutenant Jacob Milligan of the Carolina ship of war *Prosper* from boarding her while on fire. This party pointed and fired three of her guns at the British commodore, and stripping her of what the pressing moments permitted brought off her colors, ship's bell, and as much of her sails and stores as his boats could contain. Milligan had scarcely done this when the *Actæon* blew up with an awful explosion.

On the thirtieth of June in the afternoon, General Lee and staff reviewed the garrison at Fort Moultrie and thanked them for their heroic defence, and on the fourth of July President

Rutledge visited the garrison, and taking his own sword from his side presented it to Sergeant Jasper as a reward for his bravery and an incitement to further deeds of valor.

Excluding Lexington, which ushered in the war, and Yorktown, which ended it, the battle of Fort Moultrie must rank with the three most complete and decisive American victories of the Revolution. It was the first absolute victory. The next was Saratoga, and the third the culmination of the long series of smaller affairs at King's Mountain. Bunker Hill was a gloriously fought battle, and did much to establish the first confidence of the Americans in the efficacy of their own ability and valor; but the military advantage of the struggle lay with the British. Princeton and Trenton were brilliant military strokes, which did much to revive the failing spirits of the time, but besides this were productive of no decisive or lasting results. The victory of Fort Moultrie in its moral aspect was as valuable to the cause as Bunker Hill, but it was far more so in the consequences which followed, and the advantages it secured. At Bunker Hill the American troops had exhibited the highest qualities of valor and steadfastness, but the object of the struggle was not attained—the position was ultimately abandoned. At Fort Moultrie they had fought with no less valor and fortunately with the most brilliant success. They had not only resisted but utterly defeated the supposed invincible British navy. The little log fort had withstood the broadsides of some of the largest vessels in his Majesty's service, but the material results were far greater. The expedition which so confidently set out to crush and subjugate the Southern colonies was utterly defeated, and these colonies were relieved for three years from invasion, to remain a source of strength and supply to their friends at the North while the war waged there. The victory at Saratoga put an end to the grand strategy by which the New England States were to be cut off and permanently separated from the others, thus it was confidently believed practically to end the war. The culminating victory of King's Mountain recalled Cornwallis from the further prosecution of his victorious career, and put an end to the grand movement by which the war was to be carried "from South to North," and gained time for the coming of the second French fleet. The battle of Fort Moultrie was the

first of these great achievements and victories, nor was it the least brilliant of them. Carolinians, North and South, may well remember "Palmetto Day," and glory in its fame, for Carolinians only were actively engaged in that great battle; it was South Carolina blood only that was shed on the ramparts of the fort; it was owing only to John Rutledge that the battle was fought, and to William Moultrie that the victory was won; and yet amidst our rejoicing and pride it is well for us to remember that the result of the battle was, in a manner more than ordinarily manifest, in the hands of the God of Battles by whose behest the east winds blew, which prevented the British force from crossing the inlet to the attack, and to the confusion of the enemy's vessels, and their grounding upon the shoals when moving to take advantage of our hero's error.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S SHARE IN THE REVOLUTION

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It will be seen that there are recorded one hundred and thirty-seven battles, actions, and engagements which took place in the State. Doubtless some of these were very small affairs, scarcely more than skirmishes, but the list contains no smaller affairs than are to be found in the list of battles which took place in other States; it enumerates as but one the siege of Charlestown, which lasted fifty-three days, and included several bloody actions, and as but one each also the sieges of Forts Watson, Granby, and Ninety Six, each of which occupied several days in its operations. If we analyze this table we shall see that in the first two years of the war, 1775-76, there were nine battles in South Carolina—one, the great victory of Fort Moultrie, in which none but Carolinians, North and South, took part, nor any blood but that of South Carolina was shed. In the other eight none but South Carolinians fought for the American cause. For three years there were no military operations in South Carolina, but her Continentals were wasted in a fruitless expedition to Florida in 1778.

In 1779, when the war turned southward, there were nine

affairs in South Carolina, and in these none but her own Continentals and militia took part. In a preceding volume, we have shown that in 1780 there had been thirty-four engagements in the State, in eight of which Continental troops had taken part, and in the remaining twenty-six only partisan bands. To the twenty-six should be added two in the early affairs of Beckham's Old Field and Mobley Meeting-house (omitted in that list because of the want of any account of casualties in either of them on either side). In four of these partisan affairs, i.e. Gowen's Old Fort, Flat Rock, Hanging Rock, and Wahub's Plantation, North Carolinians only were engaged; and in the battle of Camden there were no South Carolina troops present; in nine other partisan conflicts there were men from the three States of North and South Carolina and Georgia; in twenty-two there were none but South Carolinians. From the advent of Greene to the end of the war, i. e., during the years 1781-82, it will be seen by the table appended that there were eighty-three battles, etc., fought, and that in these the Continentals from other Southern States, under Greene alone, took part in nine; that South Carolinians took part with these Continentals in ten, and that they fought sixty-four without assistance from any one coming from beyond the borders of the State. To recapitulate, then, of the one hundred and thirty-seven battles, actions, and engagements, between the British and Tories and Indians on the one hand, and the American Whigs on the other, which took place in South Carolina during the Revolution, *one hundred and three* were fought by South Carolinians alone, in twenty others South Carolinians took part with troops from other States, making in all *one hundred and twenty-three* battles in which South Carolinians fought, within the borders of their State, for the liberties of America; leaving but fourteen in which troops from other States fought within the same without her assistance. Besides the battles fought in their own State, South Carolinians fought twice at Savannah and twice at Augusta. They were with Howe when he was defeated by Colonel Campbell at Savannah in December, 1778, and bore a conspicuous part in the siege of that place by Lincoln and D'Estaing in 1779. They took part with Clarke and McCall at the first siege of Augusta in 1780, and under Pickens and Lee in the second in

1781. They fought and pursued the Indians over the borders of North Carolina and Georgia. A few of them under Pickens and Lee were with Greene in his North Carolina campaign. Is not this a sufficient answer to the question as to the proportion of men which she furnished to the general cause? Can any State show better?

The condition of affairs in South Carolina was without parallel in the history of the Revolution. No other State was so completely overrun by British forces. There was no part of her territory, from the mountains to the seaboard, which was not trod by hostile forces, no ford nor ferry that was not crossed by armed men in pursuit or retreat, no swamp that was not cover to lurking foes. No other State was so divided upon the questions at issue, and in none other did the men of both sides so generally participate in the struggle. In none other were Tory organizations from other States so much used in connection with Royal troops to subdue American Whigs, thus attempting to carry out the British ministerial plan of overcoming Americans by Americans. While South Carolina received but little assistance from any State but North Carolina, and none from the North, her territory was garrisoned by Americans serving in the British army enlisted from Connecticut, from New York, from New Jersey, and from Pennsylvania. The British forces at King's Mountain and at Ninety Six were composed entirely of provincials raised in Northern States. Northern States furnished also several excellent Tory officers who operated with the British army in South Carolina. Among these were Lieutenant-colonels Turnbull and Cruger and Major Sheridan of New York, Lieutenant-colonel Allen of New Jersey, and two brilliant cavalry leaders from Massachusetts, Major John Coffin and Colonel Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, furnished the notorious Huck whose career was, however, soon ended. Connecticut sent the infamous Dunlap and Maryland the robber Maxwell. In no other State was the civil government set up by the Revolutionists so completely overthrown, and the country so given over to anarchy. The citizens of no other State suffered exile for the American cause as did those from South Carolina at St. Augustine. In other States the militia was occasionally engaged in operations with

the Continental forces, and sometimes, though rarely alone, in enterprises against the enemy. The complete overthrow of all civil government in South Carolina, rendering the employment of militia on either side within her borders impracticable, in their place partisan bands were organized by the Whigs, upon the nucleus of the old militia organizations, and, practically self-maintained for the last three years of the war, again and again upheld the struggle while there was not a Continental soldier in the State. The names of Sumter, Marion, and Pickens stand out in the history and romance of the United States, occupying a peculiar and unique position. And yet, neither they nor their followers could, for the brilliant services they rendered, be admitted to the Cincinnati Society. In no other State was there so much fighting and bloodshed. No State contributed so liberally of her means to the common cause of her sister States, a cause which was not originally hers; no State, we venture to assert, furnished so many men in proportion to her population in the actual warfare which ensued, nor so few upon the pension rolls of the country after it was over. More than a hundred battle-fields dot the map of South Carolina and blazon the glorious struggle of her people.

We may be permitted, in conclusion, to quote again, as we have before done in a former volume, the tribute of the great American historian to the conduct of the people of South Carolina when practically abandoned by Congress and its army.

"Left mainly to her own resources," says Bancroft, "it was through the depths of wretchedness, that her sons were to bring her back to her place in the republic, after suffering more and daring more and achieving more than the men of any other State."

GEORGE McDUFFIE

[1790—1851]

E. L. GREEN

GEORGE McDUFFIE, son of John and Jane McDuffie, was born on the tenth day of August, 1790, in Columbia County, Georgia, about thirty miles from Augusta. His parents were natives of Scotland who had come to this country soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. In the neighborhood schools George McDuffie learned what little was taught in the backwoods schools of that day. From the country store of a Mr. Hayes he went to the store of James Calhoun in Augusta, where he was induced by the proprietor's brother, William Calhoun, to attend the famous school conducted by Dr. Moses Waddel at Willington, in Abbeville County, South Carolina. Here he was prepared in a remarkably short time for the junior class at the South Carolina College, which he entered in December, 1811. As at Willington, so at the college, he was easily the first in his class and graduated with highest honors in December, 1813. For several months he was compelled to leave college on account of the lack of funds and teach in a private family, which goes to prove that the assertion of his friend, Major Armistead Burt, was true, that George McDuffie owed his success more to his own indomitable will and pluck and less to the Calhouns than was generally supposed. His graduating speech on "The Permanence of the Union" was printed by the students.

Six months after he graduated McDuffie was admitted to the Bar and located at Pendleton; but, not meeting with success, he ran for the office of solicitor and was defeated. In 1815 he formed a partnership with Colonel Eldred Simpkins of Edgefield, which was the beginning of his rapid rise. Three years later McDuffie was in the State Legislature as a member of the lower house; three more years placed him in Congress, where, as in the General Assembly of South Carolina, he was soon one of the most prominent members of the House of Representatives. One who saw him a few years later describes him as not above medium height, his features large and striking. His nose was prominent and aquiline; his brilliant blue eyes were deeply set beneath a massive brow; his mouth, with lips finely chiseled, had the appearance of being compressed. He was by nature retiring and taciturn, but never awkward.

McDuffie was always a free trader; his whole soul was given to fighting the tariff, except for revenue. At first in favor of a liberal construction of the Constitution, which view he championed in a pamphlet signed "One of the People"—the cause of a duel in 1822 with Colonel Cummings of Augusta—he later became a Strict Constructionist and Nullifier, although he did not entirely agree with Mr. Calhoun in regard to the doctrine of Nullification. He has been called the "Orator of Nullification." He supported the United States Bank and urged the renewal of its charter in a brilliant report. In 1829 he married Miss Rebecca Singleton, who died the following year, leaving an infant daughter. As a reward for his distinguished services he was elected by the General Assembly of South Carolina Governor of that State in 1834. When his term expired at the end of two years, McDuffie retired to his plantation, Cherry Hill, in Abbeville County, where he devoted himself to agriculture with great success. He went to England in 1838 as the agent of the State to negotiate a loan of two million dollars to aid the sufferers from the great fire in Charleston. He was interested in the manufacture of cotton and in immigration. Following Calhoun, he took part in the bitter campaign against Colonel William C. Preston in 1840, whom he succeeded in the United States Senate in 1842. After he had assisted in revising the tariff, the purpose for which he had entered the Senate, he resigned from the Senatorship in 1846 in most wretched health. The remaining years of his life were spent at the home of his father-in-law, Colonel Richard Singleton. He died March 11, 1851, and was buried near Wedgefield, Sumter County, South Carolina.

Mr. McDuffie left behind him a great number of speeches, most of which are to be found in the publications of Congress. His pamphlet, "National and State Rights Considered," published over the signature "One of the People," July, 1821, was a masterful defence of the liberal construction of the powers of Congress. It was written in support of Mr. Calhoun, the South Carolina candidate for the Presidency of the United States, in reply to the "Trio," three gentlemen of Georgia who were urging the fitness of their candidate, Mr. Crawford. This pamphlet caused great comment and called forth a reply from Colonel John Taylor, of Caroline, Virginia, in his 'New Views of the Constitution' (1823). His report on the United States Bank in 1830 is a classic in the history of banking in America. Mr. McDuffie wrote the "Address to the People of the United States" for the Nullification Convention (1832). Among his speeches out of Congress are a speech in Columbia in 1828 advocating the boycott of Northern manufactures, a speech ("Tariff and Nullification") at a dinner in Charleston in 1831, a eulogy over

Robert Y. Hayne (1840), and an address before the South Carolina Agricultural Society (1840). Parts of his speeches are still tradition in South Carolina.

Mr. McDuffie's graduating speech is exceedingly rhetorical, abounding in all the turns of the traditional oratory of the day, which was a product of the Eighteenth Century. This, however, he soon worked off in the courtroom, although he belonged to the general type of the *ante-bellum* orator. He had the appearance of great spontaneity, and yet his speeches were prepared with extreme care; he was a man of tremendous energy. Milton was his favorite poet, from whom he made frequent quotations. There was always in him a harshness of manner, of which he never entirely freed himself. He had one gesture: he seemed as if he would hurl the truth at the Speaker of the House. He appeared best in invective, so that Colonel William C. Preston, himself one of the greatest of America's orators, said of him that he had heard the best orators of this country and of Europe, and that George McDuffie came nearest to his conception of Demosthenes. "He broke into the political arena with the fury of a competitor too late for the combat; and as if to redeem lost time, or to annihilate as soon as possible the antagonist who had summoned him to the fight, he amazed all by the unexampled impetuosity and fierce earnestness with which he smote down his foes. In his best days there was in him an impetuous and concentrated grandeur, a scornful energy, which was rendered exceedingly effective by a spontaneous fervor and a comprehensive mind." In the control and sway of his audience McDuffie has had few equals in ancient or modern times. When it was known that he was to speak, the galleries were filled. He was thoroughly honest and sincere in his convictions. An infringement on the real or fancied rights and liberties of his people awoke all the indignation of his soul. Those who came in contact with him were impressed with the mastery he had of every subject on which he spoke and the clearness with which he presented his arguments.

E. L. Green

ON THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Delivered in the House of Representatives, February 16, 1826.

. . . CORRUPT Congress, and you assail liberty in the very seat of its vitality.

But, sir, we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity, "What, do you think a Member of Congress can be corrupted?" Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered when I say that, since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms when we are least aware of its approaches. Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, "Where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it, sir?" Sir, do you expect to see it? You had as well expect to see the embodied form of pestilence and famine stalking before you as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it and breathe its contagion without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form—had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the Fiend of Hell—the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence. But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glozing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process; and in this simple but impressive narrative we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of

man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity of our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation, and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of Heaven on her head, and its purity on her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels; she returned overwhelmed with guilt, and covered with shame, under the awful denunciation of Heaven's everlasting curse. Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by his seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, by seeking temptation when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own incorruptible purity. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of Paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. It is the active principle that stimulates even the patriot to exertion, and in its very excesses, it is the frailty of the most exalted minds. By means of this patronage the President addresses himself in the most irresistible manner to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such allurements. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise, a system which could more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angel fell from Heaven with less temptation.

DEFENCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

From a Speech on the Tariff in the House of Representatives, April 29, 1830.

Mr. Chairman, a great and solemn crisis is evidently approaching, and I admonish the gentlemen that it is the part of wisdom, as well as of justice, to pause in this course of legislative tyranny and oppression, before they have driven a high-minded, loyal and patriotic people to something bordering on despair and desperation. Sir, if the ancestors of those who are now enduring—too patiently enduring—the oppressive burdens unjustly imposed upon them, could return from their graves, and witness the change which the Federal Government, in one quarter of a century, has produced in the entire aspect of the country, they would hardly recognize it as the scene of their former activity and usefulness. Where all was cheerful, and prosperous, and flourishing, and happy, they would behold nothing but decay, and gloom, and desolation, without a spot of verdure to break the dismal continuity, or even

> A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To tell where the garden had been.

Looking upon this sad reverse in the condition of their descendants, they would naturally inquire what moral or political pestilence had passed over the land, to blast and wither the fair inheritance they had left them. And, sir, when they should be told that a despotic power of taxation, infinitely more unjust and oppressive than that from which the country had been redeemed by their toils and sacrifices, was now assumed and exercised over us by our own brethren, they would indignantly exclaim, like the ghost of the murdered Hamlet, when urging his afflicted son to avenge the tarnished honor of his house,

> "If you have nature in you, bear it not."

Sir, I feel that I am called upon to vindicate the motives and the character of the people of South Carolina from imputations which have been unjustly cast upon them. There is no state in this Union distinguished by a more lofty and disinterested patriotism than that which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I can proudly and confidently appeal to history

for proof of this assertion. No state has made greater sacrifices to vindicate the common right of the Union, and preserve its integrity. No state is more willing to make those sacrifices now, whether of blood or treasure.

But, sir, it does not belong to this lofty spirit of patriotism to submit to unjust and unconstitutional oppression, nor is South Carolina to be taunted with the charge of treason and rebellion, because she has the intelligence to understand her rights and the spirit to maintain them. God has not planted in the breast of man a higher and a holier principle than that by which he is prompted to resist oppression. Absolute submission and passive obedience to every extreme of tyranny are the characteristics of slaves only.

The oppression of the people of South Carolina has been carried to an extremity which the most slavish population on earth would not endure without a struggle. Is it to be expected, then, that free men will patiently bow down, and kiss the rod of the oppressor? Free men, did I say? Why, sir, anyone who has the form and bears the name of a man—nay, "a beast that wants discourse of reason," a dog, a sheep, a reptile—the vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth, without the gift of reason to comprehend the injustice of its injuries, would bite, or bruise, or sting the hand by which they were inflicted.

Is it, then, for a sovereign state to fold her arms and stand still in submissive apathy, when the loud clamors of the people, whom Providence has committed to her charge, are ascending to heaven for justice? Hug not this delusion to your breast, I pray you.

It is not for me to say, in this place, what course South Carolina may deem it her duty to pursue in this great emergency. It is enough to say that she perfectly understands the ground which she occupies; and be assured, sir, that whatever attitude she may assume, in her highest sovereign capacity, she will firmly and fearlessly maintain it, be the consequences what they may. The responsibility will not rest upon her, but upon her oppressors.

I will say in conclusion, Mr. Chairman, that in all I have uttered there has not been mingled one feeling of personal unkindness to any human being, either in this House or out of

it. I have used strong language, to be sure, but it has been uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." I have felt it to be a solemn duty, which I owed to my constituents and to this nation, to make one more solemn appeal to the justice of their oppressors.

Let me, then, sir, beseech them in the name of our common ancestors, whose blood was mingled together as a common offering, at the shrine of our common liberty—let me beseech them, by all the endearing recollections of our common history, and by every consideration that gives value to liberty and the union of these states, to retrace their steps as speedily as possible, and to relieve a high-minded and patriotic people from an unconstitutional and oppressive burden, which they cannot longer bear.

SPEECH AT A PUBLIC DINNER

Given to him by the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, May 19, 1831.

I BELIEVE this to be one of those great emergencies in human affairs which imposes an imperative obligation upon the sovereign power of the State to take care that the Republic receives no detriment. I will not moot the question of Nullification as a mere question of constitutional power, for I am aware of the effort of our oppressors to make an issue upon that, in order to divert public attention from the true issue. I will readily concede that a state cannot nullify an act of Congress, by virtue of any power derived from the Constitution. It would be a perfect solecism to suppose any such power was conferred by the Constitution. This right flows from a higher source. All that I claim for the State, in this respect, necessarily results from the mere fact of sovereignty. Thank God! No one has yet been found bold enough to maintain that South Carolina is shorn of that high and sacred prerogative, and reduced, politically, to the condition of a corporation or a colony; yet many reason upon the subject precisely as if this were the case.

People of South Carolina are subject to the laws of Congress, provided they be authorized by the Constitution; but with no propriety of language can it be said that the State,

the sovereign State of South Carolina, is subject to Congress, or to any human power. Accordingly, we find that the Federal Government acts exclusively upon the citizens of the states, having no constitutional faculty whatever to operate upon the sovereignty of the states. Whatever position, therefore, this State may assume in its sovereign capacity, neither Congress, nor all the departments of the Federal Government united, can constitutionally do a solitary act to change that position. If they could, it would involve the absurd contradiction that the State is sovereign and subject at the same time. In my view of the subject, the great advantage of the confederacy of sovereign states over a consolidated government consists in the existence of an organized sovereignty, competent to protect those rights and interests from tyranny and oppression, which under other forms of government could only be protected by unorganized resistance, revolution and civil war.

We hear our oppressors, and not unfrequently our own citizens, very gravely talking about the treason and rebellion of resisting the unconstitutional acts of Congress, by interposing the sovereign power of the State; precisely as the English oppressors of our ancestors and the Tories of that day talked about the treason and rebellion of resisting our sovereign lord the King. But thanks to our illustrious and heroic ancestors, the states are no longer colonies. Whatever sovereign decree a state shall promulgate in protecting the rights and liberties of the people from outrage and oppression, every citizen within its limits would be bound by the most sacred ties of allegiance to carry into effect. The citizen would, of course, be exempted from the guilt of treason. The real traitor—he who would be legally and constitutionally subject to be punished for treason, would bless the citizens of the State who took sides with our oppressors, and attempted to enforce the acts of unconstitutional tyranny. Where, then, is the difficulty and where the danger of interposing the sovereign power of the State, in a case of acknowledged injustice and oppression, perpetrated in opposition to the most solemn covenants of the Union? Allow me to tell you that there is no real difficulty or danger in the matter, that a freeman should regard for a moment.

It is true that our adversaries and their coadjutors amongst

us have managed to conjure up the most horrible phantoms of disunion, civil war and fraternal bloodshed. This is the stale artifice of tyrants. In all ages of the world, tyranny has endeavored to entrench itself behind some sacred barrier, or screen itself from scrutiny and responsibility by some sacred emblem. A Roman emperor, when surrounded by the seditious clamors of an indignant people, rushing forward to drag the detested monster from his polluted throne, could calm the storm of the multitude by hanging out the imperial eagle. A Turkish sultan, besieged in his palace, and in imminent danger of having his reign terminated by the bowstring, has only to exhibit the holy banner of the crescent, and infuriated janizaries bow down and worship it. In like manner, that most monstrous and intolerable of all tyrannies, an interested and mercenary majority, like the veiled prophet of Khorasan, seeks to conceal its horrible deformity by interposing the sacred banner of the Union. Those who dare not openly vindicate tyranny and justify oppression exclaim in the most patriotic agonies, "the Union, the Union, the Union is in danger." If this were true, if the Union were in ten times the peril that really exists, I would emphatically ask, upon whom rests the responsibility of bringing it into jeopardy? Does that responsibility rest upon those who violate the Constitution and perpetrate insufferable oppression, or upon those who, animated by the spirit and sustained by the example of their ancestors, nobly resolve to resist that oppression? No man is more sincerely attached to the Union maintained in the true spirit of the Federal covenant than I am. God forbid that it should ever be dissolved, if it can be preserved consistently with our constitutional rights and liberties; but God forbid that it should exist a single year after it shall be distinctly ascertained that it can only be preserved by the sacrifice of that glorious inheritage which our ancestors consecrated with their blood.

When a tyrannical and oppressive majority, throwing aside all the restraints of the Constitution, openly perpetrate robbery under the forms of legislation, and I am called upon to recognize this as the authority of the Union, I say, and I say it in the spirit of a decalogue, "I will not bow down and worship this false idol." The Union, such as the majority have made it, is a foul monster, which those who worship, after seeing its

deformity, are worthy of their chains. What! Shall a freeman, whose love of liberty is cherished by the example of the glorious ancestry, like the wretched and deluded victim of Eastern idolatry, when the car of destruction is rolling over him and crushing him to death, breathe out his last breath in loud hosannas to the monster-god, who rides upon the car and revels in his blood? Whatever they may pretend, and whatever they may believe, those are not the true friends of the constitutional Union who recommend passive obedience to every act of tyranny and oppression, perpetrated in the name of that Union. But this Union is not the worst of the spectral dangers that have been conjured up by the artful devices of our adversaries. Frightful pictures of war and blood are presented to alarm the timid, and it is with deep mortification I acknowledge that many have been imposed upon by so shallow an artifice. It is impossible to contemplate the conduct of our ancestors, when placed in similar circumstances, without blushing for our degeneracy. They commenced the Revolution that secured our liberty when their oppressions were not one-hundredth part as grievous as ours. A miserable tax of threepence a pound on tea was the extent of their grievance. Being dependent colonists, they had no organized sovereignty to protect them from the perils of rebellion and treason. With halters round their necks, and the stigma of treason on their foreheads, nobly disdaining to count the costs of a contest which, though they should perish, was to secure liberty to their posterity, they fearlessly encountered the gigantic power of a mighty nation. And with this glorious example before us, shall we basely surrender the inheritance of our children from a disgraceful panic excited by imaginary dangers? Shall we be terrified by mere phantoms of blood, when our ancestors, for less cause, encountered the dreadful realities? Great God! Are we the descendants of those ancestors; are we freemen; are we men—grown men—to be frightened from the discharge of our most sacred duty, and the vindication of our most sacred rights, by the mere nursery stories of raw-head and bloody bones, which even the women of our country laugh to scorn?

The idea of bloodshed and civil war, in a contest of this kind, is utterly ridiculous. How would the war commence?

Who would begin it, and what would be the occasion or the pretext of using arms? I confess I am utterly at a loss to imagine.

We have but one difficulty to prevent us from achieving a glorious victory over our oppressors: It is our own unfortunate division. I have a most consoling confidence that the intelligence and patriotism of the people will overcome this. With united counsels the State cannot fail to be triumphant; but with divided and distracted counsels it will be in vain to hope that we shall ever be relieved from our oppression. Those, therefore, who persevere in a course which shall paralyze the efforts of the State to relieve our citizens from unconstitutional oppression will assume a tremendous responsibility. Whatever may be their motives, they will make themselves the accomplices of our oppressors. We have but one course to pursue. Let us stand firm and immovable upon our principles, holding out the banner of constitutional liberty to all who choose to rally under it. If the State so wills it we are free. But if the public voice should decree otherwise, and unconditional submission be our doom, we shall at least have the consolation of reflecting that we have had no agency in forging chains for our children.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

Before the Convention of the People of South Carolina. Adopted November 24, 1832.

It is in vain that we attempt to console ourselves by the empty and unreal mockery of our representation in Congress. As to all those great and vital interests of the State which are affected by the protecting system, it would be better that she had no representation in that body. It serves no other purpose but to conceal the chains which fetter our liberties under the vain and empty forms of a representative government. In the enactment of the protecting system, the majority of Congress is, in strict propriety of speech, an irresponsible despotism. A very brief analysis will render this clear to every understanding. What, then, we ask, is involved in the idea of political responsibility, in the imposition of public burthens? It clearly implies that those who impose the burthens should be

responsible to those who bear them. Every representative in Congress should be responsible, not only to his own immediate constituents, but through them and their common participation in the burthens imposed, to the constituents of every other representative. If in the enactment of a protecting tariff, the majority of Congress imposed upon their own constituents the same burthens which they impose upon the people of South Carolina, that majority would act under all the restraints of political responsibility, and we should have the best security which human wisdom has yet devised against oppressive legislation.

But the fact is precisely the reverse of this. The majority in Congress, in imposing protecting duties, which are utterly destructive of the interests of South Carolina, not only impose no burthens, but actually confer enriching bounties upon their constituents, proportioned to the burthens they impose upon us. Under these circumstances, the principle of representative responsibility is perverted into a principle of absolute despotism. It is this very tie, binding the majority of Congress to execute the will of their constituents, which makes them our inexorable oppressors. They dare not open their hearts to the sentiments of human justice, or to the feelings of human sympathy. They are tyrants by the very necessity of their position, however elevated may be their principles in their individual capacities.

The grave question, then, which we have had to determine, as the sovereign power of the State, upon the awful responsibility under which we have acted, is, whether we will voluntarily surrender the glorious inheritage, purchased and consecrated by the toils, the sufferings, and the blood of an illustrious ancestry, or transmit that inheritance to our posterity, untarnished and undiminished? We could not hesitate in deciding this question. We have, therefore, deliberately and unalterably resolved, that we will no longer submit to a system of oppression which reduces us to the degrading condition of tributary vassals, and which would reduce our posterity, in a few generations, to a state of poverty and wretchedness, that would stand in melancholy contrast with the beautiful and delightful region in which the providence of God has cast our destinies. Having formed this resolution, with a full view of

all its bearings, and of all its probable and possible issues, it is due to the gravity of the subject, and the solemnity of the occasion, that we should speak to our confederate brethren, in the plain language of frankness and truth. Though we plant ourselves upon the Constitution, and the immutable principles of justice, and intend to operate exclusively through the civil tribunals and civil functionaries of the State, yet we will throw off this oppression at every hazard. We believe our remedy to be essentially peaceful. We believe the Federal Government has no shadow of right or authority to act against a sovereign state of the confederacy, in any form, much less to coerce it by military power. But we are aware of the diversities of human opinions; and have seen too many fruits of the infatuation of human power, not to have looked, with the most anxious concern, to the possibility of a resort to military or naval force on the part of the Federal Government; and in order to obviate the possibility of having the history of this contest stained by a single drop of fraternal blood, we have solemnly and irrevocably resolved that we will regard such a resort as a dissolution of the political ties which connect us with our confederate States; and will, forthwith, provide for the organization of a new and separate government.

We implore you, and particularly the manufacturing states, not to believe that we have been actuated, in adopting this resolution, by any feeling of resentment or hostility towards them, or by a desire to dissolve the political bonds which have so long united our common destinies. We still cherish that rational devotion to the Union, by which this State has been preëminently distinguished in all times past. But that blind and idolatrous devotion, which would bow down and worship oppression and tyranny, veiled under the consecrated title—if it ever existed among us, has now vanished forever. Constitutional liberty is the only idol of our political devotion; and, to preserve that, we will not hesitate a single moment to surrender the Union itself, if the sacrifice be necessary. If it had pleased God to cover our eyes with ignorance—if He had not bestowed upon us the understanding to comprehend the enormity of the oppression under which we labor, we might submit to it without absolute degradation and infamy. But

the gifts of Providence cannot be neglected, or abused, with impunity. A people who deliberately submit to oppression, with a full knowledge that they are oppressed, are fit only to be slaves; and all history proves that such a people will soon find a master. It is the preëxisting spirit of slavery in the people that has made tyrants in all ages of the world. No tyrant ever made a slave—no community, however small, having the spirit of free men, ever yet had a master. The most illustrious of those states, which have given to the world examples of human freedom, have occupied territories not larger than some of the districts of South Carolina; while the largest masses of population that were ever united under a common government have been the abject, spiritless, and degraded slaves of despotic rulers. We sincerely hope, therefore, that no portion of the states of this confederacy will permit themselves to be deluded into any measures of rashness, by the vain imagination that South Carolina will vindicate her rights and liberties, with a less inflexible and unfaltering resolution, with a population of some half a million than she would do with a population of twenty millions.

It does not belong to free men to count the costs and calculate the hazards of vindicating their rights and defending their liberties; and even if we should stand alone in the worst possible emergency of this great controversy, without the coöperation or encouragement of a single state of the confederacy, we will march forward with an unfaltering step until we have accomplished the object of this great enterprise.

REMARKS DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

April 3 and 4, 1834, on the Resolution submitted by the Committee of Ways and Means in relation to the public deposits.

But to be serious, sir, I, for one, am not disposed to adjourn before something effectual is done to relieve the country from its distresses; and I will not do so with my own consent, even to avoid the fate of Cromwell's Parliament. In the present calamitous condition of the country we have a melancholy exemplification to prove how small a share of human wisdom is requisite to produce the greatest conceivable extent of human misery! The merest pigmy, armed with a scepter, can destroy, in a single day, the great fabric of a nation's prosperity, which all the intellectual giants of the land cannot rebuild in a long and laborious course of years. I will not tell the people to look for salvation to those who have involved them in this calamity. No, sir, this storm has been produced by a species of necromancy, which is endowed only with the faculty of mischief, and which, having raised the elements, has no power of exorcism to lay them. The Prospero whose fatal wand has conjured up these elements into this wild and fearful and disastrous commotion, has no magic power to call up the ministering spirits of the stormy deep, to rescue the sinking fortunes of a whole people, rashly and wickedly exposed to the rocks, winds, waves, and quicksands of this most desperate and imperious experiment.

Sir, the Executive branch of the Government has plunged the country into this stormy sea of desperate adventure, under circumstances which greatly aggravate the outrage committed upon the Constitution, and upon the rights and interests of the people. What excuse or apology can be offered for such a daring presumption and hazardous exercise of power by the Executive? When Cromwell usurped the supreme power in England, he saw the nation torn to pieces by factions and drenched in civil blood; and his strong arm clutched the fallen scepter to save the country from universal desolation. When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and dispersed the Chamber of Deputies, he found the armies of the Republic driven back,

the finances involved in bankruptcy, and the combined powers of Europe menacing the existence of France. Where, said he, are the conquests I made, the victories I achieved, the resources I supplied, and the armies I left for the security of France? But what was the condition of the United States at that fatal moment, when the evil genius of the President prompted him to assume the fearful responsibility of destroying our system of credit, deranging our system of currency, in open and avowed contempt of the legislative power? What was there in that condition to afford the shadow for the pretext for the usurpation of which we complain? What civil dissensions was it designed to compose; what financial embarrassments and public sufferings was it calculated to relieve?

It is worth while to look back to the inception of this Executive experiment. The people of the United States were in the enjoyment of an unexampled prosperity—literally basking in the sunshine of tranquillity, abundance, and contentment —blessings the more exquisitely realized from their contrast with the troubled scenes which had recently passed away. They had seen a dark and portentous cloud lowering in the horizon, and could almost hear the distant thunder and see the prelusive flashes of the coming storm, which threatened to shake the mighty fabric of this Federal system to its deep foundation. But at this eventful crisis a redeeming power was interposed in the spirit of conciliation; a covenant of peace was ratified here, the storm passed away, and the rainbow circled the arch of the heavens, the cheering harbinger of that happiness and contentment which were the lot of a united people, until the fatal dog-days, when this most pernicious scheme of Executive usurpation was engendered, not to save the country from civil dissensions and restore its disordered finances, but to mar and destroy the brightest vision of happiness that ever blessed the hopes of any people.

And I regret to find that the authors of this fatal experiment are resolved to carry it on in the same reckless spirit in which it was conceived. Nothing has struck me more forcibly than the stubborn perseverance of the Administration in their desperate purposes, hoping against hope, blind to the palpable results of experience, and deaf to the cries of a suffering people. It is a spirit of heartless indifference to popular

suffering, wholly without excuse and almost without example. We have been told by a member of this House (Mr. Beardsley), in the exterminating spirit of that Roman who always concluded his speeches with the motto, "Carthage must be destroyed," that the Bank of the United States must be destroyed by whatever means, and at the hazard of whatever consequences. "Perish commerce, perish credit; give us broken banks and a disordered currency," rather than retrace the step of this Excutive crusade against the bank! And the Chief Magistrate himself declares that "neither the opinion of the Legislature, nor the voice of the people, shall induce him to abandon his purpose, whatever may be the sufferings produced," adding, for the consolation of the enterprising and industrious classes, that if those should fail "who trade upon borrowed capital," they deserve their fate!

Mr. Speaker, we can scarcely give credit to the historian who records the degeneracy and degradation of a great people of antiquity, when he informs us that a Roman emperor amused himself by fiddling while the capital of his empire and the fortunes of the Roman people were involved in one general conflagration. But our own melancholy and woful experience is but too well calculated to remove any historical skepticism, which might induce us to suppose that the extraordinary spectacle to which I have alluded was drawn rather by the pencil of poetry than by the pen of historical truth. For, even at this early period in our national progress, in the very dawn of our republican institution, we are ourselves exhibiting to the world, which we vainly boast of enlightening by our example, a spectacle, in some of its aspects, more unnatural and revolting than its Roman prototype. If my recollection of this interesting chapter in the history of man be not imperfect, Nero was not himself the incendiary who applied the fatal torch by which the temples and the gods, the Senate House and the Forum, the gorgeous palaces, and the humble cottages of the imperial city were consigned to the devouring elements. Can you say as much, sir, I will not say for the President of the United States, but for that irresponsible cabal which is the living emblem of pestilence and famine, by which even his more noble and generous impulses are converted into instruments of mischief? Who is it that has kindled up that con-

flagration which is now sweeping over the land like a prairie fire of the West, bearing destruction in its bosom, laying a scene of desolation in its rear, and scattering consternation in every direction? Nay, sir, who is it that has sacrilegiously invaded the sanctuary of the Constitution, and lighted at the very fires of the altar that fatal brand which, desperately and vindictively hurled—with whatever aim—has struck upon the great temple of our national prosperity, involving it in "hideous ruin and combustion"? Mr. Speaker, it was no midnight incendiary that silently stole into the temple with his Ephesian torch, concealed by the mantle of darkness. No; it was the high-priest of the Constitution that violated the sanctuary and desecrated the fires of the altar. It was in the broad glare of noonday, from the imperial heights of power, and in open defiance of all the moral and political guaranties of human right, that this consuming brand was cast into the elements of combustion, and which came upon an astounded people, without cause and without notice, like Heaven's avenging bolt from a cloudless sky. And now that the signal bells of alarm and distress are ringing from one extremity of this Union to the other, mingling their disastrous chimes with those cries of distress which come to us from the four quarters of the heavens on every wind that blows, and forming one mighty chorus of indignant complaint that has forced its way into the sealed ears of infatuated power—with what sympathy, with what feelings of commiseration, with what "compunctious visitings" are these proofs of a nation's suffering received by the authors of the calamity and their accomplices?

CARLYLE McKINLEY

[1847—1904]

WILLIAM ASHMEAD COURTENAY

CARLYLE McKINLEY was born at Newnan, Coweta County, Georgia, November 22, 1847, his people having removed to that State from South Carolina during the early part of the last century. He came by his remarkable mental gifts honestly, his father, Judge Charles G. McKinley, having been one of the most distinguished lawyers at the Lexington Bar, and his kinsmen, the Cummingses, Cobbs, and Jacksons, all being men of the highest intellectuality. He did not have a fair chance in his early life because of the disturbed conditions attending the war for Southern independence. At the age of fifteen his studies at the University of Georgia were suspended when he entered the service of the State as a Confederate soldier in the trenches around Atlanta.

After the war he engaged at first in cotton brokerage in Augusta, but after a short time he accepted a position in the United States Marshal's office in Savannah. Realizing his lack of a finished education, he then resumed his academic course at Athens, and subsequently attended the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina. Here he attained a very high degree of scholarship, and was graduated in 1874. Soon after, he married Miss Elizabeth Bryce, the daughter of a Columbia lawyer and planter. On account of some change in his religious views he refrained, with admirable conscientiousness, from entering the active work of the ministry. "His mind," says Major James C. Hemphill, editor of *The News and Courier,* "was thoroughly well ordered, and to the consideration of every question presented to him for mental analysis he reached his conclusions by inexorable logic. He reasoned from cause to effect, and applied the exactness of the higher mathematics, to which he was singularly devoted and in which he was wonderfully expert, to the settlement of whatever questions were presented to him for solution. He took nothing for granted; what he could not determine by the rules of evidence he held in abeyance, but always with unprejudiced and open mind. The extra-natural or super-natural things which he could not adjust by reasoning of time and sense he contemplated with clear-eyed faith, and before his final summons came, 'his cares ebbed out with every tide, and peace came upon the flood.' "

For a time McKinley was employed as instructor in Captain (afterward Governor) Hugh S. Thompson's grammar school in Columbia. It was there that he began to give an outlet to his decided literary tastes, and did his first serious writing. In the belief that journalism would afford him the best facilities for his chosen life-work, he formed a connection with *The News and Courier* in July, 1875, assuming charge of its Columbia bureau during the gloomy but exciting reconstruction times. During Wade Hampton's first term as Senator, McKinley was in Washington as the special correspondent of his newspaper. After a brief term, during which he was in the employment of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, he resumed (1881) his connection with *The News and Courier* as a member of its editorial staff, and here he remained to the close of his useful life. He died at Mount Pleasant, on the east shore of Charleston harbor, on August 24, 1904. At his own request his remains were removed to Georgia, his native State, and buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at Lexington, where his kindred rest.

It will ever be to me a treasured memory that through long years I enjoyed intimate relations with my scholarly and versatile friend, Carl McKinley. It is indeed a precious privilege to pay my personal tribute to so gracious a memory, not for him gone before, but for ourselves, that we may ever readily recall his attractive personality, a character singularly winning through its transparent and unaffected simplicity. He was fortunate in occupying distinct and influential positions, whence issued forces of generous impulse and inspiration, wide and deep in their significance, which were hidden, however, and unidentified in some of their finest efforts. In my deliberate opinion, the man himself was ever larger than the work he was called upon to do; the largeness of his aims attests his high character, and is the symbol of his presence and power. All the varied themes of a daily newspaper, becoming vital in his hands, bear throughout the stamp of right thinking, and a calm, balanced tone. His vision upon the obligations and possibilities of the passing moment was ever clear; his grasp upon all he had acquired had not the mere quality of memory, it was knowledge impressed on his mind by indelible processes. There is another phase of his character that should be recorded here, and I will dwell upon it with supreme satisfaction—his love and devotion to the Southland. This loyalty to his native land, under all circumstances, was a crowning dignity to the man. In him we see the noble citizen, the gifted author, the true Southerner, thoroughly earnest, religious, manly, a life founded in conscious loyalty to God, permeated by a high sense of duty, and warmed by love for his fellow-men.

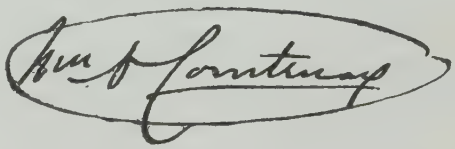
Besides the practical affairs of life to which McKinley gave so

much thoughtful attention, he possessed a wonderful fancy, and was master of a finished prose style that won attention by its picturesque descriptions and its vigorous narrative power. "The Cyclone of 1885" and "The Earthquake of 1886" are monographs commemorating two great disasters that visited Charleston, and are a distinct contribution to the descriptive prose literature of the country. "An Appeal to Pharaoh" (1889), a strikingly original study of the negro question, has passed through three editions. It was first published anonymously and was attributed to Henry W. Grady and other eminent publicists. It proposed, as a solution of the race question, that the negroes be sent to Egypt, a view highly commended by Henry M. Stanley in a letter to the author. "It will," says Professor Yates Snowden, "doubtless perpetuate his name among those who never knew him."

McKinley's verse is of even finer workmanship than his prose, and it is on a handful of poems of great beauty and high technical merit that his rank in letters must ultimately rest. Most of these are of a subjective and reflective type. The author's young manhood was spent under the dark shadow of reconstruction, with its alien government by force. Some of his poems, like "To-day and Yesterday" and "South Carolina, 1876," are reminiscent of this period, and breathe the undaunted, hopeful spirit that animated all true South Carolinians in those times that tried men's souls more than the days of marching and fighting. The second poem is an impressive picture of the desolation of an heroic people, and closes with a solemn prophecy of retribution. "McKinley's prevailing mood," says Professor G. A. Wauchope, "is cheerful yet subdued, and his thought and diction are characterized by a fastidious refinement. Though he is not unmindful of the stern and sorrowful side of life, his message is that of a genial, sensitive nature that is sympathetically attuned to its bright and gentle aspects. He is always the artist, and yet a lofty moral purpose and a deep seriousness are never absent from his lines. As he ponders over life's great secrets, he is not always orthodox, but his philosophy is sane, sincere, and warmly human.

" "Crucifer," a subtle study of hypocrisy set in vivid contrast with human sin and weakness, reveals a profound religious truth in a vision of enduring beauty. So too in "The Toilers" we find the same deep and tender note of sympathy for the world's sad and weary workers. "At Timrod's Grave" is a delicate and touching tribute to a once neglected brother poet. Another elegy, "At the Last," is a meditation in a brave, optimistic spirit on the eternal mystery of death. In his treatment of nature, McKinley is at his best. "In Spring" is a joyful hymn of praise to the rejuvenating principle of things, and on its technical side it is entirely adequate in phrase and structure. It

is worthy of a place near Timrod's fine ode on the same subject. "Sapelo" is undoubtedly his greatest and most finished poem, and is a priceless contribution to the national anthology. It is a loving and detailed description of nature on the coast of Georgia, a series of exquisitely soft and lovely marines. In the midst of life's toil and care, the poet gives himself up awhile to dream of the still peace and beauty of this enchanted isle so dear to his memory. "Sapelo" barely misses being a masterpiece of poetic art."



CRUCIFER

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Behold, I stood in spirit near to Heaven's gate,
A little space apart, that I might see
Who coming thither do find entrance straight,
And who rejected be.

And One stood in the narrow gateway, clothed in white
And holding forth a sword whose fiery levin,
Turning each way and flashing sharp and bright,
Kept well the way of Heaven;

"That naught of sin or wrong, or any evil thing,
Might enter there," he said, "nor any man,
Save such as from the far-off world might bring
Christ's token in his hand."

No need to tarry long, for all the ways were lined
With hurrying pilgrims, bearing each his load;
All with their eager footsteps bent where shined
The city of our God.

And so they came up ever, one by one, and stood
  Each in his turn before the closèd gate,
And offered there some offering of good;
  Nor one had long to wait.

But none did enter in. Long while I stayed,
  Waiting in vain for one whose gift should meet
Acceptance from the Seraph. Many laid
  Their burdens at his feet;

Differing in kind and in proportion, all,
  And some were weary loads enough to bear;
But still the strong barred gates closed up the wall,
  And none found entrance there.

Amid the press I noted one who brought
  Clusters of crimson fruit heaped in his arms;
Apples of Sodom proved; the fair husks held naught
  Save bitter dust, and worms.

After a while one with a sheaf, like wheat,
  Came up; but this, when he had quick untied,
A little wind did snatch up from his feet
  And scatter far and wide.

And one who trusted much unto his dress
  To pass him in, toward the gateway came,
But, seeing far the Angel's gloriousness,
  Shrunk off for very shame.

Then at the last there came one through the throng—
  I saw them draw their robes aside and toss
Their heads as she passed by—who crept along
  Bearing a grievous cross.

Some mocked her for her burden: "Go to, now,
  A rare gift thine to lay before the King."
And others yet called after: "Shame that thou
  Shouldst touch that holy thing!"

But, even while they mocked her, lo, the gate
Before us to soft music opened wide;
The Angel sheathed his sword as she came straight,
Naught fearing, to his side.

A hundred hands were stretched at once, it seemed,
To draw her in; her robe turned strangely white;
And round her happy head there sudden gleamed
A crown of life and light.

She quickly passed away—and I awoke;
But, even as the transient vision fled,
A still voice, softer than a whisper, spoke
Somewhere near me and said:

" 'Tis good that thou art here, since it were well
For men to know how few and far between
Are they who pass the gate. Go now and tell
The things that thou hast seen."

And so He faded, as the thin, white mist
Fades in its rising from the wet sea-sands;
But this I saw—a riven side; and this—
Piercèd white feet and hands!

SAPELO*

Far from thy shores, enchanted isle,
Tonight I claim a brief surcease
From toil and pain, to dream awhile
Of thy still peace—

To wander on thy shining strand,
And lose awhile life's troubled flow;
Its tumults die upon thy sand,
Blest Sapelo.

*Sapelo Island is on the ocean front of McIntosh County, Georgia.

The sun is setting in the west;
  The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest—
    And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half-closed eye,
  Careless, without one vexing thought,
While cool uncounted hours drift by
    In dreamy sort.

And, ever, sweet thoughts without words,
  The shadows of old memories,
Rise up and float away, as birds
    Float down the skies.

In dreams I see the live-oak groves;
  In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
    Speed softly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
  And murmurous voices from the sea;
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
    And beckon me.

* * * * * *

Once more adrift 'neath sunny skies,
  Where sunny seas have in their keep
The lotus-lands, I see arise
    From out the deep

Thy purple woods, uplift in air
  Above the misty horizon,
As the king's gardens towered fair
    O'er Babylon.

We win into that silent sea;
  Our keel glides noiseless to the shore;
Sweet eyes and true hearts welcome me
    To rest once more.

The peaceful ocean hints not here
The sorrows its deep caves conceal;
A loving Spirit broodeth o'er
Its waters still.

And well, as words are set to song,
My thoughts are set unto its sounds;
Their echoes rise and fall along
Life's weary rounds.

The waves are murmuring on the beach,
A soft wind whispers in the palm;
There is no sound of ruder speech
To mar the calm.

The happy sun comes up once more
Above the woods I know so well;
The rosy heaven, from shore to shore,
Glows like a shell.

I see the great old trees and tall,
Sheeted with tangled vines that sweep
From limb to limb—a leafy pall,
Where shadows sleep.

The long moss waves in every breeze,
Like tattered banners, old and gray;
And sigh and sigh, the old, old trees
All night, all day.

With flower and fruit at once arrayed,
The orange groves are passing fair,
As though all seasons loved such shade,
And lingered there.

A mocking-bird on quivering wings
Floats up and down the woodland ways,
And, glad with me, he soars and sings
Our song of praise.

Slow, solemn cranes, with drowsy eyes,
  Nod in the shallow surf, breast-high:
And snow-white gulls, with hollow cries,
    Flit softly by.

The turning tide runs slowly out;
  I hear the marsh-birds calling shrill;
The toiling oarsmen's song and shout
    Come to me still.

I hear their boat-songs through the night;
  I think it is my heart that hears
The old songs sounding yet, despite
    These long, long years.

White clouds are drifting out to sea;
  Like clouds the great ships come and go,
As strange, and white, and silently,
    As soft and slow.

From far-off lands, like tired things,
  They wander hither o'er the deep.
Here all things rest; they fold their wings
    And fall asleep.

Far off I see the dim coast wall,
  A long, low reach of palm and pine,
The marsh between, and over all
    The wide sunshine.

And far beyond, and farther yet,
  Thank God, so far the loud world seems—
That seem its memories and regrets
    As wrecks of dreams,

When one awakens; all its rout,
  And rivalry, and pain, and care,
So faint and far there comes a doubt
    If it be there.

Here, care ebbs out with every tide,
And peace comes in upon the flood;
The heart looks out on life, clear-eyed,
And finds it good.

On that fair land, on that still sea,
A spell of mystery lies;
And all the thoughts they wake in me
Are mysteries.

Once more I stand upon thy shore—
How peaceful yon far world doth seem!
A willing exile, evermore,
Here let me dream.

AT THE LAST

A little upper chamber,
A taper by whose light
The wide and waiting casement shows,
A wicket in the Night!

The leaves without are trembling
Upon the autumn trees;
A solemn, fearful secret
Is whispered in the breeze.

The clock is silent in its place;
The fateful hands are still,
Or seem to creep along, or turn,
Responsive to your will.

A shadow hovers on its face;
Strange shadows course the wall,
Where, as the dim light flares or fades,
They run, and rise, and fall.

The curtain folds creep to and fro,
Touched by the fitful air;
Pale watchers stand about a bed,
And you are lying there,

Dumb, white and still, while over you
  The mask-faced doctor leans.
What means it all? Ah, God alone,
  He knoweth all it means.

The tide is out; the moon is set;
  How dark the dark has grown!
A star or two were there but now—
  And now they, too, are gone.

You hear a voice of weeping;
  Your brow grows strangely chill;
You wonder at the languor
  That holdeth you so still.

You try to break the silence,
  And move your lips in vain;
No word of yours, in all the world,
  Will ever sound again.

You cannot see; you cannot speak;
  You cannot move a hand;
There is so much that you would say—
  But none may understand.

* * * * * *

—Across the outer silence
  A night-bird sudden calls;
Strange echoes wake and answer
  In all the empty halls.

Draw their curtains down upon them,
  Wistful eyes, that wonder so!
And the wasted fingers—fold them;
  They are done with work, you know.

Close the poor, pale lips together,
  Parted as in silent prayer;
Prayer, nor breath of praise, forever-
  More may pass the seal set there.

A dreary, dreadful chamber,
Where, on the pallid wall,
Strange shadows dance and clamber,
And run, and rise, and fall.

A glimmer of pale roses:
A scent of jasmine bloom,
Haunting with sickly sweetness
The chilly, deathful room.

A Presence—felt, but seen not;
A bed; a cold white sheet—
With folds and heaps that hide, and hint
At head, and hands, and feet.

The candle, dimly flaring,
Seems swept by viewless wings;
The gathering, flitting shadows
Go by like formless things.

The leaves without are trembling
Upon the ancient trees;
A solemn, fearful secret
Is whispered in the breeze.

Would God that we could learn it;
Or would that we might hear
One word, from out the darkness,
To end our hope, or fear.

A life has drifted from us;
The Ages know no more;
Or to the dust from whence it came,
Or some eternal shore.

Lies there the way to Heaven—
Infinite life, and light?
Ah, that one ray might reach us here,
To gild this utter night!

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Fly fast, O happy hours! we say;
  There's music in your rustling wings,
And all days shall be as this day,
  Our false hope sings.

Flit on, O happy hours! we say;
  There's music in your flying feet,
And all days shall be as this day,
  Only more sweet.

Come back, come back, O happy hours!
  Bring back the Summer time, we say;
O bitter fruits! Ye were fair flowers
  But yesterday!

Come back, O lost, lost hours! we say;
  We watch for your returning feet.
O yesterday, fair yesterday,
  So swift! so sweet!

SOUTH CAROLINA, 1876

Naked and desolate she stands,
Her name a byword in all lands,
Her scepter wrested from her hands.
—She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

Her crown is lying at her feet,
And mockers fill her rulers' seat;
The spoiler's work is near complete.
—Her broad, fair bosom still is sweet!

They've wasted all her royal dower;
They've wrought her wrong with evil power;
And is she faint, or doth she cower?
—She scorns them in her weakest hour!

Her daughters cling about her form,
Their faith and love still high and warm;
They trust in her protecting arm.
—Her dark eyes brood a wrathful storm!

She bides her time—a patient Fate!
Her sons are gathering in the gate!
She knows to counsel and to wait,
And vengeance knoweth no too late!

AT TIMROD'S GRAVE

Harp of the South! no more, no more
Thy silvery strings shall quiver,
The one strong hand might win thy strains
Is chilled and stilled forever.

Our one sweet singer breaks no more
The silence sad and long,
The land is hushed from shore to shore,
It brooks no feebler song!

No other voice can charm our ears,
None other soothe our pain;
Better these echoes lingering yet
Than any ruder strain.

For singing, Fate hath given sighs,
For music we make moan;
Ah! who may touch the harp strings since
That whisper—"*He is gone!*"

See where he lies—his last sad home
Of all memorial bare,
Save for a little heap of leaves
The winds have gathered there!

One fair, frail shell from some far sea
Lies lone above his breast,
Sad emblem and sole epitaph
To mark his place of rest.

The sweet winds murmur in its heart
A music soft and low,
As they would bring their secrets still
To him who sleeps below.

And lo! one tender pearly bloom,
  Through weeds and leaves upcast;
As some sweet thought he left unsung
  Were blossoming at last.

Wild weeds grow rank about the place,
  A dark, cold spot, and drear;
The dull neglect that marked his life
  Hath followed even here.

Around shine many a marble shaft
  And polished pillar fair,
And strangers stand at Timrod's grave
  To praise them unaware!

"Hold up the glories of thy dead!"
  To thine own self be true,
Land that he loved! Come, honor now
  This grave that honors you!

IN SPRING

Now all our days are poems,
  And all our nights are song;
The woods are full of singers
  That babble loud and long.

I hear sweet sounds of sinless mirth
  In garden and in grove;
And sea and shore, and heaven and earth,
  Are lapped in light and love.

In tree, in bush and briar
  There is no silent thing;
Ah, who may hope to rival them,
  These poets on the wing!

The winter's past; all things lift up
  A hymn of joy and praise:
The hours are set to music,
  And days rhyme unto days.

The flowers put on a conscious look,
My lilies, where they grow,
Smile at me from their sunny nook,
And nod: "We know! we know!"

"We know the winter's gone," they say:
"And summer comes—We know!
A soft wind came to us last night,
Kissed us, and told us so."

Ah, life is sweeter than we thought,
And sorrows soften, even,
As if our world had strayed, somehow,
A little nearer heaven.

And so, content, I close my eyes,
And folding thought away,
Listen the breeze, the birds and bees,
Sing what I cannot say.

In all the trees—amid the flowers—
They hide and sing, and sing,
The world seems full of birds and blooms—
Wake up, my heart, 'tis spring!

THE TOILERS

All day the toilers sigh for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast,
And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
Or but an answered prayer?"

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

[1874—1907]

EDWARD K. GRAHAM

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL was born in North Carolina, July 26, 1874. He spent his youth on his father's farm in Scotland County, at that time a part of Rockingham County. He received his preliminary training in ill-equipped country schools, and in 1893 went to Wake Forest College. After graduation, in 1898, he spent a year (1899-1900) as substitute professor of English at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. The following year he began the practice of law at Lumberton, N.C., but his literary inclination was dominant, and he bought a part interest in the local paper. During the less than two years that he spent in legal practice at Lumberton, and later at Laurinburg, he was actively engaged in creative work. Journalism claimed all of his time after 1904, when he accepted a position on the Charlotte *Daily Observer*. In this paper most of his writings appeared, though he made occasionel contributions to *The Century Magazine* and other prominent periodicals. In 1905 he was awarded the Patterson Cup for the best literary work done in the State during that year. His best work, exclusive of dialect verse, was published in 1906 under the title 'Songs, Merry and Sad.'* At the time of his death, October 17, 1907, he had completed arrangements for publishing his negro dialect poems. His intimate knowledge of the negro, his warm sympathy with his moods, and his graceful gift of reproducing negro melody, put these dialect poems easily among the best in contemporary American journalism; but it is on 'Songs, Merry and Sad' that his claim to remembrance chiefly rests.

Judged by this slender volume, then, McNeill is one of the foremost poets of the South of his day. It is a collection that wins him a permanent place in Southern literary history. He is essentially Southern in the tenderness of his feeling, but he is before all else a poet. The attitudinizing that is loosely called *Southern,* he is wholly without. He has none of the offended melancholy that, though not characteristic of the best poets of the South, is characteristic of their

*Stone and Barringer, Charlotte, North Carolina.

imitators. No boding owls or humid moods haunt his verse, but there is the calm flute-like note of the wood thrush, of "silver silence,"

"And cottage crofts where apples bend the bough,"

luring the tired heart into a comfortable peace.

He is of a place very definitely, but he is not provincial. The place is home, and it is his fine gift to be able to revivify it with all of its rich connotations. Hearthstone moods, and the little loves and sorrows are his theme.

"The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong."

It is these that he voices, in an adequate verse-medium, in felicitous and always unpretentious diction, and with a sympathy that within its range lacks nothing of nobility.

Intuitive sympathy dominates his verse. It is melodious with full-toned, deeply-breathed sympathy. For the little white bride, the invalid, the baby in its crib, the drudge, the caged bird, the prisoner, the mother, the wife, and for her who is a mother but not a wife, it is the same: the love that understands without the need of formalism or creed. With subjects so saturated with sentiment he appears to have no temptation to indulge in sentimentality. The reserve of deep sincerity holds the balance perfectly true. Spontaneous sympathy, however, everywhere takes the emphasis. He keeps to those simple, fundamental tones and moods that present verse appears to have lost interest in, and that it has always been the peculiar function of poetry best to express. At a time when poetry has lost the appeal of passion, it is peculiarly grateful to come into the warm confidence of emotion always gentle, intimate, and manly, and in its best moments infinitely tender. It is a rare and blessed thing when Great-Heart is given the gift of speech.

The love poems exhibit the highest pitch of McNeill's singing quality. Quite frankly with him, love is the one thing worth while. The tender depth of "Love's Fashion," "Now," and "Pardon Time," the graceful spontaneity of "Jane's Birthday," and the passionate abandon of "Oh, Ask Me Not," show his power to portray with subtlety and flexibility strong, sweet passion.

Just as his sympathy is spontaneous, and not the result of modern altruism, so his representation of nature is not a part of a 'back to nature' movement. Nature with him is not an acquired taste. To say it tritely, he is clearly a lover of nature rather than a student of

nature. His knowledge has come by absorption rather than by analysis, by association rather than by reflection. He does not patronize nature by an appearance of pride in knowing little facts about her. A primrose by the river's brim remains a yellow primrose in his verse, but he reveals again that a simple primrose may be so much! The mere naming may suggest all of the beauty that is its excuse for being, and revive the swift, elusive joy that quivers

> "in the bliss
> Where roses blow."

In nature-poetry lack of reflection of course does not mean lack of revelation. To say that the treatment is obvious does not mean that it is not as profound as any. 'Songs, Merry and Sad' interpret nature by presenting her simple aspects only, but however objectively seen, it is nature seen and felt truly, with eye and ear responsive to each sensitive shade of meaning. "October" and "September" reveal real power to discriminate landscapes, and to receive in fulness and beauty landscape moods.

Affectionate observation of nature is apt to lead imperceptibly from obvious things to the most profound. "The mysterious powers themselves that men call God, that move and live and have their will behind the blowing wind, and the rising sap, behind the drifting leaf and the granite hills . . ." these mysterious powers, in poetry, in the naming of the wind, the sap, the drifting leaf, and the granite hills, move and live and have their wills once more. It is so in this work of McNeill. There is not much deliberately expressed philosophy.

> "Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
> Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
> The star of peace at watch above the crest—
> Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

This is the heart of its philosophy. Contemplation of nature shades off into worshipful quiescence rather than rises into ecstasy. Although the poet is not disturbed by the beautiful mystery that he sees about him, he sees the beauty and is conscious of the mystery. It arouses in him no anxious question, excites no fever of curiosity. He is content to sit

> "Between the tents of hope and sweet
> Rememberings."

In the end love will have its righteous way in peace. "Vision,"

"L'Envoi," "An Invalid," and "A Christmas Hymn" all express variations on this mood.

"When merry milkmaids to their cattle call
At evenfall
And voices range
Loud through the gloom from grange to quiet grange,

Wild waif-songs from long distant lands and loves,
Like migrant doves,
Wake and give wing
To passion dust-dumb lips were wont to sing.

The new still holds the old moon in her arms;
The ancient charms
Of dew and dusk
Still lure her nomad odors from the musk.

And, at each day's millennial eclipse,
On new men's lips,
Some old song starts,
Made of the music of millennial hearts,

Whereto one listens as from long ago
And learns to know
That one day's tears
And love and life are as a thousand years,

And that some simple shepherd, singing of
His pain and love,
May haply find
His heart-song speaks the heart of all his kind."

This "Folk-Song" expresses something of the mood and function of McNeill's work. It is deeply sympathetic and true, with real sweetness and with inspiration, if not broadly compelling, equally real and true. Conviction of great poetic power we seldom feel in reading it, but the presence of the divine gift of poetry we are always sensible of—the gift to minister adequately through song to some need of the spirit—as when a simple heart-song speaks the heart of all mankind.

Edward K. Graham

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THE BRIDE

The following selections, with the exception of "To Sleep" and "Holding off the Calf," are from 'Songs, Merry and Sad,' 1906, and are used here by permission of the publishers.

The little white bride is left alone
With him, her lord; the guests have gone;
    The festal hall is dim.
No jesting now, nor answering mirth.
The hush of sleep falls on the earth
    And leaves her here with him.

Why should there be, O little white bride,
When the world has left you by his side,
    A tear to brim your eyes?
Some old love-face that comes again,
Some old love-moment sweet with pain
    Of passionate memories?

Does your heart yearn back with last regret
For the maiden meads of mignonette
    And the fairy-haunted wood,
That you had not withheld from love,
A little while, the freedom of
    Your happy maidenhood?

Or is it but a nameless fear,
A wordless joy, that calls the tear
    In dumb appeal to rise,
When, looking on him where he stands,
You yield up all into his hands,
    Pleading into his eyes?

For days that laugh or nights that weep
You two strike oars across the deep
With life's tide at the brim;
And all time's beauty, all love's grace
Beam, little bride, upon your face
Here, looking up at him.

AWAY DOWN HOME

'T will not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

"Knee-deep!" from reedy places
Will sing the river frogs.
The terrapins will sun themselves
On all the jutting logs.
The angler's cautious oar will leave
A trail of drifting foam
Along the shady currents
Away down home.

The mocking-bird will feel again
The glory of his wings,
And wanton through the balmy air
And sunshine while he sings,
With a new cadence in his call,
The glint-wing'd crow will roam
From field to newly-furrowed field
Away down home.

When dogwood blossoms mingle
With the maple's modest red,
And sweet arbutus wakes at last
From out her winter's bed,

'T would not seem strange at all to meet
A dryad or a gnome,
Or Pan or Psyche in the woods
Away down home.

Then come with me, thou weary heart!
Forget thy brooding ills,
Since God has come to walk among
His valleys and his hills!
The mart will never miss thee,
Nor the scholar's dusty tome,
And the Mother waits to bless thee,
Away down home.

OH, ASK ME NOT

Love, should I set my heart upon a crown,
Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own?
For youth's red drops would stain it.

Much have I thought on what our lives may mean,
And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
Their women broken-hearted;

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And, soon or late, their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean;

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!

FOR JANE'S BIRTHDAY

If fate had held a careless knife
And clipped one line that drew,
Of all the myriad lines of life,
From Eden up to you;
If, in the wars and wastes of time,
One sire had met the sword,
One mother died before her prime
Or wed some other lord;

Or had some other age been blest,
Long past or yet to be,
And you had been the world's sweet guest
Before or after me:
I wonder how this rose would seem,
Or yonder hillside cot;
For, dear, I cannot even dream
A world where you are not!

Thus heaven forfends that I shall drink
The gall that might have been,
If aught had broken a single link
Along the lists of men;
And heaven forgives me, whom it loves,
For feigning such distress:
My heart is happiest when it proves
Its depth of happiness.

Enough to see you where you are,
Radiant with maiden mirth!
To bless whatever blessed star
Presided o'er your birth,

That, on this immemorial morn,
When heaven was bending low,
The gods were kind and you were born
Twenty sweet years ago!

HOME SONGS

The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient wrong;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair and strong.

If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
Or tell the meaning in a mother's eyes;
Might counsel love, and teach their eyes to weep
Who, o'er their dead, question unanswering skies,
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time, looking back at last, should count my life.

PROTEST

Oh, I am weary, weary, weary
Of Pan and oaten quills
And little songs that, from the dictionary,
Learn lore of streams and hills,
Of studied laughter, mocking what is merry,
And calculated thrills!

Are we grown old and past the time of singing?
Is ardor quenched in art
Till art is but a formal figure, bringing
A money-measured heart,
Procrustean cut, and, with old echoes, ringing
Its bells about the mart?

The race moves on, and leaves no wildnernesses
  Where rugged voices cry;
It reads its prayer, and with set phrase it blesses
  The souls of men who die,
And step by even step its rank progresses,
  An army marshalled by.

If it be better so, that Babel noises,
  Losing all course and ken,
And grief that wails and gladness that rejoices
  Should ever wake again
To shock a world of modulated voices
  And mediocre men.

Then he is blest who wears the painted feather
  And may not turn about
To dusks when muses romped the dewy heather
  In unrestricted rout
And dawns when, if the stars had sung together,
  The sons of God would shout!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

Near where the shepherds watched by night
  And heard the angels' o'er them,
The wise men saw the starry light
  Stand still at last before them.
No armored castle there to ward
  His precious life from danger,
But, wrapped in common cloth, our Lord
  Lay in a lowly manger.
No booming bells proclaimed his birth,
  No armies marshalled by,
No iron thunders shook the earth,
  No rockets clomb the sky;
The temples builded in his name
  Were shapeless granite then,
And all the choirs that sang his fame
  Were later breeds of men.

But, while the world about him slept,
Nor cared that he was born,
One gentle face above him kept
Its mother watch till morn;
And, if his baby eyes could tell
What grace and glory were,
No roar of gun, no boom of bell
Were worth the look of her.
Now praise to God that ere his grace
Was scorned and he reviled
He looked into his mother's face,
A little helpless child;
And praise to God that ere men strove
About his tomb in war
One loved him with a mother's love,
Nor knew a creed therefor.

LINES

To you, dear mother-heart, whose hair is gray
Above this page to-day,
Whose face, though lined with many a smile and care,
Grows year by year more fair,

Be tenderest tribute set in perfect rhyme,
That haply passing time
May cull and keep it for strange lips to pay
When we have gone our way;

And, to strange men, weary of field and street,
Should this, my song, seem sweet,
Yours be the joy, for all that made it so
You know, dear heart, you know.

OCTOBER

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.

I see thee stand where all thy sisters meet
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of the fruitful year,
And on thy cheek a tear.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute;

A hectic splendor lights thy days to sleep,
Ere the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun, who prays;

High and faint-heard thy passing migrant calls;
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep;

The sun swings farther toward his love, the south,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers.

Would that thy streams were Lethe, and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow,
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness!

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fare us forth to roam,
Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire,
Woven of blood and fire,
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm;

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly, to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair.

PAUL JONES

A century of silent suns
  Have set since he was laid on sleep,
And now they bear with booming guns
  And streaming banners o'er the deep
A withered skin and clammy hair
  Upon a frame of human bones:
Whose corse? We neither know nor care,
  Content to name it John Paul Jones.

His dust were as another's dust;
  His bones—what boots it where they lie?
What matter where his sword is rust,
  Or where, now dark, his eagle eye?
No foe need fear his arm again,
  Nor love, nor praise can make him whole;
But o'er the farthest sons of men
  Will brood the glory of his soul.

Careless though cenotaph or tomb
  Shall tower his country's monument,
Let banners float and cannon boom,
  A million-throated shout be spent,

Until his widowed sea shall laugh
With sunlight in her mantling foam,
While, to his tomb or cenotaph,
We bid our hero welcome home.

Twice exiled, let his ashes rest
At home, afar, or in the wave,
But keep his great heart with us, lest
Our nation's greatness find its grave;
And, while the vast deep listens by,
When armored wrong makes terms to right,
Keep on our lips his proud reply,
"Sir, I have but begun to fight!"

BEFORE BEDTIME

The cat sleeps in a chimney jam
With ashes in her fur,
An' Tige, from on the yuther side,
He keeps his eye on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth,
An' I'm the one to turn it.
I'll crawl in bed an' go to sleep
When maw begins to churn it.

Paw bends to read his almanax
An' study out the weather,
An' bud has got a gourd o' grease
To ile his harness leather.

Sis looks an' looks into the fire,
Half-squintin' through her lashes,
An' I jis watch my tater where
It shoots smoke through the ashes.

TO SLEEP

Wherein have I displeased thee, fickle Sleep,
O sweetheart Sleep, that thou so far away
Hast wandered and hast made so long thy stay?
I perish for some spell to call and keep
Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
But, with thee, I would bless them that they creep.

Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou:
Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
And with thine own cool hand assuaged my brow;
Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
For I am summer, and thou art her showers.

HOLDING OFF THE CALF

From *The Century Magazine*, September, 1905.

They-all 'll tell you that I wouldn't mind
A-holdin' the kef at all
If it didn't come at the very time
I hear the other uns call.
Jis when I see 'em goin' by,
Wi' the'r dogs an' guns in a hurry,
An' I wanter go I hear maw cry
'At she's ready to mulk ol' Cherry!
An' there I stan' wi' the kef by the yur,
The boys done out o' sight,
An' maw *a-whang, a-whang,* jis like
There 'us nothin' else till night!

'Bout sundown's time for the swimmin'-hole,
But from me it's mighty fur—
That's jis the minute, each blessed day,
I must ketch the kef by the yur!

The parson, my bud—he's a preacher, you know,
  But he can't git nowhere to preach—
Looks on wi' 's thumbs in 'is gallus-straps,
  Smilin' sweet as a peach.
The kef is a fool, don't mean no harm,
  Only wantin' to suck;
But sometimes I git so awful mad
  'At I twistes 'is yur like a shuck.

They-all say I'm lazy, no 'count in the worl',
  Only to raise a row;
But I wouldn't mind workin' all times o' day
  'Cep' the time fur mulkin' the cow.
Whenever the fellers go off to swim,
  Or take the'r dogs an' gun,
That pore white kef, a-wantin' his share,
  Heads off both ends o' my fun.
But some sweet day I'll be a man,
  An' when I'm boss myse'f
I'll ketch ev'ry boy 'at stays on the place
  An' put him to holdin' a kef!

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

[1814—1865]

PETER J. HAMILTON

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK, one of the earliest Alabama writers and still among the most admired, was not a native of the community he adorned. His paternal grandparents were from County Antrim, Ireland, and his father, a physician and minister, served the Methodist Church, both in Charleston and in Columbia, South Carolina. In the latter city the oldest son of the Rev. Samuel M. Meek, M.D., and his wife, Anne McDowell, was born July 17, 1814. Soon after this the Rev. Mr. Meek became interested in the Southwest, then opening up, and took his wife and children to Tuscaloosa. There he became a druggist and physician, although he never quite gave up the ministry.

Alexander B. Meek's life owed much more to his new environment than to his birthplace; for, if not a native, yet he came early enough to Alabama to feel and share the romance of the commonwealth with which he was to grow up. Alabama was admitted into the Union in 1819, but its coast had enjoyed a long existence under the Latin *régime,* and the St. Stephens and Tensaw districts, in which its great rivers join, had had a recent and thrilling pioneer history. Above, in the middle regions, were still the Creek and Choctaw Indians, and almost cut off in the north was the Tennessee Valley, a reservoir of immigration from the Atlantic coast. Apart from the sea route to Mobile, the main tides of immigration which were making the new State came down the Tennessee River from Virginia and the Carolinas, and on the other hand from the Georgia frontier across to the Alabama River. These two streams through the interior were to absorb, if not almost blot out, the old Latin element in the South. Of the two the earlier was that of which the Meeks were part, from the Tennessee Valley and over the watershed to build up the Tuscaloosa country at the head of the navigation of the Warrior River. This was a different and somewhat later migration than that down the Mississippi and by land across from Tennessee to people what became Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana, but still a part of the general movement to the new country gradually acquired from the French and the Spanish, or reclaimed from the Indians, and making up what was called the Old Southwest.

The somewhat arbitrary division of the old Mississippi Territory (which had embraced everything from Georgia to the Mississippi and from Tennessee to the Gulf) had left most of the Alabama-Tombigbee system out of Mississippi, admitted in 1817. This tract, together with the Tennessee Valley, became two years later the State of Alabama, although the sources of the three principal rivers were in other commonwealths. Thus the Rome district, settled after the removal of the Indians in the 'thirties, was in Georgia; and where the upper reaches of the Tombigbee approached the great bend of the Tennessee was in Mississippi. The immigration from the back country of the Carolinas and Virginia down the Tennessee not only built up the Warrior River districts in Alabama, but somewhat later developed also Columbus and Aberdeen, which, until the Choctaws were removed from the center of the State, and on account of river navigation, had more to do with West and North Alabama than with their own State of Mississippi. The removal of the Indians after the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit, in 1831, marked an epoch. It not only took away an unassimilable, if romantic, element, but opened three states to solid Anglo-Saxon population. Young Meek grew up with the new commonwealths. The Tombigbee and its tributaries were to be his lifelong haunts, and its old history and romance attracted him.

The boy was a precocious member of B. F. Fontaine's Sunday-school at Tuscaloosa, and is said, upon the best authority, to have learned to recite every verse of the Old and New Testaments. At school he was an omnivorous reader, especially of newspapers, then weekly, and the only vehicles of literature in that part of the country. The boy was often punished for reading these newspapers, carried in his hat or in the book which he was supposed to be studying. He early rhymed, was a good declaimer, and, being of social nature, was a general favorite at school. When the University of Alabama opened its doors in 1831 Meek was one of the earliest matriculates; and in its first graduating class two years later he took the highest honors.

He was admitted to the Bar at the capital, his home, in 1835, and became a forcible speaker, indeed, a leader in everything he touched. He was an ensign during the trouble growing out of the removal of the Creeks, and earned a pension that was to serve his family long after in good stead. For a few months he was Attorney-general by appointment of Governor Clay, after which his tastes led him to an editorial chair at Tuscaloosa. Naturally he became an occasional orator, and his early attempts in poetry, such as "The Fated City," led in 1838 to an ambitious address in verse entitled "The Day of Freedom." There was a great deal of true poetry in this oration, such as the passage on "The Land of the South," which attracted much attention.

In countries which create their own letters out of nothing, as in Greece and England, literature begins with poetry, and generally with religious poetry or with ballads, from which everything is gradually differentiated. America, of course, inherited not only the traditions but the culture of England; and the Southwest inherited also a Colonial literature based upon the British. This, however, whether the descriptive works of Smith and Byrd in Virginia, or the religious discussions in New England, was English-born and not indigenous to the new soil. The English traits remained in the East, although, after the War of 1812, Irving, and later Poe, began a more distinctly American literature. Letters further to the West and the South had in their origin a frontier character, and were characterized by a rough humor corresponding to the rude horseplay of the early settlers. Pure literature was long in gaining a place; and therefore it was that Alabama, for instance, produced few books of permanent value until the 'thirties, when, indeed, the State first assumed a true Anglo-Saxon character. Meek was one of the pioneers on the poetical side. He was saturated with the spirit of Tom Moore, and particularly with "Lalla Rookh," while the plays of Shakespeare seemed to have little attraction for him. Indeed, while his love for history was great, it was in the imaginative branches that he excelled. In him began a new day, one might almost say the first period of American literature for its own sake in Alabama, if not in the Southwest; and its dawn was in Tuscaloosa, the political and university center.

There were chiefs before Agamemnon, but when William Russell Smith and Alexander B. Meek began *The Southron,* in 1839, they not only afforded a medium for Southern writers, as other magazines were doing for other sections, but themselves contributed articles which were to prove valuable. It was in this way that Meek published his "Pilgrimage of De Soto," which he says was "the first attempt made to locate definitely the route of De Soto in the Southwest." His identifications have been followed by many writers, and indeed in broad outlines cannot be superseded. There were stories and poetry in abundance in *The Southron,* and its discontinuance by merger in *The Bachelor's Button* of Mobile was a distinct loss. In the year 1839 Meek delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama an oration on the Southwest, continuing the historical studies which were always to interest him.

Meek, like many another American, combined politics with the practice of law, and his literary versatility is shown by his publication in 1842 of the legal work known as the 'Supplement to Aiken's Digest of the Laws of Alabama.' This collection of statutes, without a word of comment, is the antithesis, however, of his chosen literary subjects. Even during its preparation he delivered before the so-

cieties of La Grange College, Alabama, under the title of "Jack Cadeism in the Fine Arts," a defence of pure literature—literature of expression as distinguished from that with a purpose of utility.

Such was the first period of Meek's life. Meantime, however, the growth consequent upon removal of the Indians had developed southern and eastern Alabama. The capital was changed to Montgomery, and Tuscaloosa relatively declined.

Meek went to Washington in 1845 as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, and on his resignation two years later was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. He accordingly moved to Mobile, and here he spent the second and most important period of his life. He held the position four years, and edited the *Mobile Register* five years. In 1853 he was in the Legislature, where he carried the notable act establishing public schools for the State. At Tuscaloosa he had been Probate Judge a short time, and in 1854 was appointed Probate Judge of Mobile County, but was soon ousted by the "Know-Nothing" party. As at Tuscaloosa, he was in this larger field prominent in literature and in social functions.

Mobile had changed from the Latin town which General Wilkinson found when he took possession of it into an American metropolis, growing by leaps and bounds as the interior developed and sent its cotton to Alabama's seaport. Meek found many old friends and a literary and educational atmosphere rare at that day. With Madame Le Vert, Dr. Nott, and later Miss Evans, he found congenial company.

He continued to write, and was in demand as an occasional orator. Among his addresses may be mentioned the one on "Alabama History," delivered before the Historical Society of the State in 1855; while of broader scope was "Americanism in Literature," delivered early before the Societies of the University of Georgia. Of a different character, but well suited to the occasion, was his "Address of Welcome," delivered at Mobile in 1848 to the soldiers returning from Mexico. These and essays on "Fort Mims," the "Canoe Fight," and the like, were gathered together and published in 1857 as 'Romantic Passages in Southwestern History.' In this, unfortunately, he did not include the highly appreciated oration at the reception of Kossuth at Mobile.

The romance of southern Alabama appealed to him so strongly as to find expression in poetry also. The story of Weatherford, an Indian character which he had more than once discussed in prose, became enshrined in 1855 in his 'Red Eagle.' In this are many passages of great beauty, particularly in describing scenery; but, as with Cooper, the Indian is interesting by being made more Saxon

than aboriginal. At this time he married a Mobile widow, Mrs. Emma Donaldson Slatter, and his poetical inspiration was apparently intensified. In the next year, 1857, he published at Mobile and New York his 'Songs and Poems of the South,' containing many of the poems which he had composed at different times. Among them was "The Day of Freedom" and "The Nuptial Fête," his longest single poems up to that time, together with many short lyrics. There was a humorous piece read at a Bar dinner, but most of his compositions related to love or to nature. A gem is that entitled "The Mocking Bird," and one of the best known is the poem on the heroic "Charge at Balaklava" in the Crimean War, then a recent event. This was his own favorite.

The book well illustrates his idea of poetry. "The poetry of a country," says he, "should be a faithful expression of its physical and moral characteristics. The imagery, at least, should be drawn from the indigenous objects of the region, and the sentiments be such as naturally arise under the influence of its climate, its institutions, habits of life, and social condition. Verse, so fashioned and colored, is as much the genuine product and growth of a land as its trees and flowers. It partakes of the raciness of the soil, the purity of the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the skies, its mountain pictures, and its broad sweeps of level and undulating territory. The scenery infuses itself into the song, and the feelings and fancies are modulated by the circumstances amid which they had their birth."

He excelled in the imaginative and the picturesque, and his diction is generally clear and often beautiful, although the use of punctuation is excessive, and exclamations sometimes mar the smoothness of his lines. His taste was lyric, and his dramatic passages are less attractive. His nature did not permit him ever to pen an unkind line or to perpetuate an impure thought.

While this period of his life saw his greatest literary activity, he was equally in the public eye in political affairs. In 1856 he was a Democratic Presidential elector, and three years later served with grace and general acceptance as Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature, where he was prominent in the debates and measures of that exciting epoch.

His personal appearance in mature life, says one who knew him well, "was very striking and would arrest attention in any concourse. Rising to the commanding height of six feet four inches, he towered above the heads of common men, and it was a favorite jest among his friends, that although 'Meek' he was by no means 'lowly.' His eyes were blue, his complexion was florid, his forehead high and massive, features good, and, when lit up by his genial smile, remarkably attractive. His conversational powers were brilliant, his fund

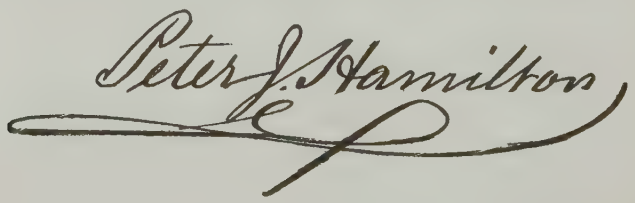
of anecdotes was exhaustless; his wit free and flashing, his knowledge of men and manners and literature thorough; and these, combined with his fascinating address, rendered his influence over his associates almost unbounded."

Although long a bachelor, he appreciated the charms of women, and women delighted in his society. Beautiful expression, oral or written, was not with him an amusement or occupation, but part of his very nature, and his correspondence with William Gilmore Simms and other prominent people kept him in touch with all that was best in the opening vistas of the American literature which he so desired.

Meek was Speaker of the Lower House in 1861, but, being over age, was not in the army. His Mobile life now ended, for, having lost his wife, Meek, in 1863 moved to Columbus, Miss., to be with his brother's family while the brother was in military service. There he took care of them, their town residence and plantation, and occupied his spare time with poetry and his favorite game of chess. Somewhat as Gayarré turned from the destruction about him to study the early days of his Louisiana, Meek planned to devote his time during the later days of the war to the history of Alabama; and this he partly accomplished.

It is pleasant to know that he had saved enough from his many offices—and twenty Federal and State commissions still exist—to make him independent. There was a comfortable sum in gold to his credit in the Bank of Mobile.

The Columbus period of Meek's life, however, was not a long one. In 1864 he married the widow of William R. Cannon, long President of the Mississippi Senate, who survived him until the beginning of a new century. On the last day of October, 1865, while writing on his history, destined never to be completed, Meek suffered a heart attack. Shortly after midnight, he expired in the arms of his brother. He sleeps in Columbus, near the Tombigbee River, which was the inspiration and scene of much of his writing.



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THE MOCKING BIRD

The following poems are from 'Songs and Poems of the South.'

From the vale, what music ringing,
  Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entranced, flinging
  Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
  From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
  Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
  Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
  Mime* and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

*Mimic.

See him, swinging in his glory,
On yon topmost bending limb!
Caroling his amorous story,
Like some wild crusader's hymn!
Now it faints in tones delicious
As the first low vow of love!
Now it bursts in swells capricious,
All the moonlit vale above!

Listen! dearest, etc.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade?
'Tis for some proud woodland Laura,
His sad sonnets all are made!
But he changes now his measure—
Gladness bubbling from his mouth—
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure—
Winged Anacreon of the South!

Listen! dearest, etc.

Bird of music, wit and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness—
Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
Drinking in such strains as thine?

Listen! dearest, etc.

BALAKLAVA*

Oh, the Charge at Balaklava!
  Oh, that rash and fatal Charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that Charge at Balaklava,
  On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day, the Russian columns—
  Fortress huge, and blazing banks—
Poured their dread destructive volumes
  On the French and English ranks—
  On the gallant allied ranks!
  Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
  By the loud incessant thunder!
  When a strange, but stern command—
  Needless, heedless, rash command—
  Came to Nolan's little band—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces—
"England's lost! oh, charge and save her—
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
      Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
      On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
  Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
  Dense and countless, 'round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar
Sweep the field on every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
  Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
  Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies!—
  Float as erst at old Ramilies!—
  And, beside them, lo! the Lion—
  England's proud, unconquered Lion!—
  With her trophied Cross, is flying.

*Compare with the poem on the same event by James Barron Hope (*q.v.*) and with Tennyson's more famous lyric.

Glorious standards! shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by heaven! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Nolan's little band!
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Kalmuck, savage Kalli—
Down that gorge they sweep away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets, see!
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause—
To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge them, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of vollied thunder
Rend that little band asunder.
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away—
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming.
Now but lifeless clods of clay—
Now but bleeding clods of clay;
Never since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight, the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,

Presses onward, onward, onward.
Till they storm the bloody pass—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass!
Sabering Cossack, Kalmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass of Balaklava!
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces—
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses—
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back!
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! Now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Six Hundred!
Half your numbers lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire—
That tempestuous storm of fire!
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod a field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava—
Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn—
So gallantly but madly shorn,
In that fierce and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

LAND OF THE SOUTH

I

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!

II

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome—
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home!

III

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song—
On Helvyn's hills,* proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's† classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou—my native home!

IV

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave—
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave—

*Switzerland.
†The famous Thessalian vale.

Fair science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome—
These, these endear thee, to my heart—
  My own, loved native home!

V

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
  God bless thy rosy girls!—
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine—
  Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
  Where'er their footsteps roam—
How can I then, whilst loving them,
  Not love my native home!

VI

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
  Then here's a health to thee—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
  May'st thou be blessed and free!—
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
  Wave o'er thy fertile loam—
But should it come, there's one will die,
  To save his native home!

SPRING ON THE SOUTHERN HILLS

Spring on the Southern hills!—
  The music and the light of Spring!—
What voices from a thousand rills!—
  What bright birds on the wing!
How like a bride, the Earth
  Her *roving lover* smiles to meet!
And, wreathed in flowers, with minstrel mirth,
  Wooes to her couch his feet!

Not in the song-loved East,
  Diviner spells were ever given—
By fair Circassia's flowery feast,
  Or Paphia's sunset heaven!

Stand with me on this mound,
  And gaze with swimming eyes below:
Greens not yon turf like fairy ground,
  Beneath some white moon's glow?—

This spherèd tomb we tread,
  Is shrine-like, too, bedecked with green;
How sweetly sleep the olden dead,
  Its sloping sides between!
Look down yon vine-hung lane,
  The fair magnolia's fragrant bowers!—
Oh, seem they not some Emir's train,
  So moonlike in their flowers?

These tall old trees behold!
  With renovated trunks they rise—
Their summits bathed in molten gold,
  But shut from us the skies.
Hark! overhead the screams
  Of green and gold-winged birds are loud!—
Brave paroquets!—they've sought these streams,
  A wheeling, noisy crowd!

And now the mock-bird's note
  Comes, glass-like, ringing on the breeze!
How sweet its changing currents float
  Through these old silent trees!
Well might the dreamer think
  Some Dian's hand these forests gave—
Ah! see her wild deer stoop to drink
  From yonder pebbly wave!—

All o'er the sunny land,
  The same wild beauties spread,
From fair Tuscala's rocky strand,
  To Coosa's green-rimmed bed!

THE DEATH OF RICHARD HENRY WILDE

The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"
  In strains, so sweetly and so well,
That, soft as dews at evening's close,
  The pure and liquid numbers fell,
Is hushed and shattered! now, no more
Its silvery chords their music pour;
But, crushed by an untimely blow,
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

The bard!—alas, I knew him well!
  A noble, generous, gentle heart,
Which, as his brave hand struck the shell,
  Poured feeling through the veins of Art.
What radiant beauty 'round his lyre!—
Pure as his loved Italian fire!—
He caught the sweetest beams of rhyme—
The Tasso of our Western clime!

Nor this alone: a loftier power,
  That shone in halls of High Decree,
And swayed the feelings of the hour,
  As summer winds, the rippled sea—
Bright eloquence! to him was given:
The spark, the Prophet drew from heaven!
It touched his lips with patriot flame,
And shed a halo 'round his name!

As late I saw, I see him now!
  His stalwart form, his graceful mien,
His long, white locks, his smiling brow,
  His eyes benignant and serene!
How pleasant 'round the social hearth,
When listening to his tones of mirth!
What lessons of the good and true,
The brave, the beautiful, he drew!

Droop down thy willows, Southern land!
Thy bard, thine orator is dead.
He sleeps where broad magnolias stand,
With "Summer Roses" o'er his head!
The lordly River, sweeping by,
Curves 'round his grave, with solemn sigh,
And, from yon twinkling orange stem,
The "Mock-bird" pours his requiem!

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"
May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores
May vanish with a date as brief:
But thine shall be the "life" of fame;
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues, in memorial verse!

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE SOUTHWEST

From 'Romantic Passages in Southwestern History.'

THE whole history of the Southwest remains to be written. And whoever shall go to the work philosophically, who shall delve, amid their quaint and musty tomes, for the records of French and Spanish colonization and settlement; and shall collect and embody the scattered materials for such a history; apart from conferring a permanent benefit upon the literature of this country, will possess the honor of being like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," when entering the Pacific, well nigh

> . . . The first that ever burst
> Into the silent sea!

Having frequently, Gentlemen, in the course of a miscellaneous reading—under the belief that there is no merely theoretical knowledge, which it is more creditable to a man to possess, than the history of his own country, and with the conviction that, if, as Lord Bolingbroke has told us, "History is Philosophy teaching by example," that philosophy can be

best learned from those pages which show us man in his most individual capacity, and under the most novel and striking phases of existence—directed my attention to this but partially explored field of Southwestern history, I may be enabled to point out, for your future investigation and improvement, some of its more prominent and interesting features. The present occasion, however, will permit us but to take a hurried and superficial glance at the subject. Such a glance will suffice to show its peculiar and romantic character, and the rich fund of historic materials which lie all unappropriated and daily perishing. For the sake of order and conciseness, we will pursue the natural divisions of the subject into general periods.

I. Two hundred and ninety-nine years ago—near a century before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth, or the Cavaliers at Jamestown, and within fifty years of the discovery of the Continent by Columbus—upon an extensive plain, near the junction of two of our principal rivers, in the very heart of this State, might have been seen collected two large and hostile armies. One of them is composed of the native dwellers in the surrounding forests, to the number of ten thousand, painted and plumed and armed, according to their immemorial customs. The other, though smaller in number, presents the more regular appearance, and powerful implements of European warfare. They are engaged in deadly battle. For hours they fight hand to hand, with all the fury of demons. At length the savage hordes are driven back by the more systematic valor of their opponents. They fly for refuge to a city which appears in the background of the picture. Here they are pursued; the walls broken down; and amidst the flames of their dwellings—the shrieks of their women and children—the fury of their assailants—this mighty army is unsparingly destroyed.

Is this a picture of fancy? The historic page tells us that in the year 1539, Hernando de Soto, a Cavalier of Spain, after landing in Florida, with an army of one thousand select soldiers, proceeded north through the territory of Georgia; entered Alabama at its northeastern extremity; descended along the banks of the Coosa, to its junction with the Tallapoosa; crossed the latter stream; proceeded west along the banks of the Alabama; crossed it about fifty miles above its junction

with the Tombeckbe, and there, on the eighteenth of October, 1540, fought the battle of Mobile with the natives, headed by their Chieftain Tuscaloosa. For the length of its continuance, the desperate character of the contest, the horrors of its details, and the numbers slain upon both sides, this was by far the most bloody battle ever fought upon the soil of the United States. After remaining several weeks near Mobile, De Soto proceeded to the north, crossed the Black Warrior not far south of the spot at which we are now assembled, [Tuskaloosa, Alabama] and continued his course into the State of Mississippi, where he spent the winter. With the natives he fought many other desperate battles. Subsequently he discovered the Mississippi River, and made several extensive expeditions into the regions beyond it. Throughout the whole of this strange pilgrimage, to which he was incited by motives of avarice, combined with the love of conquest, he encountered dangers and endured difficulties which have no parallel save in the annals of Mexican and Peruvian conquest. At length, overcome by fatigue, disappointed in his hopes, his forces half destroyed by perpetual battles, famine and disease, he died of a broken heart, and was buried in the middle of that mighty stream which he had been the first white man to cross. Thus, in the language of the most philosophic of American historians, "the discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed the greater part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place!"

This romantic expedition furnishes, in its details, one of the most interesting chapters in American history; and, in its whole inception, progress and dénouement, appears more like a creation of fancy than a series of events in actual life. The authenticity and correctness of the accounts concerning it, are, however, well established; and we are justified in considering it the prologue, as well as the first period, of Southwestern History.

II. By this Expedition—which is known in her annals as "The Conquest of Florida"—Spain considered that she had acquired a right to the whole North American Continent. Her attempts to take possession of it were, however, few and far between. They were principally confined to the settlement of East Florida, and were interrupted by the interference of

France, whose emissaries, in the long period from 1562 to 1698 —which we shall denominate the second era of Southwestern History—had explored the Mississippi River, taken possession of the country under the name of Louisiana, and had pushed their way as missionaries and traders among most of the native tribes of the interior. In the latter part of this period, occurred the celebrated expedition of La Salle, into the territory now the Republic of Texas, by virtue of which, our government long subsequently laid claim to the soil, based upon the French right, as far as the Rio del Norte. The correspondence, which ensued between Mr. Adams, our then Secretary of State, and M. De Onis, the Spanish minister, gives the general outline of this ill-starred expedition, which in its details was well nigh as romantic as that of De Soto. The incidents of this period constitute an important part of Southwestern history, but as they have been generally recorded, we need not farther allude to them, than to say that in 1693, Spain took possession of West Florida, laid the foundation of Pensacola, and established a brisk trade with the Alibamon and Chickasaw Indians.

III. The third general division of Southwestern History extends from 1698 to 1768, a period of seventy years. It is the era of French colonization and settlements; and, while it is the most interesting and important, is that portion of our history of which least is known. The materials for a correct account, although they exist in the rare volumes of a foreign tongue, are, however, abundant and accessible. From them it appears that this period is naturally subdivided into four parts:

1. The first extends from 1698 to 1713. During this time, Iberville, an officer of the King of France, under the direction of his monarch, who was anxious to reduce Louisiana into possession, brought out a colony of some three hundred individuals, and, in 1699, made settlements upon Dauphin Island, in the present limits of Alabama, and at the Bay of Biloxi, now in the State of Mississippi. He immediately commenced an intercourse with the natives of the interior—who consisted, he found, of numerous tribes calling themselves, Alibamons, Choctaws, Mobiles, Chickasaws, etc.; and who had already been visited by traders and missionaries, from the Spaniards in Florida, and the English in Carolina. After building a fort upon the Mississippi River, he returned to France, leaving his

brother, Bienville, Governor of the colony. He, in 1702, built a fort upon Mobile Bay, a few miles below the site of our present flourishing emporium, and removed to it the headquarters of the colony—where it remained until 1711, when in consequence of an inundation in the spring, it was removed to the present site of the city, and Fort Louis, whose ruins are yet to be seen, was built. Throughout the whole of this period, the colonists were engaged in violent wars with the neighboring tribes—particularly the Alibamons; and, in the latter part of it, with the English of Carolina—the parent countries at that time being at war. They suffered frequently from disease; and in 1705, the dread visitant, which has recently made such terrible havoc upon the same devoted spot, made its first appearance in the colony, and carried off *thirty-five* of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, the colonists carried on a considerable trade with the natives, in peltries and furs, which they sent to France. To agriculture they paid little or no attention. The population of the colony, which at the close of this period resided principally at Mobile and on Dauphin Island, amounted to three hundred and eighty individuals.

2. The second subdivision of the period of the French colonization and government in the Southwest, embraces but four years, but is full of interesting adventure. In 1713, the officers of Crozat, a rich merchant of Paris, to whom the King had given a charter of the Colony, took possession; and Lamotte Cadillac became Governor. Under this charter, the population was greatly increased by emigration from France, and military posts were established along the banks of the Mississippi and in the interior. In 1714, a military establishment, called Fort Toulouse, with a colonial settlement, was made upon the headwaters of the Alabama, at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, near which Fort Jackson was erected in 1812, by the American troops. Some of the evidences of this settlement may yet be found, though they who built, like the native tribe who assisted—then called "the Alibamons"—have long since passed away. Several other establishments were, about the same time, made in the interior of this State and of Mississippi. An old map locates one upon the Tombeckbe, another upon the head waters of the Yazoo, and a third upon the Tennessee, then called the Cherokee River.

Crozat, disappointed in his hopes of profit from commerce with the Indians, and harassed by the continual wars which he was compelled to carry on with them, particularly against the Chickasaws—in 1717 surrendered his charter to the King. He left the colony but little improved, save by the increase of population, which now amounted to near *eight hundred* inhabitants.

3. From 1718 to 1732—a period of fourteen years—the colony was under the government of a chartered association called the "Western Company," and Bienville was reinstated as Governor, much to the delight of the inhabitants. This period is marked by a great increase of population; an extension of settlements into Louisiana and Mississippi; the foundation of New Orleans; a violent war with the Spanish in West Florida; the capture of Pensacola; an attack by the Spaniards upon Dauphin Island and Mobile; the division of the country into nine ecclesiastical districts, for the purposes of the Roman Catholic religion, which was exclusively established; the dissemination of priests and friars among all the Indian tribes; the first serious attention to agriculture, by the colonists, in the cultivation of indigo, rice and tobacco; the introduction of large numbers of slaves brought from the coast of Africa; numerous bloody wars among the Indian tribes; a combination of several of these tribes against the colonists; and finally, the terrible and relentless destruction of the once powerful and almost semi-civilized tribes of the Natchez, by Perrier, who in 1726 had succeeded Bienville as Governor. We can but thus barely allude to all these important incidents. One or two events of a less general character may serve to show the condition and spirit of affairs in the colony.

In 1722, the colony at Fort Toulouse, upon the head waters of the Alabama, was disturbed by a mutiny among the soldiers. Twenty-six rose in arms against Marchand, the commander, and forcing their way out of the fort, departed for the English settlements in Carolina. Villemont, the second in command, immediately collected a large force of the Alibamon Indians, and, with them and the balance of the troops, pursued the fugitives. They were overtaken near the Chattahooche river, and, after a brief but bloody engagement, were, with the exception of eight prisoners, mercilessly massacred.

These prisoners were taken back to the Fort, and thence to Mobile, where they were publicly executed. One of them, belonging to a corps of hired Swiss, was put to death according to their bloody military rules. He was placed alive in a coffin, and his body was sawed in two with a cross-cut saw.

Another incident which occurred during this period, casts a softening shadow of romance over the rude life of the colonists, and would afford, in connection with the time, the groundwork for a highly imaginative novel.

Among a company of German colonists, who arrived at Mobile, in 1721, there came a female adventurer, of great personal beauty, high accomplishments, and evidently possessed of much wealth. It was generally believed, as she herself represented, that she was the daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and the wife of the Czarowitz Alexius Peter, the only son of Peter the Great, and that being cruelly treated by her husband, she had fled from him, for refuge in these far colonies, while he represented that she was dead. This belief was confirmed by the Chevalier d'Aubant, who having seen the Princess at St. Petersburgh, recognized her features in the new comer; and, upon the strength of his opinion, formed a matrimonial alliance with the repudiated wife. After many years' residence in the colony, with all the style of a court, the Chevalier went to Paris with his princess. Here, for some time, her story obtained general credit, and it was not till after the death of her husband, that she was discovered to be an impostor. It was now proved that the pretended arch-duchess was only an humble female, who, having been attached to the wardrobe of the princess of Russia, had robbed her of large quantities of jewelry and gold, and had fled to America. By a similarity of appearance with her mistress, she imposed upon the credulity of a young officer, who lived in splendor upon her ill-gotten wealth, and died in blissful ignorance of the truth of her history.

The "Western Company" in 1732, surrendered their charter to the king. A few years previously they had removed the seat of government to New Orleans, though the principal business was yet transacted at Mobile. The population of the colony now amounted to over *five thousand* white inhabitants and *two thousand* slaves.

4. The fourth and last period of French government in the Southwest extends from 1732 to 1768, when France became dispossessed of every inch of ground in North America. The most interesting incident of the first part of this era, is an expedition made against the Chickasaw Indians, by Bienville, who had been re-appointed Governor by the King. These Indians had made many hostile depredations upon the settlements around Mobile, and upon the Mississippi, and had refused to deliver up a party of the Natchez, who, after the massacre, had taken refuge among them. Determining to punish their audacity, and to quell them for all future time, Bienville, in the spring of 1736, left Mobile with an army of fifteen hundred troops, with all the implements and provisions of war. The greater part of the forces ascended the river upon its western bank. The baggage, artillery and provisions were transported in boats. On the twentieth of April, he reached a fort, which he had caused to be built a short time before, on the west bank of the Tombeckbe river, two hundred and fifty miles above Mobile, and to which the appellation of "Fort Tombeckbe" had been given. Here he was joined by twelve hundred Choctaw warriors, who had been engaged for the expedition. With this formidable army, he was twenty days ascending the Tombeckbe, to the point at which Cotton Gin Port now stands. Here, finding his artillery difficult of transportation, and deeming it unnecessary, he erected a temporary fortification, in which he placed it with a company of soldiers. The village, in which the Chickasaws were collected, was distant twenty miles. This Bienville reached on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May, and immediately invested. It was found to be entirely surrounded by strong palisades, constructed of large trees, and was filled by an immense number of warriors. From several English flags, displayed over the village, evidence was given that the Chickasaws were headed by traders from Carolina. An immediate assault was made upon the fortifications, by the whole army; but they were found impregnable. Though the most desperate valor was exhibited by the troops, and though they made repeated attempts to storm particular points, which seemed most exposed, they were continually repulsed with great loss. The well directed fire of the besieged mowed down the assailants,

and, amidst their war-cries and firing, they jeered them with impotency and cowardice. After continuing his efforts until the close of the day, and finding them all ineffectual, Bienville, with thirty killed—among whom were four of his principal officers—and over seventy badly wounded, commenced a hasty retreat. This he continued for three miles, and encamped for the night. The next day he returned to his fortifications upon the Tombeckbe. His Choctaw allies here abandoned him; and, embarking his troops upon his boats, he floated down the river to Mobile. Before embarking, however, he threw his cannon into the Tombeckbe. Some of these were found a few years since, near Cotton Gin, and were said by the pseudo-literati of Mississippi—who, in their wisdom, perhaps had never heard of Bienville—to be relics of De Soto's expedition!

This unfortunate campaign, in its whole conduct and termination, partakes largely of the spirit of romance. One, who, like your speaker, has ascended the sinuous windings of the Tombeckbe, or traveled through the quiet forests and blooming prairies of upper Mississippi, can scarcely realize that their peaceful solitudes have ever been broken by scenes like these. And yet, if some day, as he is riding through those regions, he will throw his bridle upon the neck of his horse, and look around him, he will find vestages of the Frenchman's visit visible in more places than one.

After Bienville's return from this expedition, he applied himself, for some years, to the improvement of the colony, in agriculture and commerce with the West Indies. In 1740, however, he prepared another and a more powerful expedition against the Chickasaws. With it he ascended the Mississippi river and the Yazoo, and succeeded in bringing them to terms. He then resigned the Governorship of the Colony, and returned to France.

The remainder of this period of French history, is replete with interesting details. Suffice it to say, that under the government, first, of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, and then, of General Kelerec, the colony continued to flourish to an extent, previously unprecedented: the cultivation of the sugar cane was commenced in 1751; and some attention paid even to those arts which refine and embellish life.

France being worsted in the war, which she had been car-

rying on with England, by a secret treaty in 1762, ceded all her possessions west of the Mississippi, with New Orleans, to the crown of Spain; and in the next year all the balance to the King of England. She thus became dispossessed of all her right to the soil of North America; though she continued in possession of Western Louisiana, until 1768, when the Spanish officers took possession.

IV. The fourth general division of Southwestern History may be said to extend through a period of thirty-nine years—from 1764 to 1803—when Louisiana passed into the possession of the United States. Of this period I have time barely to say that it is divided into three distinct parts: the one extending to 1783, and embracing the British Government in West Florida, and over the whole of that part of the present States of Alabama and Mississippi, south of the thirty-third degree of north latitude—another comprising the Spanish government of Louisiana during the whole period, and of West Florida from 1782; and the third, commencing in 1783, of the United States, over all the country east of the Mississippi, and north of the thirty-first degree of latitude. This era is teeming with rich historic materials, whether we look to those events which go to the building of States, or to those lesser things which serve to illustrate man in his individual and social capacity. I cannot linger with them but must proceed to the fifth period of our history.

V. This extends from 1803 to 1819—when the last of the States, now composing the Southwest, passed into the Federal sisterhood. It is, perhaps, as far as we are concerned, the most interesting era of our history: embracing, as it does, the first settlement of this vast region by the pioneers of the population who now possess it—the thrilling incidents of the "Last War," with the powerful Indian tribes of our State—with the Spaniards in West Florida, and with the British before Mobile and New Orleans; and the establishment of those municipal institutions, under whose benign protection we live, and in the blessed light of whose influence we are this day assembled. An examination of this period will show us, what I believe is most generally overlooked, that the foundations of our own State particularly, were not effected by the tranquil course of peaceful emigration, but were wrought and con-

secrated through a bitter sacrament of blood. Such an examination is not now permitted. The materials for a correct history of their time have never been collected. You will find them in the scattered records of our country, and among the perishing traditions of our older inhabitants. In the Western States they have set us an example, in regard to this matter, which we should patriotically imitate. What Flint, Hall, Drake, Marshall, Butler, and many others have done for the States bordering upon the Ohio—at the same time that they have pursued honest and reputable vocations—among which the present temper of these Hesperian longitudes, in the superlative possession of that species of wisdom which belonged to the friends of Job, does not seem to consider exclusively literary occupations—will not some of you, Gentlemen, in your hours of recreation in after life from more practical purposes, perform for the Southwest?

Only two circumstances in this period, will your time permit me to mention. Printing—which always marks an epoch in the history of a State—was commenced in Mississippi, by the publication of a newspaper at Natchez, in 1809. The first paper ever printed in Alabama, was the "Madison Gazette," started in Huntsville in 1812. Another was begun at St. Stephens, in 1816, by Thomas Eastin. It was not inappropriately called "The Halcyon"—and like its fabled prototype, no doubt, had much influence in softening the rude turbulence of the times.

The other circumstance, to which I allude, constitutes an interesting chapter in the history of our own State; and, as it has never been written, and is, in all its features, tinctured with the attractiveness of romance, I will briefly present it to your view. I mean the history of the FRENCH COLONY, which settled in Marengo, in 1817.

The overthrow of Napoleon was followed by the expatriation of many thousands of those who had been the most conspicuous maintainers of his colossal power. Of these a large number came to the United States. Among them were generals, who had won laurels in the proudest fields of European valor, and assisted in the dethronement and coronation of monarchs over millions of subjects; and ladies who had figured in the voluptuous drawing rooms of St. Cloud, and glittered

in the smiles and favor of Josephine and of Marie Antoinette. With the irrepressible enthusiasm of their nation, they thought to find, in the quietude and peace of our boundless forests, an Arcadian exchange for the aristocratical establishments and gilded salons of Paris. They wished to dwell together, and to form a miniature republic of their own, subject however to the same laws as other citizens of the Union. Accordingly they petitioned Congress, to grant them a portion of the public domain in the Southwest. This was done by an act of March 3, 1817, granting to them four townships of land, to be selected by them somewhere in the territory of Alabama. The conditions of the grant were that the emigrants should cultivate the Vine upon one acre in each quarter section, and the Olive upon another; and at the end of fourteen years should pay the General Government two dollars an acre, for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees were Marshal Grouchy, the hero of Linden, and the present Minister of War for France; General Lefèbvre Desnouettes, Lieutenant General, who had distinguished himself in all the great battles of Napoleon; General Count Clausel, General Count Real, the two Generals L'Allemand, and Generals Vandamme, Lakanal, Penniers, and Garnier de Saintes; with a number of other subordinate officers, whose names are among the composing stars of that galaxy of greatness which encircled the "Sun of the Sleepless!" Under the direction of these men, the location of the colony was made upon the Tombeckbe river, in what is now the county of Marengo. During the year, emigrants, to near the number of four hundred, arrived, and took possession of the soil—which was proportioned among them by lottery. They, however, did not disperse to any great extent through the country, but principally settled down in two villages; the one called Demopolis, upon the site where the village with the same name now stands; and the other called Eaglesville, situated upon the Black Warrior river, a short distance above Demopolis. In this latter village several of the distinguished men I have named resided. Upon the Colony they bestowed the name of Marengo, which is still preserved in the county. Other relics of their nomenclature—drawn, similarly, from battles in which some of them had been distinguished—are to be found in the villages of Linden and Ar-

cola. In the spring, after their emigration, they proceeded to the cultivation of the soil, and were soon settled down in the occupations of agricultural life.

A more singular spectacle than the one thus presented is rarely to be found in the leaves of history. It is true that Cincinnatus, when he had saved Rome from the irruptions of her foes, returned to the plough he had abandoned. But here we have instances of men, who had been actors in scenes, which, in military magnificence, far transcended the wildest imaginings of the Roman—turning from the theater of their former triumphs, and exchanging the sword for the ploughshare, and the spear for the pruning hook. In moral dignity, indeed, the advantage is all in favor of the ancient—for these are driven from their country by compulsion—but in other respects the parallel is not unequal. Who, that would have looked upon Marshal Grouchy, or General Lefèbvre, as, dressed in their plain rustic habiliments—the straw hat, the homespun coat, the brogan shoes—they drove the plough in the open field, or wielded the axe in the new-ground clearing, would, if unacquainted with their history, have dreamed that those farmer-looking men had sat in the councils of monarchs, and had headed mighty armies in the fields of the sternest strife the world has ever seen? "Do you know, Sir"—said a citizen to a traveller, who in 1819, was passing the road from Arcola to Eaglesville—"Do you know, Sir, who is that fine looking man, who just ferried you across the creek?" "No! Who is he!" —was the reply. "That Sir," said the citizen, "is the Officer who commanded Napoleon's advance guard when he returned from Elba!" This was Colonel Raoul, now a General in France.

Great as is this contrast, it was perhaps greater with the female part of the colonists. Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning wheel and the loom, or handling the weeding-hoe, and the rake, in their little gardens, were matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refinement and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—to their honor be it said—notwithstanding the rustic and ill-proportioned circumstances around them—they did not appear dis-

pirited or miserable. Nothing of "angels ruined," was visible in their condition. They were contented—smiling—happy. As cultivated women always may, they diffused around them, and over the restless feelings of their sterner relatives, the softening graces of the heart, and that intellectual glow which, as Spenser has said of the retired beauty of an English girl, makes "a sunshine in the shady place."

But not the least amusing as well as singular circumstances, to which these French colonists were exposed, arose from their connection with the adjacent American inhabitants. Who can think of the celebrated officers I have named, being drilled and mustered by one of our ordinary militia captains, and not feel emotions of the supremely ridiculous? And yet such, I am credibly informed, was frequently the case! Many amusing incidents resulted from their ignorance of our language. One, not unworthy of preservation, was this.: An officer of the colony became engaged in a fight with a citizen of one of our villages. They used only the weapons which nature had given them. The Frenchman, getting the worst of the battle, desired to surrender according to the ordinary signal in such cases. But he could not think of the word "Enough!" The only phrase he could recall, which he had ever heard upon such occasions, was the word "Hurra!" This he continued to shout, until the bye-standers, guessing his meaning, removed his antagonist.

For two or three years the colonists appeared prosperous and happy, and seemed likely to realize those visions of the pastoral state so sweetly sung by the Mantuan bard, and which they had caught from the pages of Chateaubriand and Rousseau. But "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." The country was found unsuited to the cultivation of the Vine and the Olive. The restless spirits of the leaders, which had been formed and tutored to act a part in those games which loosen thrones and crack the sinews of whole nations, could not be content with the quiet circumference of their backwoods home, in an age of startling incidents, when war was afoot, and the far vibrations of its stormy music, were heard, like the Macedonian invitation, in their sylvan solitudes. Inducements were held out to some of them by the struggling States of South America: and the ferryman left his flat, and the plough-

man his furrow, for posts of honor in the army of Bolivar. For some, the decrees of their banishment were revoked, and they returned to "la Belle France"—for which, in their exile, they had felt all the *maladie du pays,* to preside in her senates, or to head her armies. Seeing their leaders thus leaving them, the emigrants, in large numbers, disposed of their lands, and either returned to their native country or sought more congenial homes in our Southwestern cities. The rights of the soil passed into the hands of a few: Congress, at intervals, exempted them from the requisitions of the grant, and ultimately included them in the provisions of the general pre-emption law of 1833. The Colony thus passed away; and though there are many of the original families, at least of their descendants, yet residing in the county, a stranger would in vain look among the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo, for the simple patches upon which the Duke of Dantzic, or Count Clausel attempted to cultivate the Olive and the Vine.

This is a superficial glance at the French Colony in Alabama; and to my mind it presents a picture that is tinted with all the hues of poetry. Well has the Evil-Genius of modern song exclaimed, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction!" Not in the living conceptions of the Wizard of Waverly—nor in the wilder creations of a Goethe or a Boccaccio, have I found aught—with a semblance of probability about it—which could compare with this singular chapter in Southwestern history. Nowhere, but in our own annals can its parallel be found.

ALFRED MERCIER

[1816—1894]

ALCÉE FORTIER

ALFRED MERCIER* was born at McDonogh, Louisiana, June 3, 1816. His father was a Louisianian by birth; his mother, a Canadian. As were nearly all boys of wealthy Creole families at that time, he was sent to France to be educated. He received an excellent classical education at the Collège Louis-le-Grand in Paris, and was doubtless inspired by the memory of all the great men who were educated there, from the time when the institution was named Collège de Clermont, and had Molière among its students, to the reigns of Charles X and of Louis-Philippe, the last of the Bourbon kings.

On leaving college Alfred Mercier studied law in Paris, but, without completing his course, he returned to Louisiana in 1838. He went to Boston to study the English language, and in 1839 returned to Paris, where he published his first volume of poems. He wished, however, to broaden his intellectual horizon, and traveled in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and England. He visited Italy a second time, on foot, and went as far as Sicily, the beautiful island he loved so well, which he has described admirably in his writings.

In 1848 Alfred Mercier wrote a drama and a novel and wished to adopt literature as a profession. The Revolution of February broke out, however, and the period seemed little favorable to literary pursuits. Mr. Mercier resolved then to study medicine, and received his degree in Paris in 1855. He practiced medicine four years in New Orleans, and in 1859 went back to France, where he stayed until 1865. From that time until his death, in 1894, he was a practicing physician in New Orleans; but he believed that most men, whatever their occupations, might devote some moments to literature.

Dr. Mercier, in his long career, saw all the miseries to which man is subject, but he met also many men of noble sentiments, and he was one of those who believed that humanity is not entirely bad, and that vices can be corrected by good advice and kind words. It was this enlightened and benevolent philosophy which drew to him all persons who knew him and which is the principal charm of his writings. Simple, modest, and unselfish, he was not continually occu-

*See 'Littérature Française de la Louisiane.'

pied with himself; he could see the world as it is, and revive in his works the personages he had met in life. He seemed to have considered poetry as a relaxation from his more serious duties, and he called the Muse to him, not to confide his sorrows to her, as did Musset, the author of 'Les Nuits,' but to take his flight with her toward those regions where are to be found charming children, beautiful young girls, and variegated flowers.

Dr. Mercier was a profound Latin and Greek scholar, and was also well versed in the Spanish and Italian literatures. What he loved above all, however, was French literature and the French language, which he wished to see preserved in Louisiana. For that purpose he founded in 1876 the Athénée Louisianais, which has been very successful. He contributed numerous articles and poems to the journal, or *Comptes Rendus,* of that literary society.

Alfred Mercier was a distinguished poet, novelist, and philosopher, and the most sympathetic of the writers who have given to Louisiana the honor of possessing a French literature of real merit. He died in New Orleans May 12, 1894, aged seventy-eight years.

L'HABITATION SAINT-YBARS, OU MAÎTRES ET ESCLAVES EN LOUISIANE

L'Habitation Vieumaite.

"L'Océola" était en retard de plusieurs heures; l'épais brouillard qui avait couvert les eaux et les rives du Mississippi, la nuit précédente, l'avait forcé à ralentir sa marche, plusieurs fois même à s'arrêter. Il était deux heures de l'après-midi, quand Saint-Ybars, averti par le sifflet, se disposa à débarquer. Son habitation était située sur la rive gauche; on la reconnaissait de loin à son "wharf," sur lequel s'élevait un élégant pavillon destiné à servir d'abri contre la pluie ou les ardeurs du soleil.

Une voiture attelée de deux chevaux magnifiquement harnachés, attendaient Saint-Ybars sur la voie publique, au bas de la "levée." Il y monta avec sa fille et Pélasge; Titia s'assit à côté du cocher. Un domestique reçut l'ordre de con-

duire Fergus auprès du maître de forge. Une vieille négresse, qui ramassait du bois de dérive, fut chargée de faire prendre à Lagniape un sentier qui abrégeait la route. Une belle porte cochère donnant sur le chemin public, s'ouvrit; la voiture entra, et roula sur une chaussée que bordait, à droite et à gauche, une allée de chênes. Au bout de l'avenue, à un demi-mille de distance, on voyait la maison du riche planteur au milieu d'un grand jardin.

La demeure de Saint-Ybars était dans le style des maisons de campagne louisianaises; elle en différait seulement par ses proportions plus grandes, et par la disposition particulière du toit. Elle formait un vaste carré dont chaque côté, au rez-de-chaussé et au premier étage, présentait une galerie avec huit colonnes sur chaque face; les colonnes d'en bas étaient d'ordre dorique, celles d'en haut d'ordre corinthien. Le vieux Saint-Ybars qui l'avait fait bâtir, ne lui avait pas donné le toit aigu généralement adopté. S'inspirant de l'architecture si bien raisonnée de la vieille Espagne, il l'avait couverte d'une terrasse encadrée d'une balustrade ornée de pots à fleurs. Deux escaliers conduisaient à cette terrasse, où souvent la famille se réunissait, après le coucher du soleil, pour contempler la campagne et respirer l'air frais du soir. La façade, l'aile droite et l'aile gauche donnaient sur le jardin, où l'on voyait réunis les arbres indigènes les plus beaux et quantité de végétaux exotiques. Derrière la maison, une grande cour plantée de magnolias, conduisait aux cuisines et aux chambres à repasser. Le centre de cette cour était occupé par un puits d'un diamètre de six pieds. Plus loin, était le corps de logis des domestiques affectés exclusivement au service de la maison. Derrière ces logements, un bois d'orangers entretenait une ombre délicieuse; puis, au-delà s'étendait un immense enclos dans lequel étaient l'hôpital et ses dépendances, les écuries du maître, des échoppes de selliers, de cordonniers, de menuisiers, une salle de bal pour les esclaves, et enfin un jardin potager.

Pélasge, remarquant une centaine de maisonnettes blanches et une maison à deux étages, qui luisaient au soleil, sur la lisière d'un champ de cannes à sucre, et, plus loin encore, un amas de grosses constructions, crut que c'étaient deux villages. Il en parla dans ce sens à Saint-Ybars, qui lui répondit en souriant que c'étaient d'une part les cabanes de ses nègres

avec la maison de l'économe, et d'autre part la sucrerie; il lui expliqua que chaque cabane contenait deux logements, et que la sucrerie formait un département où se trouvaient réunis, autour de l'usine à vapeur fabriquant le sucre, une scierie, une tonnellerie, des forges, des écuries, une échoppe de charpentier, des hangars et des greniers pour le foin et les grains.

La plantation de Saint-Ybars embrassait, dans son ensemble, un terrain d'un mille et demi de face sur trois de profondeur. Il avait quatre cents esclaves, hommes et femmes, pour les travaux des champs, dix-huit ouvriers spéciaux, dix jardiniers, vingt domestiques pour le service de la maison, deux cents mulets, trente chevaux dont douze de luxe, une vacherie, des troupeaux de moutons et de chèvres, plusieurs basses-cours, un vivier, quatre colombiers, vingt-cinq chiens de chasse, un énorme dogue qu'on lâchait seulement la nuit, pour garder la maison.

Une discipline sagement raisonnée s'appliquait à tout le personnel de ce domaine, maîtres et esclaves. Saint-Ybars était sévère, mais juste. Malheureusement, il était sujet à des accès de colère, qui quelquefois étaient d'une telle violence qu'ils faisaient douter de sa raison et de la bonté naturelle de son cœur. Mais il était celui qui souffrait le plus de ses emportements; car, à ses explosions de fureur succédait une tristesse amère qui durait une semaine. Il aimait tendrement son père, et le vénérait; mais, à son tour, il exigeait que ses enfants, dont il se savait aimé, eussent pour lui-même le plus grand respect. Aussi, quand on le vit arriver avec Chant-d'Oisel, tous les membres présents de la famille allèrent-ils au devant de lui, pour le saluer et l'embrasser.

La voiture s'arrêta sous un groupe de palmiers dont les tiges élancées montaient jusqu'au niveau de la balustrade du toit.

A la manière dont chacun caressa Chant-d'Oisel, Pélasge comprit qu'elle était la gâtée de la maison. Elle s'empressa de demander des nouvelles de Démon; on lui apprit qu'il était sorti avec son trébuchet, pour attraper des papes.

Quelques minutes après le retour de Saint-Ybars, la première cloche pour le dîner sonna. Chacun se retira, pour rafraîchir sa toilette. Un des frères de Démon conduisit Pélasge

à la chambre qu'on lui destinait; elle était située à l'extrémité de la galerie, à gauche, faisant face au fleuve.

Il la trouva entièrement de son goût. Après en avoir contemplé les détails avec plaisir, il s'avança sur la galerie, et parcourut du regard tout le tableau qui s'étendait entre la maison et le fleuve. Il vit deux hommes à cheval entrer dans l'avenue qu'il venait de suivre, quelques instants auparavant, avec Saint-Ybars et Chant-d'Oisel. A mesure que les cavaliers s'approchèrent, il distingua un vieillard suivi d'un jeune nègre. Quand il furent arrivés, le jeune nègre sauta à terre avec la souplesse d'une panthère, et alla tenir le cheval de son maître; le vieillard descendit plus prestement que n'eussent fait beaucoup d'hommes moins âgés que lui. Saint-Ybars accourut, embrassa le vieillard, et ces paroles arrivèrent aux oreilles de Pélasge:

"Mon père, comment vous portez-vous?"

"Très bien, mon fils; toi aussi, à ce que je vois. Et Chant-d'Oisel?"

"Parfaitement. J'ai encore fait une folie pour elle."

"Ah! qu'est-ce donc?"

"J'ai acheté une jeune femme dont elle avait envie."

"Tu as bien fait, mon fils; il faut, autant qu'on peut, rendre les enfants heureux; on ne sait pas ce que l'avenir leur réserve; une satisfaction accordée à une fillette par son père, même au prix d'un excès de complaisance, c'est autant de gagné pour elle dans cette partie d'échecs que tous, jeunes ou vieux, nous jouons avec le sort."

"Je crois," continua Saint-Ybars, "que j'ai eu la main heureuse pour Démon; j'ai trouvé un professeur qui paraît très bien."

"Tant mieux, mon fils, mille fois tant mieux; Démon est terriblement en retard! espérons que le nouveau précepteur saura lui faire rattraper le temps perdu. Ton Monsieur Héhé, n'en déplaise à cousine Pulchérie, est, avec toute son érudition, un maladroit qui n'a jamais su . . . "

Pélasge n'entendit pas la fin de la phrase; le vieux Saint-Ybars et son fils avançaient tout en parlant; leurs paroles se perdirent sous la galerie. Quand leurs pas retentirent sur l'escalier, qui conduisait du rez-de-chaussée à la galerie d'en haut, il alla au-devant d'eux et salua le vieillard. Cette marque em-

pressée de déférence fut une heureuse inspiration; elle plut beaucoup à Saint-Ybars, et non moins à son père.

Sur l'habitation on appelait le père de Saint-Ybars vieux maître, ou comme disaient les nègres en un seul mot "Vieumaite"; nous le nommerons de la même manière.

Vieumaite était, comme son fils, haut de taille, mais un peu courbé; ce n'était pas le poids de l'âge qui l'inclinait ainsi en avant, mais bien l'habitude de se tenir penché sur ses livres et ses paperasses. Au besoin, il se redressait; alors, son front était de niveau avec celui de son fils.

Au premier abord, Pélasge ne se rendit pas compte de l'impression extraordinaire que Vieumaite produisit sur lui; elle tenait à ce que les deux côtés de la figure du vieillard ne se ressemblaient pas. Les peintres et les statuaires, que leur art oblige à étudier alternativement tous les traits du visage, savent très bien que ses deux moitiés ne sont jamais identiques; mais jamais ni peintre ni statuaire ne vit cette dissemblance poussée aussi loin que chez le père de Saint-Ybars. Elle commençait à la tête; à droite, ses cheveux se dressaient comme une crinière de lion furieux; à gauche, ils tombaient d'un air éploré sur la tempe et le front. L'œil droit, d'un beau bleu de ciel, était largement ouvert; il en sortait une lumière vive mais douce. L'œil gauche se voyait à peine entre des paupières demi-closés; il s'en échappait un rayon mince, froid, pénétrant. A droite, les lèvres étaient prononcées et bienveillantes; à gauche, elles étaient fortement tirées en bas, exprimant la défiance; cette expression de défiance était d'autant plus accusée que le vieillard avait la singulière habitude de tenir entre ses dents, de ce côté, une petite branche de cyprès dont le poids augmentait l'abaissement de sa bouche. Fait curieux, Vieumaite ne regardait jamais que d'un côté; du côté droit, si on lui plaisait et s'il avait confiance; du côté gauche, quand il se tenait sur ses gardes, ou quand il n'aimait pas la personne placée devant lui.

Les nègres, on le sait, ne laissent jamais passer inaperçues les particularités physiques ou morales de leurs maîtres; ils les désignent toujours par quelque mot bien approprié. Sur l'habitation Saint-Ybars, les esclaves appelaient la moitié droite du visage de Vieumaite "le côté du soleil"; la moitié gauche "le côté de l'ombre." Quand ils le voyaient venir, ils disaient,

selon les circonstances, avec la précision du langage créole: "Côté soleil ou côté l'ombe apé vini."

Saint-Ybars laissa Pélasge avec son père. Le vieillard engagea la conversation, en opposant à son interlocuteur le côté de l'ombre. Pélasge ne tarda pas à comprendre que le grand-père de Démon, en lui fournissant avec courtoisie l'occasion de prendre la parole, le sondait; acceptant l'épreuve sans crainte comme sans ostentation, il parcourut rapidement la gamme des connaissances humaines; il passa de l'histoire à la philosophie, et de celle-ci aux sciences; puis, remontant dans le passé, il prit la poésie à sa source dans Homère, et la suivit à travers les âges dans Virgile, Dante, Milton, Byron, Lamartine et Hugo. Il dessina, en quelques traits, les antiques poèmes de l'Inde et de la Judée. A mesure qu'il parlait, la tête de l'octogénaire pivotait insensiblement sur son cou; peu à peu le côté de l'ombre s'effaça, le côté du soleil parut. Etonné de la science et de l'érudition du jeune professeur, Vieumaite éprouvait une joie mêlée d'admiration en l'entendant parler, dans un langage simple mais chaud d'enthousiasme, des choses que lui-même il aimait avec passion.

Quand la seconde cloche du diner retentit, Pélasge avait entièrement fait la conquête du vieux Saint-Ybars.

TAWANTA

Près de Niagara l'on rencontre un village
Peuplé par les débris d'une tribu sauvage.
Ces bons Tuscaroras que j'allai voir un jour,
Vivent paisiblement des travaux du labour.
Ils ne pratiquent plus la chasse ni la guerre;
Car ils ont pour sachem un homme de prière.
Un patriarche aimable, un indulgent pasteur,
Qui les a convertis au Christ libérateur.
J'arrivai vers midi. Le prêtre vénérable
Me reçut au grand air, à l'ombre d'un érable.
Des femmes, au regard mélancolique et doux,
Allaitaient leurs enfants à quelques pas de nous.
D'autres tressaient le jonc ou s'occupaient à coudre.
De jeunes Indiens, aussi vifs que la poudre,

S'amusaient en faisant de grands bonds de chevreuil
Bref, tout cela formait un ravissant coup-d'œil.
Causant sans règle, au gré de notre fantaisie,
Nous parlâmes de tout, même de poésie;
Si bien que le pasteur me dit naïvement
Qu'il avait un sujet qui lui semblait charmant.
"L'histoire s'est passée à Niagara même,"
Me dit-il. Là-dessus il déroule son thème.
Pensant que j'aurais tort d'orner la vérité,
Je dirai simplement le fait qu'il m'a conté.
—Une Indienne aimait un jeune et beau sauvage,
Et bientôt ils devaient s'unir en mariage.
Alors tout le pays de bois était couvert;
Et quand un étranger visitait ce désert,
C'était un Indien qui lui servait de guide.
Le nôtre qu'on nommait le Nuage-Rapide,
Eut donc occasion, pendant quinze ou vingt jours,
De montrer la cascade avec ses alentours
Au colonel Clinton, qui, pour toute famille,
Conservait une jeune et gracieuse fille.
Elle avait la peau blanche et les yeux bleus du nord,
Et quand on la voyait on l'aimait tout d'abord.
Le Nuage-Rapide en eut l'âme blessée;
La pauvre Tawanta fut par elle éclipsée;
Elle s'en aperçut. Dans son dépit secret,
Elle jura tout bas qu'elle se vengerait.
Elle s'en alla seule, et, comme une panthère
Qui poursuit une piste en effleurant la terre,
Elle glissait sans bruit derrière son amant,
Saisissant d'un coup-d'œil son moindre mouvement,
Et guettant le moment où contre le parjure
Elle pourrait tirer une vengeance sûre.
Ce moment vint enfin. Un jour qu'il faisait chaud,
L'Indien s'endormit au fond de son canot.
C'était au pied d'un arbre, au point ou la rivière
Coule insensiblement sur sa couche de pierre,
Et recueille ses eaux, dans un moment d'arrêt,
Pour prendre son élan et tomber tout d'un trait.
Tawanta s'approcha jusqu'au bord du rivage,
Et d'un air attristé contempla son sauvage.

Celui-ci qu'un doux rêve emportait loin de là,
Sourit en murmurant le nom d'Arabella:
Ce sourire et ce nom décident de sa vie.
L'Indienne se baisse, ivre de jalousie,
Et, dénouant sans bruit le lien de bouleau,
Doucement elle livre à la pente de l'eau
La pirogue d'écorce. Ensuite elle se lève,
Et court comme une folle en côtoyant la grêve.
La pirogue s'éloigne, elle glisse sans bruit,
Et d'abord l'Indien ne sent pas qu'elle fuit.
Elle entre tout à coup dans ces courants rapides,
Où le flot se hérisse en crinières liquides.
Et là, plus de salut! on vole comme un trait,
On arrive, on bondit, on tombe, on disparaît.
L'Indien se réveille, autour de lui l'eau gronde,
Et sa pirogue fuit sur la pente profonde.
Il arme son fusil et se lève à demi;
Il cherche du regard son perfide ennemi:
Une femme est debout près de la cataracte;
D'un rire convulsif sa lèvre se contracte;
Elle frappe des mains comme pour s'applaudir,
Et pousse un cri sinistre en signe de plaisir.
Elle l'insulte en vain; il a l'âme trop fière,
Pour souffrir qu'une femme excite sa colère.
Il jette son fusil, il s'assied froidement,
Et, superbe, il attend son suprême moment.
La pirogue s'avance! elle passe, elle tombe,
Et disparaît au fond d'une écumeuse trombe.
Du beau Tuscarora rien, plus rien ne resta,
Et l'on n'entendit plus parler de Tawanta.

SOLEIL COUCHANT

Le soleil disparaît dans l'ombre du couchant,
Mélancolique adieu d'un jour de notre vie;
Et ce jour qui s'éteint dans sa calme agonie,
N'est plus qu'une lueur au bord du noir néant.

Et la Terre qui flotte et vogue dans l'espace,
Laisse loin derrière elle et nos ans écoulés
Et nos ambitions, nos projets écroulés,
Dans un muet sillage où tout fuit et s'efface.

C'est l'heure ou notre esprit évoque le passé,
Abîme sur lequel le souvenir surnage;
Et je vois resplendir, comme dans un mirage,
Un essaim de beautés que rien n'a remplacé.

Je les vois dans ce bal, dont l'éclat magnifique
Eclipsait tous les bals renommés jusque-là;
Ivres de leurs printemps, d'amour et de musique,
Pour elles cette nuit bien vite s'envola.

Bientôt, elles aussi, loin de nous s'envolèrent
Dans les bras de la Mort, de l'envieuse Mort;
De leurs admirateurs les uns les oublièrent,
D'autres en vieillissant pleuraient toujours leur sort.

Pour en garder la douce et triste souvenance,
Moi seul reste ici-bas. Quand mon dernier soleil,
S'éteignant dans la paix de l'éternel silence,
Aura fermé mes yeux pour leur dernier sommeil,

Qui parlera de vous, ô jeunes trépassées?
Qui vous ranimera dans vos tombes glacées?
Qui vous fera renaître à la clarté du jour,
Avec vos yeux remplis de pensée et d'amour?

O Zulmé, qui peindra tes yeux d'orientale,
Ta danse harmonieuse et tes pieds andalous?
Ismérie au front blanc, au beau port de vestale,
Quelle main dénouera tes cheveux fins et roux?

Et toi, dont le nom est un secret qui s'impose,
Vivante poésie, âme aimante, cœur pur
D'où montait l'éloquence à des lèvres de rose,
Rayon égaré dans un village obscur,

Femme admirable et sainte, héroïque victime
Qu'attendait à l'affût le sort le plus brutal,
Tu passas inconnue, et ce monde banal
Ignore encore les dons de ton esprit sublime.

Entre deux infinis—le passé, l'avenir—
Le globe qui nous porte avec indifférence,
Poursuit son cours sans trêve, et laisse l'Espérance
Amuser nos douleurs qu'elle prétend guérir.

O Terre, un jour la vie apparut dans tes ondes,
Sur tes verts continents, dans tes vallons fleuris:
Elle disparaîtra lorsque, sous un ciel gris,
La glace étouffera tes semences fécondes.

Alors, cadavre morne, inutile désert,
Compagne d'un soleil aux flammes expirantes,
Tu rouleras sans but tes ruines errantes
Dans ce vide sans borne où notre esprit se perd.

Et tu te dissoudras, et tu seras réduite
Comme nous en poussière, et, comme nous, un jour
Au gouffre d'où tout sort, où tout se précipite,
Tes restes dispersés rentreront à leur tour.

Alors, qui sera là pour dire: "Il fut un monde
Où la beauté fleurit, où l'amour s'alluma;
La Terre était son nom; la vie était féconde
En elle; mais la Mort plus forte la tua."

Non, pas un souvenir, pas la plus mince trace
Ne restera de toi, Terre, éphémère abri.
Et l'homme ose rêver, en sa risible audace,
Que tout l'Univers a les yeux fixés sur lui!

GEORGE HENRY MILES

[1824—1871]

P. L. DUFFY

GEORGE HENRY MILES was born in Baltimore, Maryland, July 31, 1824, and died July 23, 1871, at Thornbrook, his beautiful country home, near his beloved college, where he had spent more than six years as a student, and seven as professor. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, in his twelfth year, and was graduated June 28, 1843. The picturesque situation of the College, on the side of the Blue Ridge sloping down to the "loveliest valley in the land," as Miles afterward called it, greatly influenced his love of nature, which flowered in many of his poems, notably in that exquisite lyric "Said the Rose." While a student he was received into the Catholic Church, and the environment and traditions of the college enhanced the spiritual quality which he possessed in an exceptional degree, and markedly idealized his vision.

Ethically, there is no American poet of purer taste or greater delicacy and refinement; none freer from blighting realism and withering pessimism. His vision was vitalized by faith, illuminated by hope, and quickened by love of the beautiful in man and in nature; and with him beauty was Plato's "splendor veri."

Immediately after graduation he began the study of law in Baltimore, and afterward practiced at its Bar. But he was a born littérateur and found the law irksome. He was always industrious and energetic, and conjointly with his profession he devoted much of his labor to letters. In 1844, when just entering his twenty-first year, he began his first tragedy, "Michael di Lando, Gonfalonier of Florence." Upon its completion, in 1847, it received the commendation of Edwin Forrest. In the meantime he wrote three short novels: 'Truce of God,' 'Loretto,' and 'The Governess.' All were popular; all have passed through several editions, and are still read. Besides these, he published many fugitive poems and stories. In 1847 Edwin Forrest offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original tragedy in five acts. Miles won the prize from a hundred competitors with his tragedy of "Mohammed." In 1854 he wrote a comedy, "Blight and Bloom," which had a successful run in New York and elsewhere. In 1855 he produced "Inkermann," a long and spirited ballad of the Crimean War. In 1856 his tragedy "De

Soto" was produced with great success in Baltimore, and long continued popular there and in other cities.

Meanwhile he continued writing poems, among them "Sleep On, or, Beatrice," highly praised by Lowell, and the splendid "Raphael Sanzio." In 1858 he wrote "Señor Valiente," his most successful drama, which had a great run in the principal cities of the country. In 1859 he wrote a three-act comedy, "Mary's Birthday," and a play, "The Seven Sisters," symbolizing the States that were agitating withdrawal from the Union.

In 1858 he was tendered the chair of English literature at his old college, Mount St. Mary's. His acceptance being coincident with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the college, he composd for that occasion and recited "Aladdin's Palace," one of the finest satires in American literature. In 1859 he married Miss Adeline Tiers and took up his residence at Thornbrook, an ideal home for a poet, about a mile from the college. While engaged as professor he continued to write, producing his fine tragedy "Oliver Cromwell," several songs set to music by himself, his fifth tragedy, "Afraja the Sorcerer," and the drama "The Parish Clerk," "Emily Chester," "Love and Honor," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and a five-act tragedy, "Thiodolf the Icelander." Some of these, as the names denote, were dramatized from novels of well-known authors.

In 1864 he went for the second time to Europe, and visited Florence, where he wrote the weird little poem "La Velata," inspired by one of the pictures in the Pitti Palace. His sojourn in Florence intensified the influence of his favorite poet, Browning, who lived so many years there, and who so thoroughly assimilated its artistic, historical, and literary atmosphere. This influence of Browning is very marked in some of Miles's poems, notably in "Raphael Sanzio" and "San Sisto," both suggestive of Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" and similar poems; but Miles's poems are far more than imitations, and could be achieved only by genius. In 1866 he yielded to the requests of friends, and published a selection of the poems he had so profusely scattered through periodicals and magazines. He bestowed more than ordinary care on the poem "Christine, a Troubadour's Song," which gave its title to the volume.

In 1866 he resigned his chair of English literature at Mount St. Mary's to devote himself exclusively to literature, and especially to make critical studies of Shakespeare. While engrossed in these deeper studies he found relaxation in the production of "Abou Hassan, the Wag," from the 'Arabian Nights,' with his own music for its song, "The Maid of Mayence," also "Behind the Scenes, or, The Girl of the Period," and, last of all, "The Picture of Innocence." In the autumn of 1868 he finished his "Essay on Hamlet," intended

for a popular lecture to be delivered by Edwin Forrest and afterward to serve as a text-book for higher classes in English literature. It was his intention to follow this "Essay on Hamlet" with others on Macbeth, Lear, Othello, and Henry IV, but he died when the essay on Macbeth was about half completed. His "Essay on Hamlet," first published in the *Southern Review,* is an original study, profound in its learning and analysis and an invaluable contribution to Shakespearean literature. This essay demonstrates the possession by Miles of the critical faculty in a rare degree, united to wide and deep scholarship. He could not but look forward to concentrated effort in that direction; and had he not died in the prime of manhood he would have taken a front rank among the critics in our American literature.

Contemporary critics credited him with dramatic vigor, as well as grace and beauty of style. His purity and elevation of sentiment caused him always to write like a gentleman. He was variously gifted, and his writings in subject and treatment indicate his versatility. His plots were skilfully worked out, and, when evoked by the subject, invested with an imagination almost oriental in its richness. His lyrics are of rare excellence in structure and sweetness, and his exquisite "Said the Rose" ranks with the choicest in our language. His hymn, "God Save the South," was very dear to Southern hearts during the war, and was sung in the schools of the Confederacy.

While Miles may not rank among the poets of the first class, a high place is conceded to him in the literature of America, while the South claims him as one of her most gifted sons.

Keenly revived interest and growing appreciation found expression last year in a new edition of his works in several volumes by Longmans, Green and Company.

P. L. Murphy

A STUDY OF HAMLET

From "An Essay on Hamlet."

In all of Shakespeare's finer plays there is sure to be at least one master mind among the characters. Lear, even in grotesque dilapidation, is a master mind, Iago is another, Macbeth, or rather his Demon Lady, is another, but the tragedies themselves are far from owing their chief dramatic force and interest to this individual ascendancy. In the calm, vindictive envy of Iago, in the rage and desolation of Lear, in the remorse of Macbeth, passion or plot is the governing motive of interest; but there is never a storm in "Hamlet" over which the "noble and most sovereign reason" of the young prince is not as visibly dominant as the rainbow, the crowning grace and glory of the scene. Richard is the mind nearest Hamlet in scope and power; but it is the jubilant wickedness, the transcendent dash and courage of the last Plantagenet, that rivet his hold on an audience; whereas, the most salient phase of Hamlet's character is his superb intellectual superiority to all comers, even to his most dangerous assailant, madness. The fundamental charm of *Hamlet* is its amazing eloquence; its thoughts are vaster than deeds, its eloquence mightier than action. The tragedy, in its most imposing aspect, is a series of intellectual encounters. The Crusaders of Ashby de la Zouche, engaging all the challengers, is not more picturesque than this Desdichado of Denmark consecutively overthrowing every antagonist, from Polonius in the Castle to Laertes in the grave.

But the difficulty of *representing* this! The enormous difficulty of achieving a true tragic success, less by the passions and trials than by the pure intellectual splendor of the hero! The almost superhuman difficulty of imparting dramatic interest to a long war of words—for the part of Hamlet is well nigh twice the length of any other on the stage—the almost superhuman power whereby the prince, instead of degenerating into a mere senior wrangler, is so exalted by the witchery of speech, that the lit brow of the young academician for once outshines the warrior's crest, for once compels a more than equal homage from the masses!

Perhaps Shakespeare never asked himself the question, never precisely recognized the difficulty. But, as the vision of the unwritten Drama loomed vaguely before him, he must have been conscious of a summons to put forth all his strength. With a central figure of such subtle spirituality, with a plot subordinating action to eloquence, or rather substituting eloquence for action, the great dramatist instinctively employed a Saracenic richness and variety of detail. The structure of *Macbeth* is Egyptian, massive as the Pyramids, or Thebes; of *Othello,* unadorned, symmetrical, classic; of *Lear,* wild, unequal, fantastic, straggling as a Druid Grove; but *Hamlet* resembles some limitless Gothic Cathedral with its banners and effigies, its glooms and floods of stained light, and echoes of unending dirges. I never read "Act I. Scene I. *Elsinore. A platform before the Castle. Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo,*" without, somehow, beholding the myriad-minded poet at his desk, pale, peaceful, conscientious, yet pausing as in the Stratford bust, with lips apart, and pen and eye awhile uplifted, as organists pause that silence may settle into a deeper hush—the longest pause at such a moment that Shakespeare ever made. But though not embarrassed by the difficulty, he must surely have been awed by the immensity of his undertaking. For the fundamental idea of the tragedy is not only essentially non-dramatic, but peculiarly liable to misinterpretation; since any marked predominance of the intellectual over the animal nature is constantly mistaken for weakness.

The difference between a strong man and a weak one, though indefinable, is infinite. The prevalent view of Hamlet is, that he is weak. We hear him spoken of as the gentle prince, the doomed prince, the meditative prince, but never as the strong prince, the great prince, the terrible prince. He is commonly regarded as more of a dreamer than a doer; something of a railer at destiny; a blighted, morbid existence, unequal either to forgiveness or revenge; delaying action till action is of no use, and dying the victim of mere circumstance and accident. The exquisite metaphor of Goethe's about the oak tree and the vase predestined for a rose, crystallizes and perpetuates both the critical and the popular estimate of Hamlet. The Wilhelm Meister view is, practically, the only view;

a hero without a plan, pushed on by events alone, endowed more properly with sentiments than with a character—in a word, *weak*. But the Hamlet of the critics and the Hamlet of Shakespeare are two different persons. A close review of the play will show that Hamlet is strong, not weak—that the basis of his character is *strength,* illimitable strength. There is not an act or an utterance of his, from first to last, which is not a manifestation of power. Slow, cautious, capricious, he may sometimes be, or seem to be; but always strong, always large-souled, always resistless. . . . .

With too much reason, Hamlet had lost all trust in his mother; and when we cease to trust our mothers, we cease to trust humanity. Hamlet belonged to that middle circle of the Sons of Light, who became cynics, instead of villains, in adversity. Characters of perfect sincerity, of exhaustless tenderness, of ready trust, when once deceived by the few that were dearest, become irrevocably mistrustful of all. Your commonplace neighbor who knows himself a sham, accepts, perhaps prefers, a society of shams; has no idea of being very true to anybody, or of anybody's being very true to him; leads a sham life and dies a sham death, as near as the latter achievement is possible, leaving a set of sham mourners behind him. But your heart, whose perfect insight was blinded only by its perfect love, once fooled in its tenderest faith, must be either saint or cynic; must belong either to God or to doubt forevermore. A blighted gentleness is as savage in the expression of its scorn as your born misanthropist or your natural villain; save that the hatred of the one is for vice and cant, and cunning, of the other for credulity and virtue; save that the last is cruel in word and deed, the first in word alone. . . . .

By the inexorable logic of events, Hamlet is ranged *against* the throne, the conspicuous head and front of a moral opposition, an inevitable, though passive, rebel. If Horatio is *loyal,* no matter what their previous friendship, they are thenceforth foes. One must have lived through civil war to appreciate the dexterous nicety with which Hamlet feels his former friend.

Hor.—My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham.—I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor.—*Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.*

Even this little, from a man like Horatio, is enough; they are on the same side, rebels both. Quick as lightning the glance is given and returned; he can trust Marcellus and Bernardo, too, and bares his heart to them with a fierce sigh of relief.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father—methinks I see my father.

* * * * * *

Whatever may be thought of the words, the *action*—that doomed figure, crouching over its tables in the dim midnight—is a flash of positive madness, brief as lightning, but as terrible, too. In this moment of supreme trial, his mind gives way: the remainder of the act is a struggle to restore the lost equilibrium. And in all the annals of tragedy, there is nothing half so frightful as this tremendous conflict of a godlike reason battling for its throne against Titanic terror and despair. . .

The walking ghost of a murdered king, fresh from the glare of penal fires, swearing an only son to vengeance, must be quite as trying to the soul of innocence as the chimeras of remorse to the nerves of guilt. If Hamlet's reason is momentarily dethroned, it is only to reassert its supremacy—only to pass triumphantly through the ordeal of delirious reaction.

* * * * * *

The future is vague and hopeless, but, come what may, he means to be master of the situation. His manner must necessarily change, but he will mask the change with madness—an easy mask for one whose whole life is spent in holding real madness at bay—whose reason would be lost in dark abysses of despair, but for the quenchless truth and splendor of an imagination which encircles and upholds him like an outstretched angel's wing.

THE FOUNDING OF ISLAM

From 'Mohammed.'

ACT I

SCENE I. *Night of Al Kadir.—Cave of Hara, three miles from Mecca.—Mohammed is seen prostrate upon the slope of a rock, resembling a rude pedestal, his face concealed by his turban.—Enter Cadijah.*

CADIJAH (*looking timidly around*).—He bade me meet
him here, before the moon
Had silvered half the night; but, as he spoke,
His flashing eyes were full of mystery;
His words were few, and stern, and tremulous.
And, knotted on his brow, the laboring vein
So fiercely swelled, that in his nervous grasp
I quivered like a leaf—and still my heart
Seems not to beat, but, with my creeping flesh,
To shudder. Yes—I tremble still. (*She sees him.*)
Asleep? (*She approaches, and bends over him.*)
Asleep!—O, sweet surprise—I breathe again!
(*She embraces him.*)
Son of Abdallah and Amina, hear!
Mohammed, wake! (*She tries to arouse him.*)
'Tis strange!—his slumbers ever
Fled at the gentlest whisper of my voice,
Or at the faintest murmur of his babes.
(*She tries again to wake him.*)
Awake! Awake! 'Tis thy Cadijah calls thee!
(*She starts up.*)
Alas, this is not sleep! Some evil spirit
O'ershadows thee:—and, with prophetic soul,
Thou didst invoke Cadijah's presence here,
To share thy danger or avert the spell.
(*She falls upon her knees, with her back to him.*)
Hear, great Taâla! gleaming Sirius, hear!
Al Uzza, Hobal, guardian gods of Mecca,
Assist me now!
(*At the mention of these idols, Mohammed lifts his head.*

as she pronounces the last words, he rises, with his eyes fixed on the top of the rock.)

MOHAMMED.—Gone!—Gone!—Celestial messenger!
Angel of light!—Whence came those damnèd sounds?

CAD.—My own dear lord!

MOH.—What!—thou?—Begone! Away!
The ground is holy!—Yes 'twas there—'twas there
The angel stood, in more than mortal splendor,
Before my dazzled vision!—I have heard thee,
Ambassador from Allah to my soul,
Have heard, and will obey!

(*He bows reverently before the rock.*)

CAD.—Alas, he raves!
My lord, what aileth thee?

MOH.—Cadijah!—Tell me—
Was it from thy most pure and cherished lips
Those names accursèd fell?

CAD.—What names, dear lord?

MOH.—Al Uzza, Hobal, Sirius—Pah! they choke me—
The names by which the idols are invoked!

CAD.—Yes, I did ask our gods to bless thee.

MOH.—Hush!—
Call them not gods—those blind and monstrous things,
Those crude deformities, misshapen lumps
Of lifeless clay! THERE IS NO GOD BUT ONE—
MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!

* * * * * *

Hear me, Cadijah. Thou rememberest well
When first I led to fruitful Syria
Thy caravan: my fifteenth summer still
Was blooming in my cheeks. I there beheld
The rites of Jew and Christian, and oft heard
The precepts of their sacred volumes. Then
The unknown truths, of which my pining soul
Had vaguely dreamed, began to dawn in beauty.
In solitude and silence, years rolled by:
Scorning idolatry, mistrusting all
The subtle heresies of monk and Jew,
Mine eye, unsatisfied, was ever raised

To its Creator, asking light! light! light!
It came, at last, Cadijah—here!—this night!—
This very hour!

* * * * * *

I was here alone,
Expecting thee, when, suddenly, I heard
My name pronounced, with voice more musical
Than Peri warbling in the dreamy ear.
Ravished, I turned, and saw upon that rock,
Resplendent hovering there, an angel form:
I knew 'twas Gabriel, Allah's messenger.
Celestial glories compassed him around;
Arched o'er his splendid head, his glistening wings
Shed light, and musk, and melody. No more
I saw—no more my mortal eye could bear.
Prone on my face I fell, and, from the dust,
Besought him quench his superhuman radiance.
"Look up!" he said: I stole a trembling glance;
And there, a beauteous youth, he stood and smiled.
Then, as his ruby lips unclosed, I heard—
"Go, TEACH WHAT MORTALS KNOW NOT YET—THERE IS
No GOD BUT ONE—MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!"

* * * * * *

My mission is to all mankind, but first
To *thee!* Dost thou believe?
CAD.—My lord!
MOH.—My wife!
Believe!—for though thy breath is half my life,
And though I hold thy deep maternal love
Dearer than all the wealth that lines the sea,
Or decks the Persian priest, or tyrant Greek—
Dearer than all the beauty in the world
Gathered and moulded into one fair woman—
Yet, by the throne of Allah, whose commands
Possess my soul, if thou believest not,
With thy whole heart and mind, thou shalt expire,
A victim to thy infidelity!
(*She falls upon her knees.*)
Who will believe, if thou art recreant?

Who will receive, if thou dost turn away?
Who will adore, if thou shalt still refuse
To bend thy stubborn knee? 'Tis writ above,
By angel fingers, with a pen of light,
Upon the mystic tablets, which contain
Th' eternal scheme fulfilled and unfulfilled,
Thou shalt believe, and shalt be blest forever!
Blest in the shadow of the Tuba tree—
Blest in the pearl-paved garden of Al Jannat—
Blest at the sweet and fragrant fount of Tasnim—
Blest in the midst of Allah and his angels!
Exalt thy heart in praise and gratitude!—
Confess! confess there is no God but One—
Mohammed is his Prophet!

ALADDIN'S PALACE

Aladdin's Palace, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning light,
A pillared mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled;
So from the dust our young Republic springs,
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern Kings,
Not like old Rome, slow spreading into state,
The century that freed, beholds us great,
Sees our broad empire belt the western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled;
Sees in each port where Albion's sea kings trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded deck our long wharves line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces shine,
While thrice three-story brown stone proudly tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,
Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the Millionaire.

But yet remember, glorious as we are,
Aladdin's Genie left one window bare;
And we, perchance, upon a close review,
May find our Palace lights unfinished too—

Some slighted panel in the stately hall,
Some broidered hangings stinted on the wall,
Nay, e'en some jewels gone, that graced us when
All men were free here—even gentlemen.

* * * * * *

Of all the slaves in social bondage nursed,
PATER-FAMILIAS stands supremely first:
Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
The parent cringes while the stripling reigns.
Down with the Dotard! consecrate the Boy!
Since Age *must* suffer, let bright Youth enjoy.
Drink morning in!—old eyes were meant to wake:
Shake hands with ruin!—old hearts never break.
Welcome the worst—'tis but to close the door
And pack the outlaw to some College-Cure.
Alas! the tutor apes the parent fool,
The idle birch hangs rotting in the school.
Touch the young tyrant—like Olympian Jove
The avenging sire defends his injured love;
Clutches a cowhide, contemplates a suit,
Talks wildly of a martyr and a brute.
The worst disgrace his free-born son can know
Is not to merit, but receive a blow.

* * * * * *

Your boy secure, what next? Go home and rear
That up-town palace?—Why, you're never there.
Down by the docks your home is o'er the desk
From morn till night, curled like an arabesque,
Spinning the rich cocoon for child and wife,
Though, like the worm, the tribute cost your life.
Crawl home at midnight, to the basement go,
Hug the lit fender, toast the slippered toe;
One well-earned moment rest the throbbing head,
Though all the ceiling own the waltz's tread.
Or dare the ballroom, you'll not spoil the feast,
'Tis the old story—Beauty and the Beast.

* * * * * *

Better be dead than ope those honest eyes
To half your marble mansion's mysteries.

Press your lone pillow, scheme to-morrow's pelf,
Your daughter, trust her, can protect herself:
Dread neither foreign Count nor native Fool,
Her heart was buried at a Boarding School.

* * * * * *

From private morals pass to public taste;
One jewel missing, can the next be paste?
A race of readers, we can surely claim
A dozen writers with a world-wide name—
One drama that can hold the stage a season,
Two actors that confound not rant with reason—
A minstrel equal to an average air,
An artist that has brains as well as hair?
Alas! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink,
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.

* * * * * *

Kings rule the East, the Merchant rules the West.
Save round his hearth, supreme his high behest.
For him the captive lightning rides the main,
For him rent mountains hide the creaming train,
For him the placer spreads its golden sands,
The steamer pants, the spicy sail expands;
For him the quarry splits the moaning hill,
For him Laborde imports her newest trill.
Submissive science smooths his lordly path,
States court his nod and Senates dread his wrath.
Erect, undaunted, eager, active, brisk,
A front for ruin, nerve for any risk;
Shy of the snare, impatient of the chance,
The world a chess-board 'neath his eagle glance,
Armed with a Ledger—presto pass—he carves
And spends ten fortunes where a genius starves.
No robber knight that ever drove a-field
Bore braver heart beneath his dinted shield.
Atilt with fortune, if he win the prize,
The turnpike trembles, marble cleaves the skies.

* * * * * *

O land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars!
A Nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely spell;
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay?"

* * * * * *

Of what avail the boast of steam and cable,
If doomed to grovel 'neath the curse of Babel?
Low droops our Eagle's eye to find us still
Cowed 'neath his wing—by Albion's gray-goose quill.
Why boast of Britain foiled on Bunker crest,
Her pen still rules the Rebel of the West.

SAN SISTO

Three hundred years the world has looked at it
Unwearied—it at Heaven; and here it hangs
In Dresden, making it a Holy City.
It is an old acquaintance; you have met
Copies by thousands—Morghens here and there—
But all the sunlight withered. Prints, at best,
Are but the master's shadow—as you see.
I call that face the holiest revelation
God ever made to genius. How or why,
When, or for whom 'twas painted, wherefore ask?
Enough to know 'tis Raphael, and to feel
His Fornarina was not with him, when
Spurning the slow cartoon he flashed that face,
That Virgin Mother's half-transfigured face,
On canvas. Yes, they say, 'twas meant to head
Some virginal procession:—to that banner
Heaven's inmost gates might open, one would think.
But let the picture tell its story—take
Your stand in this far corner. Falls the light
As you would have it? That Saint Barbara,
Observe her inclination and the finger
Of Sixtus:—both are pointing—*where?* Now look
Below—those grand boy-angels;—watch their eyes

Fastened—*on whom?*—What, not yet catch my meaning? . .
Step closer—half a step—no nearer. Mark
The Babe's fixed glance of calm equality.
Observe that wondering, rapt, dilated gaze,
The Mother's superhuman joy and fear,
That hushed—that startled adoration! Watch
Those circled cherubs swarming into light,
Wreathing their splendid arch, their golden ring,
Around the unveiled vision. Look above
At the *drawn curtain!* Ah, *we* do not see
God's self, but *they* do:—they are face to face
With the unveiled Omnipotent!—

THE DEATH OF DE SOTO

From "De Soto."

ACT V.

SCENE VI. (*Night. Ulah's grave, Mississippi. Enter De Soto, Tuscaluza, grappling.*)

DE S. (*holding him a moment.*)
Behold her grave!—Chief, I could smite thee now,
As I have sworn—but take another chance,
And use it well. (*Throwing him off.*)
I will not touch my sword—
We meet on equal footing, knife to knife.
TUS.—Give me a moment's rest—thy lion grasp
Upon my throat has robbed me of my breath.
DE S.—Rest—breathe—and pray—for thou hast need of all.
There liveth not the mortal whose right arm
Crossed mine in combat—and thou knowest, savage,
That I have sometimes fought. (*Goes to the grave.*)
At last in Heaven!—
Sweet saint, remember me.
TUS. (*springing upon him*).—Lie there with her!
DE S. (*intercepting the blow*).—False heart—false hand.
'Tis thus thou shouldst have struck! (*Stabs. Tuscaluza falls.*)
TUS.—Exult not, Spaniard—thou shalt follow soon—

Beneath thy steel coat lies the arrow head—
Behold that broken shaft—. Thou shalt not see
The morning. (*He dies.*)

De S.—There is nothing left to conquer!
He said that I was wounded. (*Feeling.*)
True—'tis here.
An arrow in my side—I felt it not—
'Tis deep.—Now, death, we're face to face at last.
I fear thee not! (*Looking at Tuscaluza.*)
How tranquilly he lies!
Shall I have peace like that? O what a joy
Steals over me: before me sweeps my life,
Fleet and distinct: the mother smile shines out—
The curate blesses me—the manuscripts
Spread their black letters—Isabella steps
From the stone chapel's fretted arch—the lists
Ring with her name—Pizarro beckons me—
Ho, to the rescue!—River of my soul,
Say, wilt thou sing to sleep this brain of mine
With all these memories? O leave me one—
Endless and changeless as thy mighty song—
Love!—(*Enter Porcallo, Alvarado, followed by Anasco, Gallego, Gayton, and Spanish army.*)

Alvar.—Art thou wounded? Where?

De S.— Disturb it not—
Not for the universe! Closer, Porcallo.
'Tis our last battle-field. Dost thou remember
The sunset of our first? The day was won,
And spent with toil, I slept: thy tears awoke me—
I felt thine arms around me—heard thy voice
Whispering I should be a Conqueror.
Have I fulfilled that early prophecy?

Por.—A Conqueror unsullied by the stain
Of unresisting blood.

De S.—May Heav'n confirm it!
Farewell, old friend—there's many a gallant field
Before thee yet: remember me whene'er
The cry is Santiago, and our banner
Firm in the rocking war, wins victory
From Fate.

POR.—Remember? I shall die with thee.

DE S.—No, by my Knighthood, No!—I charge thee bear
This message to my wife—to Isabella:
Tell her to teach my story to my boy,
That he may love the sire he scarcely knew—
Tell her to live for *him*:—then add but this—
Amidst temptation, danger, and despair,
I kept our vow!

ALVAR.—The fleet is in the river.

DE S.—Ha!—say you so?—War's music be their welcome—
What word?

ALVAR.—Gonzalo brings it—lo, he comes!
(*Enter Gonzalo.*)

DE S.—Is Isabella well?—I'll hear the worst.
There is a curse unspoken in thy face.

GON.—She's dead.

DE S.—O, God! how desolate the earth has grown,
How sweet the skies that hold her!
(*Taking him aside.*) Well?—

GON. Thy son—

DE S.—I am his father! Dost thou fear to speak,
When I dare listen?

GON. Dead.

DE S. The cup is full!—

GON.—You bleed.

DE S.—Ay, father, you have made me bleed.—
Alvar (*taking him aside*), have masses said at Ulah's grave,
And plant a cross of stone there, that its shadow
May sometimes sweep the river.—
Men of Spain,
In him behold your leader—by the cross,
I charge you swear to follow without question
Where'er he leads. (*They kneel.*)

OMNES.—We swear!

DE S. (*to Alvar*).—Lead them to Spain.

ALVAR.—And thou?

DE S. (*plucking out the arrow*).—Out, minister of mercy, out!
Blest be the hand that sent thee.—*I stay here!*

My children, cluster round me—I am dying.
Bright be your lot amid the groves of Spain,
New honors and true loves. For me—but this:—
Deep in that mighty river be my grave,
Its foam my shroud, its ceaseless voice my dirge,
Its everlasting wave my monument! (*He dies.*)

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH!

(Southern Anthem of the Civil War—1863).

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
Chanting our battle-cry,
Freedom or death!

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave!

God make the right
Stronger than might;
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay thou their legions low.
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know,
God's on our side.

Hark honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.

Sons of the South, awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
  Freedom and Life!

  Rebels before
  Our fathers of yore,
Rebel the righteous name
  Washington bore.
So, then, be ours the same,
Name that he snatch'd from shame,
Making it first in fame,
  Foremost in war.

  War to the hilt,
  Theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman
  To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismay'd
Sheathe not the battle blade
Till the last foe is laid
  Low in the grave!

  God save the South,
  God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
  Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove;
Still keep the land we love
  Safe from Thy wrath.

FIDELIS

From 'Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics.'

A Maiden stood by a shining stream,
  Sing tarry, tarry;
Her eye was rapt in a sweet, sweet dream,
  Ay, marry, marry.

A suitor bold rode merrily by,
"Dream on," quoth he, "you will wake one day!
So my hounds shall hunt and my falcon fly.
Away! Away!"

A Ladye sat by a clouded stream,
Sing tarry, tarry;
Her heart still true to its first sweet dream,
Ay, marry, marry.
A Baron rode up with hawk and hound,
"Well, mistress mine, do you still say nay?
Come! my lance is sure and my steed is sound,
Away! Away!"

A Mourner knelt by a frozen stream,
Sing tarry, tarry;
Her hair all white with a snowy gleam,
Ay, marry, marry.
Once more to her side the Baron came
With hawk in hand, though his beard was gray;
But her maiden dream was still the same.
Away! Away!

SAID THE ROSE

From 'Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics.'

I am weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber
Where the honeysuckles clamber
And I'll bloom there all December
'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the Bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light;
And I said, "Instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night."

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded
Old and colorless and faded
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
Than the rain;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
Half a sigh. . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

PENINA MOÏSE

[1797—1880]

BARNETT A. ELZAS

PENINA MOÏSE was born in Charleston on April 23, 1797. Her father, Abraham Moïse, was an Alsatian Jew who had settled in St. Domingo and who fled with his family to Charleston during the negro insurrection of 1791. Penina had barely passed her twelfth year when her father died and she was compelled to leave school and to take her part in supporting the large and almost helpless family he left behind. Being studiously inclined, she devoted every spare moment to reading and soon possessed a well-developed mind. She manifested literary tendencies at an early age, but it was not till 1830 that her poems were printed in number. From that time, however, she wrote incessantly, mainly poetry, though numerous examples of her prose are preserved in the files of *The Charleston Courier*. Her pen was remarkably prolific, and while much of her writing does not rise above the level of the average feminine verse, she certainly must have possessed an extraordinary gift to be able week after week—frequently as often as three times a week—to contribute long poems on almost every conceivable subject to the columns of a single paper. These poems comprise a variety of themes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Many of them are "occasional" poems, being suggested by some incident in her life.

The atmosphere in which Penina Moïse lived was not inspiring. Poverty, sickness, suffering, and death, which played so large a part in her personal experience, find constant expression in her writings. She literally "learned in suffering what she taught in song"; and while the keynote of resignation and faith runs through her compositions, the themes, to the general reader, are monotonously depressing. Several of her best poems were devoted to topics relating to the emancipation of her people: "The Rejection of the Jew Bill in the House of Lords" (1833), "The Jews of Damascus" (1840), "To Sir Moses Montefiore." In 1833 she published a small volume of poems, which she called 'Fancy's Sketch Book,' and also contributed to 'The Charleston Book' in 1845. Her best known work, however, which will keep her name alive, is the volume of hymns which she wrote for the use of the Congregation Beth Elohim, of which she was a member. This volume went through four

editions. Her hymns have been incorporated in many collections, usually without acknowledgment. Charlotte Adams characterizes these hymns well when she says of them: "They are beautiful and stately songs, reminding one in their rhythmic march of the religious verses that Cowper, Pope, Addison, and other Eighteenth Century poets bequeathed to the world."

Shortly before the war her sight began to fail and she soon became totally blind. With her sister, Rachel, then a widow, she opened a school after the war, she giving oral instruction to the pupils. She continued to write, however, her niece acting as her amanuensis. In 1872 her sister died. She continued to live with her niece, Miss Jacqueline Levy, who kept up the school till her aunt's death, which occurred on September 13, 1880. Almost to the last she wrote her verses—now chiefly to her friends, whose attentions were unceasing.

The following paragraph, taken from a sympathetic tribute by Charlotte Adams in *The Critic,* gives an admirable picture of her personality:

"There died in Charleston in 1880, at the age of eighty-three, a Jewish poetess, whose life most admirably illustrates the literary idea of the old South, in the person of intellectual, talented, and, alas, sadly limited womanhood. This was Penina Moïse, who for many years was the literary pivot of Hebrew Charleston, and whose influence extended far beyond the circle of her co-religionists. Blind, poor, getting her living in her old age by keeping a little school, she yet created a literary salon, to which the best minds of Charleston flocked. Her Friday afternoons were a center of intellectual intercourse. To the romantic imagination of the young girls whom she taught, sitting in her large rocking-chair, in her plain calico gown, with her sightless eyes looking out from under the black coif which completely hid her hair, she presented herself as an incarnation of intellectual and social splendor—a queen of literary society. Madame de Staël squabbling with Napoleon Bonaparte, Madame Récamier reclining in limp garments on her tub-like couch, with Chateaubriand reading his manuscripts to her, Madame du Deffand exchanging epigrams with Horace Walpole—these were but the prototypes of Penina. Miss Moïse was connected, by blood and marriage, with the best Hebrew families of Charleston, and many of her scholars were of her own kindred. Her methods of instruction were of the 'Magnall's Questions' order, and might have befitted the reign of George IV. She delighted in composing alphabets for literary novices, geographical rhymes, and historical conundrums. Her pupils read aloud to her, and by her system of education girls of twelve were made familiar with George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Walter

Scott, and other English classics. Numerous volumes of French women's memoirs were perused by Miss Moïse's scholars, for 'Penina,' as her pupils fondly called her, although born in Charleston, was the child of San Domingo French parents, who had found a refuge in South Carolina when the Revolution of 1791 drove them from the West Indies and stripped them of their wealth. Miss Moïse had all the gaiety, the contentment, and the joyous philosophy of the French temperament. Twenty-five years of blindness did not diminish her fondness for life's pleasures. She lived in books, and especially in the lives of noted French women found the enjoyment of the keenest sympathy. The melodious Hebrew name borne by this remarkable woman seemed to define her station in the Jewish colony at Charleston, which was very largely of San Domingo origin. Was not the 'Peninah' of Scripture the sister of the pious Hannah and the aunt of the prophet Samuel? And was it not fit that her namesake should be regarded as a 'Mother in Israel'? Living her chastened life apart from the gay world, in a rarefied, impersonal atmosphere, Penina was, in the finest sense, the mother of her people. To her the girl babies were brought before their names were called aloud in the synagogue. Secrets of betrothal, marriage, business, and illness were confided to her tender care, and her advice was asked upon all important occasions."

Barnett A. Elzas

TO PERSECUTED FOREIGNERS

From the *Southern Patriot,* February 23, 1820.

Fly from the soil whose desolating creed,
Outraging faith, makes human victims bleed.
Welcome! where every Muse has reared a shrine,
The respect of wild Freedom to refine.

Upon OUR Chieftain's brow no crown appears;
No gems are mingled with his silver hairs.
Enough that Laurels bloom amid its snows,
Enriched with these, the sage all else foregoes.

If thou art one of that oppressed race,
Whose name's a proverb, and whose lot's disgrace,
Brave the Atlantic—Hope's broad anchor weigh,
A Western Sun will gild your future day.

Zeal is not blind in this our temp'rate soil;
She has no scourge to make the soul recoil,
Her darkness vanished when our stars did flash;
Her red arm, grasped by Reason, dropt the lash.

OUR Union, Liberty and Peace imparts,
Stampt on our standards, graven on our hearts;
The first, from crush'd Ambition's ruin rose,
The last, on Victory's field spontaneous grows.

Rise, then, elastic from Oppression's tread,
Come and repose on Plenty's flowery bed.
Oh! not as Strangers shall your welcome be,
Come to the homes and bosoms of the free.

THE REJECTION OF THE JEW BILL BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From the *Courier*, September 14, 1833.

"And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened—neither would he let the children of Israel go."

Why against Folly point satiric swords?
Rise scornful Muse and sing the House of Lords!
Let bigot pride your boldest stroke receive,
Patrician prejudice relentless cleave.
Who would have looked for Jesuitic tenets,
St. Omer's scourges within British Senates?
Who could have dreamed a faggot yet would blaze,
Far more unquenchable than zealots raise,
Felled from the highest branches of a tree,
Rooted within the soil of Liberty?
Spotless are now the records of old Spain!
For Acts of Faith leave not so deep a stain,
Nor structures based on erring superstition,
As this Aristocratic Inquisition.
Was it a Vulture fierce or gentle Dove
Sent as the type of mediatorial love?
Faithful disciples! well ye emulate
Your intercessor by intolerant hate.
Forgetting Fate's antithesis, ye wield
Oppression's rod, instead of Mercy's shield.
Apostatizing from that plan divine,
Which grants to Justice no sectarian shrine.
A star once led to Virtue in the East,
Not such the sparkler on a ducal breast.
This to no godlike attribute will guide,
Though Fame a Wellington has deified.
Hero! if laurelled brow that name deserve,
Coward! by nobler test—the moral nerve.
Proud Philistine, explore the secret spring,
That moved the puppets of thy martial ring;
In Israel's hand thou'lt find the golden wire,
Whose impulse stirred Enthusiasm's fire.

And to this sordid bourn they would confine
The noble remnant of a lofty line;
Crush the high aspirant to Glory's meed,
And bid him from her brilliant lists recede.
By civil excommunication blast,
Souls in the purest mould of Honor cast,
Like the red text upon the regal wall,
Truth flashes warning of that nation's fall,
Which in the revel of prosperity
Profanes the cup—nor heeds the captives' cry.
It cannot be—Brittania must explode
That dark deformity from Freedom's code.
It shall not be! with prescient exultation,
My joyous harp rings out Emancipation!

CONSECRATION HYMN

Written for the Reconsecration of the Synagogue which was destroyed in the great fire of 1838.

When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,
Her simple text from nature's volume taught,
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,
Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.
But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,
And music followed still the angel's flight;
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
And sung of God, in Revelation's light.
Lend, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,
The soul of Jesse's son,
That we may in harmonious prayer,
Exalt the Holy One!

Girt in His lightning robe, God gave the law
From trembling Sinai, to His eldest-born;
Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,
A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.
His spirit before thousands past,
To one alone revealed;
And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,
Faith's covenant was sealed.

"Him first, Him last," Him let us ever sing,
Whose promise yet the Hebrew pilgrim cheers;
Who shall His wandering people once more bring
Back to the glory of departed years.
Bright pillar of our desert path,
Through shame and scorn adored;
Thy mercy triumphs o'er thy wrath,
Creator, King, and Lord!

Lost is the pomp, that in the land of palms
Thy regal temple on Moriah graced;
No wreathing incense here Thy shrine embalms,
No cherub-plumes are round its altars placed.
Our censer is the "vital urn,"
Our ark's upborne by zeal;
To these, Almighty! wilt thou turn
At Israel's appeal.

Now, let joyous Hallelujahs ring,
The fallen casts her ashes far away;
Behold another fane from ruin spring,
In brighter and more beautiful array.
Enter in brotherly accord
God's holy dwelling-place;
Chastened in spirit and in word,
There supplicate His grace.

Hear, O Supreme! our humble invocation;
Our country, kindred, and the stranger bless!
Bless, too, this sanctuary's consecration,
Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.
Still, still let choral harmony
Ascend before Thy throne;
While echoing seraphim reply:—
The Lord our God is One!

RESIGNATION

Written after the death of her brother in 1838.

When I would smile, remembrance brings
A thousand sad and bitter things,
Vexations, crosses, wrongs, and woes
That blighted hope and broke repose.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
When shall I say, Thy will be done?

I mourned for one who, like a twin,
Shared every thought that passed within;
"Oh! would that I might die for thee,"
Was echoed in my agony.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I should have said, Thy will be done!

Time brought me to the Lord, my Shield,
Whose help my wounds had scarcely healed
When suff'rings, various and deep,
Destroyed my health and banished sleep;
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My words were not, Thy will be done!

I saw my kindred's fortunes changed,
The feelings of my friends estranged;
In silence I was doomed to grieve
O'er wants my hand could not relieve.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I said not yet, Thy will be done!

How weak in faith must I have been;
How led by sorrow into sin,
In trial ne'er to recognize
The seraph mercy in disguise.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My heart now says, Thy will be done!

SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD

God Supreme! to Thee I pray.
Let my lips be taught to say,
Whether good or ill may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

What Thy wisdom may dictate
Let Thy servant vindicate;
Though it may my hopes o'erthrow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Friends may falsify my trust,
Kindred also prove unjust,
Wound my heart and chill its glow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Health and comfort may decline,
Why at this should I repine?
Both to Thee, my God, I owe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

When by disappointment stung,
Hard it is for human tongue
Still to say, though tears may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Yet, from Mercy's aid shall spring
Strength of spirit still to sing
'Mid bereavement, pain, and woe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

PRAYER

Pray when the morn unveileth
  Her glories to thine eyes;
Pray when the sunlight faileth,
  And stars usurp the sky;
Far from thy bosom flinging
  Each worldly thought impure,
The praise of God be singing,
  Mortal for evermore.

Pray for the friend whose kindness
Ne'er fail'd in word or deed;
Pray for the foe whose blindness
Hath caused thy heart to bleed;
A blessing for thy neighbor
Ask thou of God above;
And on thy hallowed labor
Shall fall His smile of Love.

Beside the stranger's altar,
Or at thy proper shrine,
Let not thy accents falter
In uttering truths divine,
But e'en when life is waning,
Thy faith with zeal declare;
One God alone is reigning
Whose worship none may share.

LOVE AND LAW

From the *Courier,* March 6, 1832.

A random shaft from Cupid's quiver,
Once struck a famous barrister;
The lady was a cold deceiver,
Therefore his suit ne'er harassed her.
But during a long evening session,
When he to Hymen's bonds alluded;
She only laughed at his confession
And said the thought must be precluded.
The Muses with the Graces joined,
A lovely jury soon composed;
To try the fellow who purloined
Hearts that no flaw had e'er disclosed.
Deeper in crime her soul to steep,
(As urged by the Solicitor;)
This modern Macbeth murdered sleep,
When to his eyes a visitor.
To court subpoena'd, the coquette
Was rashly guilty of misprison;
Her judges at defiance set,

And boldly plead without permission.
"Try me for larcenies in Love?
The law of Nature learn to read;
Woman's prerogative 'twill prove,
And not a felon's flagrant deed.
If actionable such offence,
Ye Nine consulting justice strict,
Who steal with Fiction's keys each sense
I can of pilfering convict.
Not for myself but sex I plead,
Prescriptive right of breaking chains;
Once from this privilege recede,
And not a wreck of power remains.
What penalty must I endure
In this case of attachment?
Yon plaintiff-lawyer may procure
Of writs a whole detachment;
This form he feigns to love so well,
May even now incarcerate;
I'll find new suitors in my cell,
Fearless your verdict I await."
"Not guilty!" from the Graces burst
When the appeal was ended;
But soon the sentence was reversed,
Nor mercy recommended.
At once the Muses seized their lyres,
Untwisted all the silver strings;
And bound the culprit with their wires,
Who still in bondage smiles and sings.

LINES

Written in my Eighty-third year, and gratefully addressed to all my dear Relatives and Friends in acknowledgment of their unremitting kindness.

Long past the allotted term of mortal years,
My soul a captive in the vale of tears,
Flutters its wings, to shake the dust away,
Contracted in its narrow cage of clay;
Conscious the hour of freedom is at hand,
When it will soar to Faith's own fatherland,

By mercy there with manna to be fed,
Gathered by angels for their daily bread,
And with "the just made perfect" ever shared,
Whose deeds on earth, their souls for heaven prepared,
Such is at least the promise Hope has made,
In dreams where Paradise is oft portrayed
As a more glorious Eden than the first,
Where life's most tragic drama was rehearsed.
But why should I not wish to linger here?
Do I not dwell in Friendship's atmosphere?
Where generous souls such balmy tribute bring,
As makes my wintry age so like to spring
That scarce the blind recluse, amid its snows,
Detects the absence of the vernal rose.

Scant in the hour-glass of Time are now
The sands symbolic of life's measured flow,
But ere the few that still remain shall fall,
On thee, long, long-slumbering muse, for aid I call,
Through inspiration's golden medium yet
In part to cancel gratitude's past debt.
Vain hope! that such poor coinage could repay
The sterling gifts received from day to day,
To Heaven for requital I commend,
My kindred dear, and many a faithful friend,
Praying through future years they may enjoy,
Health, peace and happiness without alloy.

Praise to my young associates who delight
To be as 'twere to me a second sight,
Through which alone I may again behold,
Flowers and gems of intellectual mould—
Whose gentle ministry, with soothing power,
Brightens my spirit in its cloudiest hour,
Till e'en through darkened vision it perceives
The silver interlining Mercy weaves.

JAMES MONROE

[1758—1831]

W. H. HECK

JAMES MONROE was born of cultured parents in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28, 1758. In this rich section were many families of note, and Monroe was reared in an environment expressive of the best American life of his time. At sixteen years of age he entered William and Mary College, but left it two years later to join the forces organizing to resist British authority. Enlisting in the Continental Army as lieutenant in the Third Virginia Regiment, he fought gallantly in several engagements, receiving at Trenton a wound in his shoulder. In the battles of 1777-'78 he served as major on the staff of Lord Stirling; but, on account of the scarcity of funds, he failed to get further promotion and spent most of the next two years in retirement at his home, although called upon at different times by Governor Jefferson to defend the State against invasion, and on one occasion to make a report on the condition of the Southern Army. In 1780 he became a law student under Jefferson, and thus began an intimacy which greatly influenced his life. Writing to his teacher in September of that year, Monroe says: "Believe me, I feel that whatever I am at present in the opinion of others or whatever I may be in future has greatly arisen from your friendship."

In 1782 Monroe became a delegate to the Virginia Assembly and a member of the Executive Council. From 1783 to 1786 he served in the Continental Congress, achieving prominence through his activity in favor of putting "the regulation of trade in the hands of the United States as necessary to preserve the Union." He was one of the four Virginians that delivered to Congress the deed ceding the Northwest Territory to the United States. He was again elected to the Virginia Assembly in 1787, and in the next year became a member of the State Convention to ratify the National Constitution. Although his experiences in the Continental Congress had taught him the defects of the Articles of Confederation, Monroe opposed some of the centralizing tendencies of the new Constitution. He addressed to his constituents a pamphlet entitled "Some Observations on the Constitution"; but as the pamphlet was late in coming from the printer, and as it did not seem in all respects satisfactory, Monroe withheld it from circulation. The following extract summarizes his views:

"Upon the whole it results that although I am for a change, and a radical one, of the confederation, yet I have some strong and invincible objections to that proposed to be substituted in its stead. Those of less weight might be yielded for the sake of accommodation; but until an experiment shall prove the contrary, I shall always believe that the exercise of direct taxation and excise, by one body, over the very extensive territory contained within the bounds of the United States, will terminate either in anarchy and a dissolution of the government, or a subversion of liberty. The judiciary I consider as illy organized and its powers as too extensive; the whole government in a measure without responsibility, and the rights of men too loosely guarded. And when I behold the Senate, a corps more diplomatic in its principle, permanent in its station, and systematic in its operations, than ever the late Congress itself, wielding in the one hand the strong powers of the executive, and with the other controlling and modifying at pleasure the movements of the Legislature, I must confess that not only my hopes of the beneficial effects of the government are greatly diminished, but that my apprehensions of some fatal catastrophe are highly awakened."

Monroe, however, acquiesced in the ratification, especially after the States had agreed upon certain amendments. In 1790 he accepted the senatorship from Virginia, and for four years in Congress was one of the leading opponents of the Washington Administration, though always an admirer of Washington personally. Therefore, he was surprised, in 1794, at being appointed Minister to France. His outspoken sympathy with the French Revolution made him, in the eyes of the Administration, a valuable person to conciliate the Republic at a time when its goodwill was necessary to the commercial prosperity of the United States. With messages of fraternal greeting from both the Senate and the House, and with injunctions that seemed to give him wide scope in winning French favor, Monroe reached Paris just after the fall of Robespierre, and immediately applied to the Committee of Public Safety. As the Committee hesitated to receive him, he decided to make application to the National Convention. Being allowed permission to speak before that body, he presented the messages from Congress and delivered an address that delighted the Convention with its extreme expressions of friendship, but called forth severe rebuke from his home Administration. Monroe made good use of the friendly attitude of the French Government, which he had thus aroused, and succeeded in gaining compensation for several injuries to the commerce of the United States. His success, however, was short-lived. The mission of John Jay to England, the real purpose of which was kept from Monroe, resulted in a treaty that angered the French Nation and seemed to confirm its suspicions

of the sincerity of the United States in sending Monroe to Paris with avowals of national friendship. This embarrassing situation resulted in the recall of Monroe, who returned home with a bitterness from which he never recovered. He soon published (1797) a lengthy pamphlet entitled "A View of the Conduct of the Executive in the Foreign Affairs of the United States, etc.," and thus he justified himself in the eyes of his friends and of Virginia and condemned himself in the eyes of his Federalist critics.

Virginia showed its trust in him by making him Governor in 1799. He held this office until 1802, when President Jefferson sent him to France to aid Livingston in a purchase of the territory, lately ceded to France by Spain, controlling the outlet of the Mississippi. In spite of delays with Marbois, the French Minister, Monroe and Livingston successfully concluded the Louisiana Purchase in the spring of the following year. Monroe was also commissioned as Minister to Spain, to make a similar purchase of Florida, and as Minister to England, to effect a treaty safeguarding the maritime rights of the United States. In both of these efforts he failed, though not through any fault of his own; and he returned home in 1807, feeling that his success in France was not duly appreciated because of his inability to overcome England's stubborn unfriendliness. But in 1811 Virginia again rewarded him with the office of Governor, and in a few months he was called by President Madison to be Secretary of State. When the War of 1812 became inevitable, Monroe urged the President to reorganize the Department of War, and finally, in consequence of British successes in and around Washington, he himself was made Secretary of War and vigorously undertook the management of the campaign. At Madison's request he continued in the State Department also, and thus shouldered a double responsibility in a time of great national trial. The War portfolio he held until 1815, and the State portfolio until his election to the Presidency in 1817.

The history of Monroe's Presidency (1817-'25) is too well known to be fully outlined here. This "era of good feeling" was marked by great growth in territory in the purchase of Florida, in population, and in wealth. Monroe concentrated his attention on advancing the commercial rights of the United States with other nations, of constructing a navy and coast fortifications, and of urging internal improvements. His inaugural address and his annual and special messages are mainly devoted to these matters. The long struggle of the South American republics to gain independence from Spain excited his intense interest, though he insisted all the time that Congress was right in maintaining a strict neutrality. He finally acknowledged the independence of the republics and exchanged envoys with them. In face of the appeal of Spain to the Holy Alliance for aid in bringing

the republics again under Spanish control, and in the belief that England would be guided by Canning to resist such action on the part of the Holy Alliance, Monroe advised carefully with his Cabinet and friends, and then wrote in his Annual Message of December 2, 1823, the famous passages which enunciated the "Monroe Doctrine."*

In this same message Monroe well states his opposition to slavery: "In compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives adopted at their last session, instructions have been given to all the Ministers of the United States accredited to the powers of Europe and America to propose the proscription of the African slave trade by classing it under the denomination, and inflicting on its perpetrators the punishment, of piracy. Should this proposal be acceded to, it is not doubted that this odious and criminal practice will be promptly and entirely suppressed. It is earnestly hoped that it will be acceded to, from the firm belief that it is the most effectual expedient that can be adopted for the purpose."

From the time of his retirement in 1825 until his death in New York, July 4, 1831, Monroe lived quietly at his home in Loudoun County, or with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, in New York. He served his State in some minor offices, and especially enjoyed his membership on the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia; but he refused to run for any political office or to have his opinions on current problems used for political purposes. His finances were greatly embarrassed on account of debts contracted during his two missions abroad; and in 1825 he asked Congress to reimburse him, with interest, for his expenditures while in this Government service. Toward the close of his life he wrote to Madison: "I never recovered from the losses of the first mission, to which those of the second added considerably." As the amount granted by Congress was less than that asked for, Monroe published in 1826 a "Memoir Relating to his Unsettled Claim upon the People and Government of the United States." In 1830 Monroe alluded, in a letter to his son-in-law, to two books he was writing, one an autobiography which was never published and the other "A comparison between our government and the ancient republics, and likewise with the government of England," which was published in its unfinished form in 1867. After the death of his wife, in 1830, he settled permanently in New York and lived there with his daughters until his death. In 1858, one hundred years after his birth, his body was carried with ceremony to Richmond and there re-interred.

While a member of the Continental Congress (1786) Monroe married Miss Eliza Korkwright of New York. Of his two children,

*These passages are given in full in the selections following this sketch.

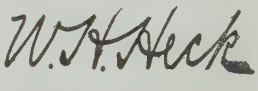
the elder daughter married Judge George Hay, of Virginia, and the younger Samuel L. Gouverneur of New York. To his wife and children he was affectionately devoted, and the allusions to them in his letters reveal his constant thought of them. Judge Watson, of Charlottesville, at one time a member of his household, thus describes him: "In his intercourse with his family he was not only unvaryingly kind and affectionate, but as gentle as a woman or a child. . . . I shall never forget the touching grief manifested by the old man on the morning after Mrs. Monroe's death, when he sent for me to go to his room, and with trembling frame and streaming eyes spoke of the long years they had spent happily together, and expressed in strong terms his conviction that he would soon follow her."

Among his friends Monroe numbered some of the greatest men of his time, especially Jefferson and Madison, with whom he corresponded during most of his life. Though without the graces of a polished gentleman of society, he won friends everywhere by his kind and simple graciousness.

The following list of the chief public offices held by Monroe will give an idea of the honor in which he was held by his contemporaries: Twice Member of the Virginia Assembly; a delegate to three Continental Congresses; twice Governor; United States Senator for part of two terms; twice Minister to France; Minister to England and Spain; Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and President for two terms. He was a man without great originality or a genius for statesmanship, but he was a direct, far-sighted manager of public affairs, honest, patriotic, and courageous. Daniel C. Gilman, from whose biography of Monroe most of the data in this sketch has been gathered, thus gives his estimate of the man and the official: "He was in early life enthusiastic to rashness, he was an adherent to partisan views, he was sometimes despondent and sometimes irascible; but as he grew older his judgment was disciplined, his self-control became secure, his patriotism overbalanced the considerations of party. Political opponents rarely assailed the purity of his motives or the honesty of his conduct. . . . His numerous state papers are not remarkable in style or in thought, but his views were generally sound."

As a writer on political questions, Monroe cannot be highly praised. His addresses, messages, and pamphlets are written with dignity, and sometimes with a patriotic fervor that is contagious, but they are not marked with power or grace. A lack of sententiousness has kept his best utterances from being remembered and quoted. Although in dealing with definite, practical measures his style is clear,

in general discussions it often becomes involved through an accumulation of dependent clauses and through a failure to make easy the transitions of thought from one sentence or paragraph to another. Even his letters are often stiff and cumbrous. Monroe's education at William and Mary College was cut short by the Revolutionary War, and his busy life afterward kept him from gaining a wide knowledge of books. There are surprisingly few literary allusions in his letters and documents. He was a man educated mainly by his varied experiences in the service of his country, and his great career shows the value of such an education.



ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE

Delivered August 15, 1794.

CITIZENS, PRESIDENT AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE:—My admission into this Assembly, in the presence of the French Nation (for all the citizens of France are represented here) to be recognized as the Representative of the American Republic impresses me with a degree of sensibility which I cannot express. I consider it as a new proof of that friendship and regard which the French Nation has always shown to their ally, the United States of America.

Republics should approach near to each other. In many respects they all have the same interest. But this is more especially the case with the American and French Republics:—their governments are similar; they both cherish the same principles and rest on the same basis, the equal and unalienable rights of men. The recollection too of common dangers and difficulties will increase their harmony, and cement their union. America had her day of oppression, difficulty and war, but her sons were virtuous and brave and the storm which long clouded her political horizon has passed and left them in the enjoyment of peace, liberty, and independence.

France, our ally and our friend and who aided in the contest, has now embarked in the same noble career; and I am happy to add that whilst the fortitude, magnanimity, and heroic valor of her troops, command the admiration and applause of the astonished world, the wisdom and firmness of her councils unite equally in securing the happiest result.

America is not an unfeeling spectator of your affairs in the present crisis. I lay before you in the declarations of every department of our Government, declarations which are founded in the affection of the citizens at large, the most decided proof of her sincere attachment to the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the French Republic. Each branch of Congress according to the course of proceedings there has requested the President to make this known to you in its behalf; and in fulfilling the desires of those branches I am instructed to declare to you that he has expressed his own.

In discharging the duties of the office which I am now called on to execute, I promise myself the highest satisfaction; because I well know that whilst I pursue the dictates of my own heart in wishing the liberty and happiness of the French Nation, and which I most sincerely do, I speak the sentiments of my own Country; and that by doing everything in my power to preserve and perpetuate the harmony so happily subsisting at present between the two Republics, I shall promote the interest of both. To this great object therefore all my efforts will be directed. If I shall be so fortunate as to succeed in such manner as to merit the approbation of both Republics I shall deem it the happiest event of my life and return hereafter with a consolation, which those who mean well and have served the cause of liberty alone can feel.

LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA

London, England, Nov. 29, 1803.

I recollect that while I had the honor to serve the Commonwealth in the Executive, it appeared that there were many cases of contestation between the State and British subjects, growing out of our revolution and treaties with this country for tracts of land and lots lying in several of our counties and towns, some of which were of great value. Several of these controversies were of long standing and attended with great expense, while the result was quite uncertain. It has occurred to me, that it might be advantageous to the State to compromise these disputes with the parties by the purchase of their claims for some reasonable equivalent. It is presumable that they would prefer selling them at a very moderate price, a half or less of their value to be paid by instalments, which might be satisfied out of the lands alone, to the prosecution of a doubtful controversy, which keeps them so long, even in a case of favorable issue, from the possession of the property. It might also be more satisfactory to the State to adjust these controversies by amicable compromise, than by legal decision, since the former is a mode that will content every one. If the State is disposed to adopt this mode, and thinks proper to repose the trust in me, I will accept it with pleasure, and undertake to execute it in the best manner in my power. I shall wish no compensation for the service; my sole object will be to render myself useful to my country, and my highest gratification to succeed in the undertaking.

* * * * * *

It may be deemed presumptuous in me to express a wish as to the application of the money which may thus be raised, in case the idea is adopted and executed with success. The wisdom of the Legislature will, I doubt not, destine it to some humane and useful object. Had I a seat in the Legislature and a vote on the application, it would be to the purpose of public instruction. It is an opinion which I have long entertained, on which every day's experience and observation tends to confirm, that however free our political institutions may be in the commencement, liberty cannot long be preserved

unless the society in every district, in all its members, possesses that portion of useful knowledge which is necessary to qualify them to discharge with credit and effect, those great duties of citizens on which free Government rests. The responsibility of public servants, however, well provided for by the Constitution, becomes vain and useless if the people in general are not competent judges, in the course of the administration, of all the questions which it involves. If it was wise, manly and patriotic in us to establish a free Government, it is equally incumbent on us to attend to the necessary means of its preservation. The money thus raised, might form the commencement of a system, which under favorable auspices, especially the humane patronage of the Legislature, might be matured hereafter and extended throughout the Commonwealth. You will excuse the liberty I have taken to make this suggestion, and be assured that it will give me great and sincere pleasure to have it in my power while I remain abroad to render service to my country and my friends in this or any other mode in which they will be pleased to command me. Be so kind as to present my most friendly regards to the gentlemen at your Board, and believe me to be, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,

Affectionately yours, &c.

THE "MONROE DOCTRINE"

Extracts from President Monroe's Seventh Annual Message, December 2, 1823.

MANY important subjects will claim your attention during the present session, of which I shall endeavor to give, in aid of your deliberation, a just idea in this communication. I undertake this duty with diffidence, from the vast extent of the interests on which I have to treat and of their great importance to every portion of our Union. I enter on it with zeal from a thorough conviction that there never was a period since the establishment of our Revolution when, regarding the condition of the civilized world and its bearing on us, there was greater necessity for devotion in the public servants to their respective duties, or for virtue, patriotism, and union in our constituents.

Meeting in you a new Congress, I deem it proper to present this view of public affairs in greater detail than might otherwise be necessary. I do it, however, with peculiar satisfaction, from a knowledge that in this respect I shall comply more fully with the sound principles of our Government. The people being with us exclusively the sovereign, it is indispensable that full information be laid before them on all important subjects, to enable them to exercise that high power with complete effect. If kept in the dark, they must be incompetent to do it. We are all liable to error, and those who are engaged in the management of public affairs are more subject to excitement and to be led astray by their particular interests and passions than the great body of our constituents who, living at home in the pursuit of their ordinary avocations, are calm but deeply interested spectators of events and of the conduct of those who are parties to them. To the people every department of the Government and every individual in each are responsible, and the more full their information the better they can judge of the wisdom of the policy pursued and of the conduct of each in regard to it. From their dispassionate judgment much aid may always be obtained, while their approbation will form the greatest incentive and most gratifying reward for virtuous actions, and the dread of their censure the best security against the abuse of their confidence. Their interests in all vital questions are the same, and the bond, by sentiment as well as by interest, will be proportionably strengthened as they are better informed of the real state of public affairs, especially in difficult conjunctures. It is by such knowledge that local prejudices and jealousies are surmounted, and that a national policy, extending its fostering care and protection to all the great interests of the Union, is formed and steadily adhered to.

A precise knowledge of our relations with foreign powers as respects our negotiations and transactions with each is thought to be particularly necessary. Equally necessary is it that we should form a just estimate of our resources, revenue, and progress in every kind of improvement connected with the national prosperity and public defense. It is by rendering justice to other nations that we may expect it from them. It

is by our ability to resent injuries and redress wrongs that we may avoid them.

* * * * * *

At the proposal of the Russian Imperial Government, made through the minister of the Emperor residing here, a full power and instructions have been transmitted to the minister of the United States at St. Petersburg to arrange by amicable negotiation the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of this continent. A similar proposal had been made by His Imperial Majesty to the Government of Great Britain, which has likewise been acceded to. The Government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his Government. In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

Since the close of the last session of Congress the commissioners and arbitrators for ascertaining and determining the amount of indemnification which may be due to citizens of the United States under the decision of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, in conformity to the convention concluded at St. Petersburg on the 12th of July, 1822, have assembled in this city, and organized themselves as a board for the performance of the duties assigned to them by that treaty. The commission constituted under the eleventh article of the treaty of the 22nd of February, 1819, between the United States and Spain is also in session here, and as the term of three years limited by the treaty for the execution of the trust will expire before the period of the next regular meeting of Congress, the attention of the Legislature will be drawn to the measures which may be necessary to accomplish the objects for which the commission was instituted.

* * * * * *

It was stated at the commencement of the last session that a great effort was then making in Spain and Portugal to improve the condition of the people of those countries, and that it appeared to be conducted with extraordinary moderation. It need scarcely be remarked that the result has been so far very different from what was then anticipated. Of events in that quarter of the globe, with which we have so much intercourse and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new Governments and

Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

The late events in Spain and Portugal shew that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers, to consider the government de facto as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form, with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course.

LETTER TO JOHN C CALHOUN

OAK HILL, August 4, 1828.

DEAR SIR:—On my return here two days since from Albemarle, whither I had been to attend a meeting of the visitors of the University, and a convention on the subject of internal improvement, I had the pleasure to receive your letter on the 10th ulto.

* * * * * *

I very sincerely regret the proceeding to the South, alluded to in your letter respecting the late law for the encouragement of manufactures, as well from the feeling I bear to the parties who appear, by the *Gazette,* to be most active in it, as a regard to the public interest. For several of them I have great respect & esteem, and take an interest in their welfare. I have heretofore been gratified to see an advancement of their fame. This incident may tend to injure them. As to the Union, all movements which menace, or even suggest the least danger to it, cannot fail to have an ill effect. None of the States are so deeply interested, according to my best judgment, in its preservation, as the Southern. Rivalry, restraints on intercourse, would immediately ensue, under partial confederacies, or any other arrangements, which could be formed, the pernicious consequences of which may easily be conceived. Hostility and wars would be inevitable, whereby our free system of government would be overwhelmed. The Southern States would soon become a scene of the most frightful calamities, because their slaves would be excited to insurrection. It is my candid opinion, if there is any portion of the Union which ought to feel peculiar solicitude for its preservation, it is those States, as it likewise is that they should promote the connection and dependence of the several States on each other, by intercourse, commerce & every practicable means tending to obliterate local distinctions, diffuse a common feeling, and bind the Union by the strongest ties of interest & affection, more closely together.

With respect to the promotion of these objects, by the improvement of the Union by roads & canals, in the extent heretofore stated, and by the encouragement of manufactures,

my views were fully disclosed in my inaugural address in 1817; as they were in the messages subsequently sent to Congress. They have not changed, but have gained strength by subsequent events. I make to you this communication with the candor I have always observed in my communications with you, and with the best feeling for those to whom it particularly relates. That it might have been advisable, considering the objections entertained to this measure in the South, to have advanced more gradually, in carrying into effect this policy, is a subject into which I do not enter. But that the encouragement of manufactures is one, regarding the dangers to which our Union and free government are exposed, and which bear with peculiar force on the Southern States, which they should cherish, is a point on which my mind has long since, perhaps improperly, been made up. Nor have I any doubt, having all the raw materials among ourselves, and blessed with other advantages enjoyed by no European country, that at no distant period we shall obtain those articles at home, at a cheaper price than they can be procured from foreign countries. The law having been passed by a constitutional majority, what I most anxiously wish is, that a fair experiment be made of its effect.

We had the satisfaction to find Mr. Gouverneur, and our daughter, and their children in good health. The journey was fatiguing to Mrs. Monroe, but her health had improved when I left her, and has improved since. Mr. and Mrs. Hay are in good health. We all desire our best regards to Mrs. Calhoun & family, and beg you to be assured that we shall always be happy to see you both whenever it may be convenient for you to visit us.

LETTER TO JOHN C. CALHOUN

January 7, 1829.

Dear Sir:—I have had the pleasure to receive your favor of the 29. Decr., and should have answered it sooner had not my attention been called to Mr. Hay, who has been indisposed, and still is, tho' on the recovery. My health is essentially restored, but I am still weak, and have avoided exposure to the cold air, except in a few instances in a carriage.

The subject to which you refer is of the most delicate nature that can be conceived, on which I always reflect with great concern & distress. Whatever shakes our system, or menaces it, will create a despondence throughout the civilized world. They all look to us and will give up their cause as lost if we shew a doubt of success. I can only remark in this that none of the views which I suggested, in my letter to you of August last, have been changed. They were formed on long reflection, founded in experience, and a particular consideration of the state of the Southern country, & especially in the article of slaves, the number of which, in most of them, exceeds that of the white population. My opinion is that we should provoke no issue to shake the system, or which, in the eyes of the world or among ourselves, should make a change, most satisfactory to the Southern States, imputable to necessity, and the preservation of the Union. The best way will be, I think, to let the experiment operate & to appeal to other motives, in case the result should correspond with the anticipation formed of it. It merits great consideration, and especially if an appeal be made to the danger of disunion, whether it may not have a different effect; whether, if the power to regulate trade is allowed to have no internal operation, the Eastern and Western States may not find it for their interest, at some future period to break off, and give to their industry, their institutions and other means, an hostile direction towards us. I well know that those who have taken a different view of the subject are men of high honor, and are governed by a sense of what they owe to their immediate constituents. To these men, and to many of their predecessors, I have been attached thro' the whole course of my public life,

and have often acted in perfect harmony, and with none more cordially or uniformly than with yourself, at very difficult periods, & especially in the late war. That attachment still exists, and always will, because it is founded on pure principles, the result of my disinterested reflections, a just estimate of their character & merit. I write to you without reserve, because I have perfect confidence in the candor with which you will view any suggestion which I make. I cannot now enter more fully into the subject, but I am satisfied that our system requires great circumspection and care, to preserve it. It is getting into operation, on a fair experiment of its principles, without the aid of many causes connected with the revolution itself. To these my attention has been drawn, since my retirement, with great interest. I have long wished to see you, and have attributed your not calling to motives of delicacy only, arising from the state of affairs. I beg you to be assured that that state produced no effect on my mind, in reference to a visit from you, nor will it at any time.

My family desire their best regards to Mrs. Calhoun, whom we should likewise be happy to see with you.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

[1858—]

W. M. BUNTING

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE was born in Marion, Alabama, August 26, 1858, and was graduated in his native town from Howard College. His father, Judge John Moore, was an early pioneer of that section and served for twenty-six years as Judge of the District Court until his death in 1904.

Mr. Moore showed a decided fondness for literature, ancient history, and the Greek classics early in life, and he easily led in college debates. After graduation he edited the *Marion Commonwealth* for a year, and made considerable reputation as a poet and writer. Some of his poems written at that time were widely copied by newspapers throughout the South. He taught school the following six years in Butler and Wilcox counties, establishing Moore Academy at Pineapple, Alabama. During these years of school work he studied law, but declined to accept a license, as he did not wish to practice. His love of nature and literary work impelled him to return to country life, and he removed to Maury County, Tennessee, near Columbia. His fondness for horses soon led him to contribute short stories to *The Horse Review* of Chicago, the largest and best-known turf journal in America. His *nom de plume* of "Trotwood" soon won him fame with horse-lovers and nature-worshipers. Through the succeeding years Mr. Moore edited a department in *The Horse Review,* and wrote numerous poems and short stories; in 1897 these were published in a volume entitled 'Songs and Stories From Tennessee,' which immediately found favor and won for him a name among Southern writers. It was the story "Ole Mistis" that first made him known to the literary world.

Many of Mr. Moore's stories were considered classics, reflecting the life, the time, and the character of the people of middle Tennessee and Alabama before and immediately following the war. His dialect stories and interpretations of the old plantation darkey hold a decided place in Southern literature. His "Old Wash" stories have a pathetic touch, and were idealized by the late Howard Weeden of Alabama, in many wonderfully artistic water-color pictures of the various negro types.

Mr. Moore's poem on Sam Davis, the hero scout of Tennessee,

was instrumental in the erection of two monuments to his memory, one now being erected on Capitol Hill at Nashville, an honor accorded to only one other person, General Andrew Jackson.

His poem "A Ballad of Emma Sansom," the Alabama heroine who piloted General Forrest, riding behind him on horseback to the bridge over Black Creek, on the raid when he captured General Streight and his entire command, will be recorded in history as one of the most thrilling ballads of the "Lost Cause." This poem was read on the floor of the Alabama Legislature, and was instrumental in securing a pension for the heroine in her declining years.

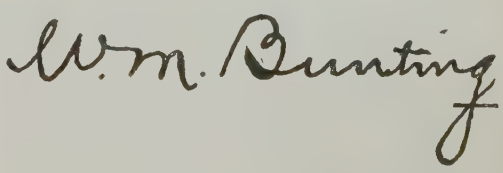
"To a Sweet Pea" is said to be one of his most artistic poems. It illustrates the epigrammatic terseness of the author's style. The poem "The Recompense" is considered by many critics one of his best poems. His inspiring idealism and love for the highest type of womanhood are beautifully portrayed in this little poem.

'A Summer Hymnal,' a pastoral of the Middle Basin of Tennessee, published in 1901, met with unusual success. It is a charming nature story, permeated with the Tennessee atmosphere and filled with fine descriptions of the picturesque surroundings of the author's home. It has its tragedy in the life of the blind man, but the tragedy makes for eternal happiness in the world of the spirit.

'The Bishop of Cottontown' is a more pretentious work, strongly local in color, abounding in fine descriptions and dramatic situations, and filled with the purpose of dealing a death-blow to the Southern system of child labor in cotton-mills. Mr. Edward Markham, in the *Cosmopolitan* for July, 1908, quotes from this volume—because he says the author tells the story better than he can say it.

In his life work Mr. Moore belongs to that rapidly increasing class of progressive Southern men who stand for the new South. At present he is editor of the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine,* published at Nashville, Tennessee. He is printing a serial, 'The Gift of the Grass,' which is meeting with favorable criticism; and he has lately completed a drama called "The Ghost Flower."

Mr. Moore is plain and simple in life and habits, retiring by nature, and shrinking from notoriety. His literary work is only fairly begun, and his best novel is yet to be written if his latest work is taken as an evidence of his growth.



GRAY GAMMA

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It is no secret among those who know him that Old Wash's stories are always more truth than fiction. This one, Gray Gamma, happened substantially as related by the old man, near Columbia, Tennessee, in the famous "dimple of the Universe."

"I AIN'T nurver tole you 'bout dat hoss race down to Ashwood, when Marse Bill Young bet me ergin two thousan' dollars ob er Alabamian gemman's money, has I?" asked old Wash the other night, after he had come in to tell me the Jersey cow had found a calf in the meadow lot that day.

"Wal, sah, I've seed many er race, but dat wuz de mos' interestines' one, frum my p'int ob view, dat I ebber seed, 'kase I wuz de principalist stakes, an' dey stood me on er stump, an' nuthin' but dat filly's grit saved me from bein' a dead nigger in Alabama terday, 'stead of a eminently 'spectable cullered gem'man frum de race-hoss state of Tennessee.

"I had er mighty good marster—wuz Marse Bill Young—an' he wuz de fust man ter bring thurrerbreds to de country. Ain't I neber tole you 'bout dat bay colt, Firefly, by Dan Rice, out ob Margerite, by 'Merican Clipse? Heish! Long es I bin wid you, I ain't neber tole you 'bout dat colt? For de Lawd's sake!

"Wal, sah, he wuz de bes' t'ree-year-old I eber put er shoe on. Fus' dam by 'Merican Clipse; second dam by Timoleon; third dam by—"

"Never mind about his dams," I remarked, as I gave the old man a cut of 'Williamson County Twist,' which I always keep in the drawer for him—"just go on with the race."

"Wal, sah, I had er mighty good marster—wuz Marse Bill Young—an' he wuz de fust man to bring thurrerbreds to de country, es I wuz sayin'. He didn't hab but one fault, an' dat wuz he'd bet ennything in de wurl' he had, 'cept his wife an' chilluns, on his own hosses. He neber did think enny ob his own hosses could be beat, but he cum mighty nigh changin' his 'pinion 'bout dat thing onc't, an' losin' erbout de valu'blest nigger in Murry county to boot. Dat nigger wuz me! Mind

you, I ain't blowin' my own horn—nobody eber heurd me doin' dat—but I'm jest tellin' you what Marse Bill Young said hissef.

"I was de blacksmith fur de plantashun, an' shod all de thurrerbreds. An' right now I can gib any ob dese here newfangled hoss-shoers er lesson er two, kase we knowed how ter shoe hosses in dem days; ef I hadn't I wouldn't er bin in dis state terday.

"Wal, sah, 'long 'bout in Feb'rery—'way back in de forties—dar cum er gemman from Huntsville wid er string er thurrerbreds gwine to Nashville fur de spring races. De Lawd sake! Dey used ter hang up purses in dem days! Why, dis same mair, Gray Gamma, dat I'm tellin' you 'bout, won forty thousan' dollars fur ole Marster in one purse—won it in er walk—but bless yer soul—ole Marster spent it in er fly! He wuz a white gemman! Munny wa'nt what he wuz livin' fur. He wuz livin' fur ter race hosses!

"Wal, sah, ez I wuz sayin', all de gem'man dat passed thru de country in dem days, befo' de railroads, jes' went out and stopped at ole Marster's. De common folks put up at de hotel—an' so, ez I wuz sayin', de Alabama man he put up at ole Marster's, wid all his hosses an' niggers an' teams an' horrows fur to horrow de track wid, when dey get to Nashville.

"Wal, sah, dey had a mair in dat string frum Alabama dat dey laid great stress on. De Alabama nigger tole me in confердence she could outrun her shadder wid one leg tied up—an' she cud! How did I know? Wal, de truf is, me an' de Alabama nigger gib her an' Firefly er midnight trial one moonlight night fur er poun' er Tennessee terbaccer, while ole Marster an' de owner wuz playin' poker fer keeps in de billiard room. Dey called de mair Mary Lef', an' all I know is she lef' me an' Firefly dat night jes' lak we wuz er pair er muels stuck in er mud hole. Jimminy! how she could run!

"De nex' day ole Marster cum ter me lookin' sorted worried—fur he thout er heap er me—an' he said:

" 'I'm feared I played de debbil las' night,' sez he.

" ' How so, Marster,' says I.

" ' Well, Wash, you know dey can't nobody bluff me when it comes to my hosses! Dey am as good as dey make 'em. An' all I've got ter say ter you is dat I called de Majah's bluff

las' night when he talked erbout Mary Lef' beatin' Firefly. I bet him you ergin two thousand uv his dollars dat he can't do it—dat's all—an' ef Firefly can't win, you jes' es well make up your mind to tell us all good-bye. De race comes off day after termorrer,' an' he walk off as onconcerned ez ef he wuz tellin' me ter go an' kill hogs.

"De Lawd sakes! I didn't mind it ef I'd only had er dog's chance—but hadn't I done seed what dat mair Mary Lef' c'u'd do? An' me ter leave Dinah an' de babies an' ole Tennessee an' all I had, on sech a chance es dat? Wal, sah, I jes' went off an' sot down an' corresponds wid myse'f. I knowed it wa'n't no use ter go an' tel Marster all 'bout what me an' de Alabama nigger done, 'kase de debbil hissef couldn't make him break his word—an' I'd er got er cowhidin' ter boot.

"I jes' made up my mind dat it wuz all ober fur yo' Uncle Washin'tun!

"Wal, sah, when de news spread, an' Dinah heurd it, den dar *wuz* er scene. She 'lowed she'd go an' beg Marster ter let her an' de babies go too, an' I nurver will fergit de night we went up to de big house—me an' Dinah—to beg Marster not ter sep'rate us. Wal, sah, he cum out on de po'ch es tall an' cold es a Deacon's tombstone—but I knowed he had a warm heart fur all dat—an' Dinah wuz cryin' an' I wuz mighty nigh it, an' all Dinah had bref enuff to say wuz:

"' *Marster, please don't sep'rate us, put me an' de babies up, too,*' an' she could say no more.

"Marster looked sorter troubled, lak he hadn't thout er 'bout de thing befo', an' he walked ter de drawin' room an' said quietly lak:

"' Majah Fellows, will you step heah er moment?"

"An' de Huntsville gemman stepped out on de po'ch an' we step back in de shadder, an' ole Marster, sez he:

"' Majah, I wuz a little hasty in my bet the other night. I had forgot dis boy had er young wife an' two chilluns. I have neber sep'rated a man an' his wife—in fact, sah, neber sold one ob my niggers—an' fur dat rezon sah, sez he, I would like to amend my bet, if ergreeable ter you.'

"' State your amendment, sah,' said de Huntsville man.

"'The condition of our match, sah,' said ole Marster, quietly, 'wuz four mile heats, an' two thousan' agin my nigger.

I kno' yer mair is dè fastest, but I believe Firefly can outlast her. He is bred to stay, an' de only chance I have to win, I think, is to comply wid the four mile condition. But in order not to sep'rate this boy an' his wife, I will make the distance only a mile—which is only a good wuck-out fer yo' mair—an' in case you win I'll put up the woman an' her two children an' er thousan' dollars in gold ergin the boy alone, that my three-year-old filly, Gray Gamma, will beat your mair, Mary Lef', at the same distance, in the nex' heat!'

" ' Sence you wish it, sah, so be it,' said de Majah, 'but'—an' hit made my blood bile when I heurd him add—*' It must also be added that the winner of the last heat gets both hosses contestin'.'*

"Ole Marster flushed, 'kase it looked lak de Alabama man wanted der yearth! It wa'n't so bad to lose me an' Dinah, but I knowed ole Marster didn't wanter run no risk 'bout losin' dat ar filly, an' when he said *' all right, sah,'* I knowed he done it jes' fur our sake!

But when he sed Gray Gamma, my heart gib er leap, fur I knowed her blood wuz ez pyore es de icicle dat hangs on Diana's temple, an' es hot es de h'artdraps dat flows thru' Juno's veins—fur I heurd ole Marster say it menny er time—tho' I didn't kno' whut it meant so pow'ful clear 'cept she wuz one ob de elected an' cud run lak a greyhoun'. But she had de meanes' temper in creashun, an' would hab her way er die. De fac' is she wuz mighty nigh sp'iled in er two-year-old form an' hadn't been raced sence; but she peered to hab got ober it, an' I heurd de trainer tell ole Marster de Lawd only knowed how fas' she could run!

"After we went home I tole Dinah all erbout de filly, an' dat night we rastled wid de angel in pra'ar—we prayed dat de angel might take de crotchets outen de filly's head—we knowed she'd do de rest!

"Wal, sah, when de day cum, de whole neighborhood turned out. Ole Marster put me on er stump an' de Huntsville gemman put er bag ob gold beside me, an' Firefly an' Mary Lef' cum up an' wuz soon erway. I seed Dinah cryin' in de wagon whar she an' de babies wuz, an' den I looked at ole Marster—he wuz jes' smokin' er seegar lak he wuz lookin' at er heat ergin time, an' sez I, *' sho'ly he ain't got no heart,'* but

I knowed better befo' de race wuz ober! Firefly wuz game an' staid wid de mair. I c'u'd see he wuz better at de half dan he wuz at de quarter, de further he went de better he wuz, an' I seed whut er fool I wuz not ter let ole Marster make it fo' miles, an' jes' es I begin ter think an' hope dat Firefly would beat her ennyway, Mary Lef's rider went to de whip, de mair made er spurt, an' pushed her nose erhead, I heurd er shout—an'—an' *I b'longed to de Alabama man!*

"I got offen de stump. I cudn't see which way ter go, I wuz cryin' so. Ole Tennessee neber looked so sweet ter me befo'. De wheat fiel's looked greener an' de cabins whiter an' de hills mo' like kinfo'ks to me dan eber befo'.

"I heurd ole Marster say: 'Wash, you am de property ob Majah Fellows,' jes' lak he wuz er gibin' erway er dog, an' sez I to myself, *'sholy ole Marster ain't got no soul.'* An' I leaned ergin de stump. Den I heurd him say:

"'Majah Fellows, while yo' mair is coolin' out the nex' hour I'll ask yo' permission to let this boy change my filly's shoes—he has bin my blacksmith, you kno'.'

"'Sartenly, sah,' said de Majah.

"An' right dar is whar Marster had sense an' I didn't. It wuz a cold day an' de groun' wuz nearly froz, an' de track wuz slick, so Marster tole me to cork de shoes all aroun' an' he sed sorter sly like:

"'I'm surprised Mary Lef's owner can't see dat her plates are too slick fur ice.' An' den when I finished, he said, sorter smilin': *'You needn't look so solemn, you'll be buried on dat hill yit.'*

"Wal, I dun lak he said, and dat wuz one time I sho' did my bes' at shoein' an' all de time I wuz prayin' fur Gray Gamma ter go off right. When I wuz through, Marster look her ober an' gib her a apple an' patted her neck an' he buckled de girth hissef.

"When de filly cum out an' de race wuz called I seed Marster wuz a changed man—he drap his keerlessness—he throw erway his seegar—he see ebrything. Yet he laugh and joke.

"I trotted behin' him as he went up de stretch to gib de jockey orders, an' es he passed de wagon whar Dinah wuz cryin', sez he: *'Come, girl, don't be cryin' dar; hit's prayers*

you need—pra'ars dat de filly gits off right. Ef she do you needn't stay twell de race is ober—jes' take de chillun an' go back to de cabin,' an' he stalked on an' me er follerin' him so dazed I cudn't hardly walk.

"To my dyin' day I'll neber furgit de look dat wuz in ole Marster's eye when he went up to de boy dat wuz on Gray Gamma.

" 'Jim,' sez he, 'gimme dat whip, an' he throwed de rawhide ober de fence. 'Dis mair needs pettin' in dis race—not whippin'. Now look at me,' an' his steel-blue eyes looked lak ole Marster cud look when he tried; *'dis race is mine ef yu let dis filly get off right! Don't cross her; don't stop her; don't draw yer rein.* She'll set de pace—jes' you set still an' guide her. Do you heah?'

" 'Yes, Marster,' an' de starter called 'em to de head ob de stretch!

"My heart beat lak a drum. I cudn't hardly breathe; I cudn't stan', so I jes' nachully sot down on de groun'. I knowed ebrything 'pended on de start, dat de filly wuz lak er sp'iled gal, an' ef erlowed her own way she'd go lak a skeared doe, but ef checked she mout sulk all through de race.

"I neber tuck my eyes offen her, an' when dey said *'Go!'* at de fust trial, I seed her wheel an' shoot erway lak er beam ob sunlight, an' all at onc't I felt mighty good an' I jumped up an' sez I: *'Thank God! I'll die in ole Tennessee yit!'*

"But Mary Lef' wuz fas', an' she'd had de 'vantage of a good wuck-out, an' when her rider seed Gray Gamma's tactics he jes' turned her loose—an' she dun jes' lak she dun to de colt—crep' up ter de filly's flank, up ter her saddle, up ter her haid, an' sez I, *'Is she gwinter beat us ennyhow?'*

"Hit's been a long time," said the old man, as he looked away off in meditation, "but dat picture is branded in my mind es plain ter-day es I seed it den. I ken see eben how de sky an' de clouds looked, an' de outline ob dem two hosses es dey went nose an' nose eround dat track. Hit 'peered lak er hour befo' dey went de ha'f, an' I dreaded de time I knowed wuz comin' when de rider ob de Alabama mair wud go to his whip. He dun it at de three-quarter pos', an' thinks I, *'now I'm gone! Alabama will come wid er bolt!'* But Gawd bless yore soul, honey, Gray Gamma hed er bolt, too, an' when de

mair tried ter go by her de boy on Gray Gamma jes' leaned ober an' teched her gently lak wid de spur in de flank an' she jes' grappled de frozen groun' wid dem corks, glued down her ears mad-lak, shot her naik ahead, an' I jumped up an' down, an' hollered 'Praise Gawd! *I'll die in ole Tennessee yit!'*

"An' Gray Gamma?—she seemed to git better! She seemed ter fly! It look ter me lak she neber touched de yearth fer er quarter ob er mile! I run to de wire at de stump, de same stump I cried on befo', an' I jumped on it lak er game rooster on the barn fence, an' they heurd me at de quarters, two miles erway: *'Come home! Come home, Gray Gamma!'*

"An' she cum—de sweetest sight dis nigger eber seed.

"She cum lak er bloomin' skule gal playin' *'Puss in de corner,'* in low neck an' short sleeves, wid roses on her breast, mornin' on her cheeks an' stars in her eyes, an' makin' er run fur de home base!

"She cum lak ten camp meetin's in full blast—an' me jes' got relig'un!

"She cum lak whole rigiments marchin' to de beat ob kittledrums—an' me de drum-majah!

"She cum lak de cherriut ob de Lawd in de pillar ob fiah—glory halleluyer!

"Wal, sah, all I rickerlic' is, dat I had her 'roun' de neck an' wuz kissin' de star in her furred, an' I look an' dar stood ole Marster, sorter smilin', wid his eyes sorter moist, an' Dinah tryin' ter kiss his han's, an' he cum an' put a twenty-dollar gold piece in my han', an' sez he:

"Stop your blubberin', yer damned idjut, an' go ter yer cabin. You don't know er race hoss ef you'd meet 'im in de road. *But de naixt time you hab a moonlight race wid my hosses, pick out one dat will teach 'em how ter race ergin ole Tennessee!"*

TO A SWEET PEA

(Which, climbing into a rosebush, had escaped the first frost).

Come, little fairy, with your outstretched wings,
  Tiptoeing, with your cloudless eyes a-dream!
Why art thou here where late the blue-bird sings,
  And all thy sisters drunk of Lethe's stream?
Dost fear to die? 'Tis but a mental pain—
And each must sleep if each would wake again.

Ah, child of rainbow and the setting sun,
  (Flirting all the summer where the poppies grow),
Death came before your little task was done?
  He has that way as we poor mortals know.
Then why seek shelter 'neath the rose's breast?
For each must sleep if each have perfect rest.

Afraid to go clad in that gaudy gown?
  Poor little dancing spirit of wild joy!
God made thee such; nor will He ever frown
  On any work of His, tho' sad th' alloy.
Go as thou art, if honest be thy aim,
For God made honor everywhere the same.

Nor fear to go. On some far twinkling star
  There is a home for butterflies like thee;
As sterner worlds for sterner spirits are
  So fairer worlds for sweeter beings be.
Good-bye; some day I'll catch thy faint perfume,
And know it bloweth from immortal bloom.

THE RECOMPENSE

From 'A Summer Hymnal.'

We never give, but giving, get again—
  There is no burden that we may not bear—
Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain—
  And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

Who weeps, yet worships some sweet silent star
  E'en through his tears shall catch uplifting light —
We grow to what our aspirations are—
  Look up, O Soul, and be a star to-night.

Who pours his heart out to some flower rare
  On scaleless cliff above a sailless sea,
Shall drink its perfume, if he linger there,
  Until his very soul that flower shall be.

Who bares his head where God's star-altars rise
  And strives to probe with prayer their mystery,
Even with the act claims kindred with the skies—
  We are the Wish of all we will to be.

Who loves his love through death and riftless ruth
  Yet ne'er shall clasp and kiss her in his leal,
Shall wedded be in spirit and in truth—
  We are the Deed of all we think and feel.

We never give, but, giving, get again—
  There is no burden that we may not bear—
Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain,
  And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

TWO PREACHERS

From 'A Summer Hymnal.'

Two preachers were preachin' the other day,
  An' both of their sermons I heard;
One preached like a preacher the same old way,
  But the other one preached like a bird.

"You must join my church or be lost—lost—lost,"
  The one in the pulpit did say,
But he in the tree his little head toss'd
  An' kept on a singin' away.

"An' my creed is this, an' my creed is that,"
  Said he of the pulpit that day,
But he of the tree stood firm an' pat
  An' sang on in his sweet little way.

Then he of the pulpit he talked of fire
An' spoke of a wrath above,
But the song from the tree rose higher an' higher,
An' the soul of that song was—love.

An' it lifted me up on the wings of the song,
Up—up to my Maker above,
Till my heart it repented of every wrong
An' my soul it jus' bubbled with love!

Two preachers were preachin'—Yes, that is the rule,
An' those were the sermons I heard—
An' the one in the pulpit—he was a fool—
But the one in the tree was a bird!

SAM DAVIS

From 'Songs and Stories from Tennessee.'

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words,
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun;
It loves a life that's just begun!
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight twixt life and death.
And O, how calm and sweet and free,
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills, as if to say,
"O, save your life for us to-day."

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue—
(The bayonets were tipped with dew),
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up—'twas this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye!
"My boy, I hate to see thee die—
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As He who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them, nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life, a lie!"
He turned—for not a soldier stirred—
"Your duty, men—I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his hair awhile,
The birds broke out in sad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again—
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O Stars, that now his brothers are,
O Sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the list'ning worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right!
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who dies to save an enemy!

MAURICE MOORE

[1729—1777]

ALFRED MOORE WADDELL

ONE of the most highly cultivated and brilliant men, and one of the truest patriots living in North Carolina prior to the American Revolution, was Judge Maurice Moore—so designated to distinguish him from his father, Colonel Maurice Moore, one of the leading spirits of the earlier colonial period and founder of the town of Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, once historic but now extinct. The grandfather of Judge Moore, James Moore (son of Roger Moore, one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion of 1641) migrated from Barbadoes to the new colony of "Carolina" at Charleston about the year 1680, "and first appeared as one of the leaders of the people in 1684," says McCrady (I. 347); and the same authority gives his successive official positions as follows: Member of Assembly, 1692; member of the Council, 1695; Governor, 1701; and Attorney-general, 1703. He died of yellow fever, in Charleston, in 1705. His eldest son, James, was also Governor in 1719. His second son, Colonel Maurice Moore, removed to North Carolina after making an expedition with his brother against the Indians there in 1711, and for his services in taking troops to aid South Carolina, in 1715, he was invited before the Assembly of that province and received publicly a formal note of thanks.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of Colonel Maurice Moore, and was born in Brunswick County about the year 1729. Where he received his education is not known, but he early became a leader at the Bar, and in 1768 was appointed one of the three Superior Court Judges of North Carolina, which office he held as long as the court lasted; that is to say, until the impending Revolution closed its doors.

He was a member of the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsborough in 1775, and was appointed a member of the committee to draw up the address to the people of the British Empire setting forth the condition of affairs. This address was unanimously adopted. He was also a member of the Provincial Congress at Halifax in 1776, and helped to frame the Constitution for the new State, which remained unchanged until 1835.

On the fifteenth of January, 1777, by an unusual coincidence,

Judge Moore and his equally distinguished brother, Brigadier-general James Moore—who had been in command of the whole Southern Department, and was then on his way north to join General Washington—died on the same day and in the same house in Wilmington.

The only surviving son of Judge Moore was Alfred Moore, who became Attorney-general and Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and finally, in 1799, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; after five years' service, he died in 1810. His only daughter, Sarah, married General Francis Nash, who was killed at the battle of Germantown, Pa., October 4, 1777.

The letter signed "Atticus," which follows this sketch, and which well illustrates Judge Moore's gifts as a satirist and a master of invective, was provoked by the conduct of the colonial Governor, Tryon, throughout his whole administration of six years, and especially by his final performances after the battle of Alamance, when with spectacular display he hanged some of the "regulators" whom he had captured. The letter was published about a month after the battle, and just about the time that Tryon left North Carolina to become Governor of New York.

Judge Moore, being a humane and honorable gentleman, was touched by the wrongs inflicted by oppressive officials on the "regulators," who were mostly ignorant backwoodsmen, and sympathized with them in their distress; but when they were brought before him for trial for the outrages which they had unquestionably perpetrated he was compelled to do his duty. He did it fearfully, if regretfully; but he afterward openly denounced the Governor (whose appointee he was) and then wrote the "Atticus" letter, which was widely circulated throughout the country, and added greatly to his reputation.

It ought to have produced that effect, for it was an awful, overwhelming indictment of a vain, conceited, and ambitious military tyrant, who sought by alternately cajoling and bullying the people to establish himself with the English Ministry, and thus secure promotion. He succeeded in this design, but carried to his more elevated position the open wound inflicted by the sharp and powerful lance of "Atticus."

As to the literary merits of this philippic there can be no difference of opinion. There is in it, from beginning to end, the flavor of a refined culture and the tone of a lofty spirit roused to righteous indignation. There is a nervous force in its sentences that strikes one's mind with a pleasing shock; and to one who loves antithesis there is continuous pleasure in reading it. There is irony, satire, ridicule, pathos, and fierce invective, each phrased with the skill of a literary artist, and driven home with the power of a vigorous intellect,

which left its victim a pitiable figure before the public gaze. Published contemporaneously with the last of the celebrated letters of "Junius" in England, and in the same vein, a comparison was at once suggested; the general verdict was not at all unfavorable to the American writer, and so remains to this day. There was a great difference in the stage and in the two cases—the one behind an impenetrable mask, at the capital of the British Empire, with all England, if not all Europe, as his readers; the other, instantly recognized through the cobweb veil he wore—not for disguise but in compliance with the literary fashion of the day—and writing in the forest for the scattered readers of a new country. The one became famous, the other ought to be.

Alfred Moore Waddell

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(See also North Carolina historians of the period: Martin, Jones, Wheeler, J. W. Moore, etc.)

THE "ATTICUS" LETTER

[This famous letter may be found entire in the *Virginia Gazette*, November 7, 1771; the *Colonial Records of North Carolina*, Vol. VIII; and in Haywood's 'Governor William Tryon and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina,' pp. 156-164.]

To His Excellency William Tryon, Esquire.

I am too well acquainted with your character to suppose you can bear to be told of your faults with temper. You are too much of the soldier, and too little of the philosopher, for reprehension. With this opinion of Your Excellency, I have reason to believe that this letter will be more serviceable to the province of New York than useful or entertaining to its governor.

The beginning of your administration in this province was marked with oppression and distress to its inhabitants. These, sir, I do not place to your account; they are derived from higher authority than yours. You were, however, a dull, yet willing instrument, in the hands of the British ministry, to promote the means of both. You called together some of the principal inhabitants of your neighbourhood, and in a strange, inverted, self-affecting speech, told them you had left your native country, friends, and connexions, and taken upon yourself the government of North Carolina with no other view than to serve it. In the next breath, sir, you advised them to submit to the Stamp Act, and become slaves. How could you reconcile such baneful advice with such friendly professions? But, sir, self-contradictions with you have not been confined to words only; they have equally been extended to actions. On other occasions you have played the governor with an air of greater dignity and importance than any of your predecessors; on this, Your Excellency was meanly content to solicit the currency of stamped paper in private companies. But, alas! ministerial approbation is the first wish of your heart; it is the best security you have for your office. Engaged as you were in this disgraceful negotiation, the more important duties of the governor were forgotten, or wilfully neglected. In murmuring, discontent, and public confusion, you left the colony committed to your care, for near eighteen months together, without calling an assembly. The Stamp Act repealed, you

called one; and a fatal one it was! Under every influence your character afforded you, at this assembly, was laid the foundation of all the mischief that has since befallen this unhappy province. A grant was made to the Crown of five thousand pounds, to erect a house for the residence of a governor; and you, sir, were solely entrusted with the management of it. The infant and impoverished state of this country could not afford to make such a grant, and it was your duty to have been acquainted with the circumstances of the colony you governed. The trust proved equally fatal to the interest of the province and to Your Excellency's honour. You made use of it, sir, to gratify your vanity, at the expense of both. It at once afforded you an opportunity for leaving an elegant monument of your taste in building behind you, and giving the ministry an instance of your great influence and address in your new government. You, therefore, regardless of every moral, as well as legal obligation, changed the plan of a province-house for that of a palace, worthy the residence of a prince of the blood, and augmented the expense to fifteen thousand pounds. Here, sir, you betrayed your trust, disgracefully to the governor, and dishonourably to the man. This liberal and ingenious stroke in politics, may, for all I know, have promoted you to the government of New York. Promotion may have been the reward of such sort of merit. Be this as it may, you reduced the next assembly you met to the unjust alternative of granting ten thousand pounds more, or sinking the five thousand they had already granted. They chose the former. It was most pleasing to the governor, but directly contrary to the sense of their constituents. This public imposition upon a people who, from poverty, were hardly able to pay the necessary expenses of government, occasioned general discontent, which Your Excellency, with wonderful address, improved into a civil war.

In a colony without money, and among a people almost desperate with distress, public profusion should have been carefully avoided; but unfortunately for the country, you were bred a soldier, and have a natural, as well as acquired fondness for military parade. You were entrusted to run a Cherokee boundary about ninety miles in length; this little service at once afforded you an opportunity of exercising

your military talents, and making a splendid exhibition of yourself to the Indians. To a gentleman of Your Excellency's turn of mind, this was no unpleasing prospect; you marched to perform it, in a time of profound peace, at the head of a company of militia, in all the pomp of war, and returned with the honourable title, conferred on you by the Cherokees, of *Great Wolf of North Carolina.* This line of marked trees, and Your Excellency's prophetic title, cost the province a greater sum than two pence a head, on all the taxable persons in it for one year, would pay.

Your next expedition, sir, was a more important one. Four or five hundred people, who called themselves Regulators, took it into their heads to quarrel with their representative, a gentleman honoured with Your Excellency's esteem. They foolishly charged him with every distress they felt; and, in revenge, shot two or three musket balls through his house. They at the same time rescued a horse which had been seized for the public tax. These crimes were punishable in the courts of law, and at that time the criminals were amenable to legal process. Your Excellency and his confidential friends, it seems, were of a different opinion. All your duty could possibly require of you on this occasion, if it required anything at all, was to direct a prosecution against the offenders. You should have carefully avoided becoming a party in the dispute. But, sir, your genius could not lie still; you enlisted yourself as a volunteer in this service, and entered into a negotiation with the Regulators which at once disgraced you and encouraged them. They despised the governor who had degraded his own character by taking a part in a private quarrel, and insulted the man whom they considered as personally their enemy. The terms of accommodation Your Excellency had offered them were treated with contempt. What they were, I never knew. They could not have related to public offences; these belong to another jurisdiction. All hopes of settling the mighty contest by treaty ceasing, you prepared to decide it by means more agreeable to your martial disposition, an appeal to the sword. You took the field in September, 1768, at the head of ten or twelve hundred men, and published an oral manifesto, the substance of which was that you had taken up arms to protect a superior court of justice from insult. Permit me

here to ask you, sir, why you were apprehensive for the court? Was the court apprehensive for itself? Did the judges or the attorney-general address Your Excellency for protection? So far from it, sir, if these gentlemen are to be believed, they never entertained the least suspicion of any insult, unless it was that which they afterwards experienced from the undue influence you offered to extend to them, and the military display of drums, colours, and guards, with which they were surrounded and disturbed. How fully has your conduct, on a like occasion since, testified that you acted in this instance from passion, and not from principle! In September, 1770, the Regulators forcibly obstructed the proceedings of Hillsborough Superior Court, obliged the officers to leave it, and blotted out the records. A little before the next term, when their contempt of courts was sufficiently proved, you wrote an insolent letter to the judges and attorney general, commanding them to attend it. Why did you not protect the court at this time? You will blush at the answer, sir. The conduct of the Regulators at the preceding term made it more than probable that these gentlemen would be insulted at this, and you were not unwilling to sacrifice them to increase the guilt of your enemies.

Your Excellency said that you had armed to protect a court. Had you said to revenge the insult, you and your friends had received, it would have been generally credited in this country. The men, for the trial of whom the court was thus extravagantly protected, of their own accord squeezed through a crowd of soldiers and surrendered themselves, as they were bound to do by their recognizances.

Some of these people were convicted, fined, and imprisoned; which put an end to a piece of knight-errantry, equally aggravating to the populace and burthensome to the country. On this occasion, sir, you were alike successful in the diffusion of a military spirit through the colony and in the warlike exhibition you set before the public; you at once disposed the vulgar to hostilities, and proved the legality of arming, in cases of dispute, by example. Thus warranted by precedent and tempered by sympathy, popular discontent soon became resentment and opposition; revenge superseded justice, and force the laws of the country; courts of law were treated with

contempt, and government itself set at defiance. For upwards of two months was the frontier part of the country left in a state of perfect anarchy. Your Excellency then thought fit to consult the representatives of the people, who presented you a bill which you passed into a law. The design of this act was to punish past riots in a new jurisdiction, to create new offences and to secure the collection of the public tax; which, ever since the province had been saddled with a palace, the Regulators had refused to pay. The jurisdiction for holding pleas of all capital offences was, by a former law, confined to the particular district in which they were committed. This act did not change that jurisdiction; yet Your Excellency, in the fullness of your power, established a new one for the trial of such crimes in a different district. Whether you did this through ignorance or design can only be determined in your own breast; it was equally violative of a sacred right, every British subject is entitled to, of being tried by his neighbours, and a positive law of the province you yourself had ratified. In this foreign jurisdiction, bills of indictment were preferred and found, as well for felonies as riots, against a number of Regulators; they refused to surrender themselves within the time limited by the riot act, and Your Excellency opened your third campaign. These indictments charged the crimes to have been committed in Orange county, in a distinct district from that in which the court was held. The superior court law prohibits prosecution for capital offences in any other district than that in which they were committed. What distinctions the gentlemen of the long robe might make on such an occasion, I do not know; but it appears to me those indictments might as well have been found in Your Excellency's kitchen; and give me leave to tell you, sir, that a man is not bound to answer to a charge that a court has no authority to make, nor does the law punish a neglect to perform that which it does not command. The riot act declared those only outlawed who refused to answer to indictments legally found. Those who had been capitally charged were illegally indicted, and could not be outlaws; yet Your Excellency proceeded against them as such. I mean to expose your blunders not to defend their conduct; that was as insolent and daring as the desperate state your administration had reduced them to could

possibly occasion. I am willing to give you full credit for every service you have rendered this country. Your active and gallant behaviour, in extinguishing the flame you yourself had kindled, does you great honour. For once your military talents were useful to the province; you bravely met in the field and vanquished an host of scoundrels whom you had made intrepid by abuse. It seems difficult to determine, sir, whether Your Excellency is more to be admired for your skill in creating the cause, or your bravery in suppressing the effect. This single action would have blotted out forever half the evils of your administration; but alas, sir, the conduct of the general after his victory was more disgraceful to the hero who obtained it than that of the man before it had been to the governor. Why did you stain so great an action with the blood of a prisoner who was in a state of insanity? The execution of James Few was inhuman; that miserable wretch was entitled to life till nature, or the laws of his country, deprived him of it. The battle of the Allemance* was over; the soldier was crowned with success, and the peace of the province restored. There was no necessity for the infamous example of an arbitrary execution, without judge or jury. I can freely forgive you, sir, for the killing of Robert Thompson at the beginning of the battle; he was your prisoner, and was making his escape to fight against you. The laws of self-preservation sanctioned the action, and justly entitle Your Excellency to an act of indemnity.

The sacrifice of Few, under its criminal circumstances, could neither atone for his crime nor abate your rage; this task was reserved for his unhappy parents. Your vengeance, sir, in this instance, it seems, moved in a retrograde direction to that proposed in the second command against idolaters; you visited the sins of the child upon the father, and, for want of the third or fourth generation to extend it to, collaterally divided it between brothers and sisters. The heavy affliction, with which the untimely death of a son had burthened his parents, was sufficient to have cooled the resentment of any man whose heart was susceptible of the feelings of humanity; yours, I am afraid, is not a heart of that kind.

*Now spelled Alamance.

If it is, why did you add to the distresses of that family? Why refuse the petition of the town of Hillsborough in favor of them, and unrelentingly destroy, as far as you could, the means of their future existence? It was cruel, sir, and unworthy a soldier.

Your conduct to others after your success, whether it respected person or property, was as lawless as it was unnecessarily expensive to the colony. When Your Excellency had exemplified the power of government in the death of a hundred Regulators, the survivors, to a man, became proselytes to government; they readily swallowed your new-coined oath, to be obedient to the laws of the province, and to pay the public taxes. It is a pity, sir, that in devising this oath, you had not attended to the morals of those people. You might have easily restrained every criminal inclination, and have made them good men, as well as good subjects. The battle of the Allemance had equally disposed them to moral and to political conversion; there was no necessity, sir, when the people were reduced to obedience, to ravage the country or to insult individuals.

Had Your Excellency nothing else in view than to enforce a submission to the laws of the country, you might safely have disbanded the army within ten days after your victory; in that time the chiefs of the Regulators were run away, and their deluded followers had returned to their homes. Such a measure would have saved the province twenty thousand pounds at least. But, sir, you had farther employment for the army; you were by an extraordinary bustle in administering oaths, and disarming the country, to give a serious appearance of rebellion to the outrage of a mob; you were to aggravate the importance of your own services by changing a general dislike of your administration into disaffection to his Majesty's person and government, and the riotous conduct, that dislike had occasioned, into premeditated rebellion. This scheme, sir, is really an ingenious one; if it succeeds, you may possibly be rewarded for your services with the honour of knighthood.

From the 16th of May to the 16th of June, you were busy in securing the allegiance of rioters, and levying contributions of beef and flour. You occasionally amused yourself with

burning a few houses, treading down corn, insulting the suspected, and holding court-martial. These courts took cognizance of civil, as well as military offences, and even extended their jurisdiction to ill-breeding and want of good manners. One Johnston, who was a reputed Regulator, but whose greatest crime, I believe, was writing an impudent letter to your lady, was sentenced, in one of these military courts, to receive five hundred lashes, and received two hundred and fifty of them accordingly. But, sir, however exceptionable your conduct may have been on this occasion, it bears little proportion to that which you adopted on the trial of the prisoners you had taken. These miserable wretches were to be tried for a crime made capital by a temporary act of assembly, of twelve months duration. That act had, in great tenderness to his Majesty's subjects, converted riots into treasons. A rigorous and punctual execution of it was as unjust as it was politically unnecessary. The terror of the examples now proposed to be made under it was to expire, with the law, in less than nine months after. The sufferings of these people could therefore amount to little more than mere punishment to themselves. Their offences were derived from public and from private impositions; and they were the followers, not the leaders, in the crimes they had committed. Never were criminals more justly entitled to every lenity the law could afford them; but, sir, no consideration could abate your zeal in a cause you had transferred from yourself to your sovereign. You shamefully exerted every influence of your character against the lives of these people. As soon as you were told that an indulgence of one day had been granted by the court to two men to send for witnesses, who actually established their innocence and saved their lives, you sent an aide-de-camp to the judges and attorney-general, to acquaint them that you were dissatisfied with the inactivity of their conduct, and threatened to represent them unfavorably in England if they did not proceed with more spirit and dispatch. Had the court submitted to influence, all testimony on the part of the prisoners would have been excluded; they must have been condemned, to a man. You said that your solicitude for the condemnation of these people arose from your desire of manifesting the lenity of government in their

pardon. How have your actions contradicted your words! Out of twelve that were condemned, the lives of six only were spared. Do you know, sir, that your lenity on this occasion was less than that of the bloody Jeffries in 1685? He condemned five hundred persons, but saved the lives of two hundred and seventy.

In the execution of the six devoted offenders, Your Excellency was as short of General Kirk in form, as you were of Judge Jeffries in lenity. That general ordered the execution he had the charge of with play of pipes, sound of trumpets, and beat of drums; you were content with the silent display of colours only. The disgraceful part you acted in this ceremony, of pointing out the spot for erecting the gallows, and clearing the field around for drawing up the army in form, has left a ridiculous idea of your character behind you, which bears a strong resemblance to that of a busy undertaker at a funeral. This scene closed Your Excellency's administration in this country, to the great joy of every man in it, a few of your own contemptible tools only excepted.

Were I personally Your Excellency's enemy, I would follow you into the shade of life, and show you equally the object of pity and contempt to the wise and serious, and of jest and ridicule to the ludicrous and sarcastic. Truly pitiable, sir, is the pale and trembling impatience of your temper. No character, however distinguished for wisdom and virtue, can sanctify the least degree of contradiction to your political opinions. On such occasions, sir, in a rage, you renounce the character of a gentleman and precipitately mark the most exalted merit with every disgrace the haughty insolence of a governor can inflict upon it. To this unhappy temper, sir, may be ascribed most of the absurdities of your administration in this country. It deprived you of every assistance men of spirit and abilities could have given you, and left you, with all your passions and inexperience about you, to blunder through the duties of your office, supported and approved by the most profound ignorance and abject servility.

Your pride has often exposed you to ridicule, as the petulance of your disposition has to contempt. Your solicitude about the title of *Her Excellency* for Mrs. Tryon, and the arrogant reception you gave to a respectable company at an

entertainment of your own making, seated with your lady by your side on elbow-chairs, in the middle of the ball-room, bespeak a littleness of mind which, believe me, sir, when blended with the dignity and importance of your office, renders you truly ridiculous.

High stations have often proved fatal to those who have been promoted to them; yours, sir, has proved so to you. Had you been contented to pass through life in a subordinate military character, with the private virtues you have, you might have lived serviceable to your country and reputable to yourself; but, sir, when, with every disqualifying circumstance, you took upon you the government of a province, though you gratified your ambition, you made a sacrifice of yourself. Yours, &c.,

ATTICUS.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE

("Charles Egbert Craddock")

[1850—]

G. H. BASKETTE

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE was born January 24, 1850, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Her father, William Law Murfree, was a lawyer, and before the Civil War a large property owner of Nashville, Tennessee. Her mother, Priscilla Murfree, was a daughter of David Dickinson, a prominent landed proprietor of Rutherford County, Tennessee, owning extensive plantations in Mississippi and Tennessee, including "Grantlands," the estate on which Miss Murfree was born, and which her mother inherited. In 1856 the family removed to Nashville, where they lived seventeen years; later they lived nine years in St. Louis, Missouri, returning in 1890 to Murfreesboro. Miss Murfree's great-grandfather, Hardy Murfree of North Carolina, who was a colonel in the Continental Army, moved to Tennessee in 1807 and became a large land owner and a citizen of note in his adopted State. The town of Murfreesboro was named in his honor.

In her Tennessee home, typical of the affluence, refinement, and hospitality of the Old South, Miss Murfree had ample opportunity to cultivate the talents used to such advantage in her literary work. When a child she had a fever that caused a lameness for life, and that, depriving her of participation in many of the sports of other children, turned her more constantly to the congenial entertainment of reading. She was considered very precocious and talented, and her parents devoted great attention to her education, as well as to her accomplishments in music and the French and Italian languages; and, although she attended excellent schools in Nashville and, after the war, in Philadelphia, this training was supplemented by several years of serious study at home, sufficiently extensive to include a course of law-reading, which she has since utilized chiefly in the plots of her stories involving legal questions.

With an intellectual family environment, and amply supplied with the best books, she developed critical and literary tastes and capabilities that fitted her for the work she was afterward so successfully to undertake. But it was not until some years after the

Civil War had swept away her father's fortune that she seriously contemplated a literary career.

The *Atlantic Monthly* published her first short story in 1878, entitled "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," under the pen-name "Charles Egbert Craddock," a masculine pseudonym assumed by Miss Murfree the better to conceal her identity, and probably with the idea that a man's name would be more likely to commend a literary novitiate to the favor of editors. This name was selected, it is related, when she was about to send her first story to the publishers. She had begun another story, in which she had given the hero the name of Egbert Craddock. Fancying this name, she appropriated it for herself, prefixing "Charles" for the sake of verisimilitude. In the same year (1878) her next two stories were accepted by *Appleton's Journal,* just before the discontinuance of that magazine, and consequently neither appeared in its pages; but one of these stories was published in *Appleton's Summer-Book* in 1880, and a different magazine purchased the other from the Appletons. New work followed rapidly, and contributions were requested by various magazines, for her first stories won instant appreciation from discerning editors and soon made an unusual impression on the reading public. She resolutely set to work to portray the life and scenery of the Tennessee Mountains, and commanded with almost startling suddenness widespread attention and admiration, occupying a field of fiction that she has made distinctively her own.

For this work she had been particularly well prepared. With her family, she had been accustomed to make summer sojourns in the mountains, and her close and critical observations had made her familiar with the character and customs of the dwellers in those fastnesses. Here was a fruitful field for the story-teller, and one that was practically unknown to literature. The isolated lives of the mountain people and their surroundings offered opportunities that would thoroughly test the author's capacity to give to the world a graphic and dramatic insight into a strange, homely, ignorant, and yet intensely interesting community life of which it knew little or nothing. Miss Murfree took advantage of these opportunities with a success that heralded her fame as an author. The earliest of these mountain stories, including "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* "That man Craddock" had made a literary hit, and there was constant inquiry concerning his personality and his habitation, but it did not become known to the public that "Mr. Craddock" was a woman until Miss Murfree disclosed her identity in 1885 by presenting herself to Mr. Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Miss Murfree's first volume was a collection of her short stories, published in 1884, an entrance into the book world which gave her a wider hearing and notably extended her reputation. In the same year appeared her first novel, 'Where the Battle was Fought,' the scene of which is laid on and about the battle-field of Stone's River near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. This story is of a more conventional type than her mountain stories and deals with conditions following a devastating war. It met with a ready and even eager reception, but, while it gave further proof of the author's skill in character portrayal, vivid landscape painting, research, and study of effect, it lacked the freshness and originality of method of the stories that had first made so favorable an impression. Other stories of mountain life were issued from the press in rapid succession, no less than eleven volumes appearing from 1885 to 1897. The first of these volumes was 'Down the Ravine,' a story for the young, which deserves its high place in juvenile literature, yet, like 'The Story of Keedon Bluffs,' also classed as a juvenile, in quality, style, and graphic interest, it is quite as acceptable to older readers. Among her books of this period are several of her strongest novels, including 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains' and 'The Despot of Broomsedge Cove.' After the publication of 'The Young Mountaineers,' a book for boys, in 1897, Miss Murfree turned her talents to the production of a different class of novels and short stories, some of a historical character, relating to the early settlements and the pioneer life in Tennessee, and others interweaving the mountain life with characters and incidents of the Civil War. 'The Story of Old Fort Loudon' was published in 1899, and in the same year appeared 'The Bushwhackers, and Other Stories.' These were followed by eight other volumes, including 'The Spectre of Power,' 1903, 'The Storm Center,' 1905, 'The Windfall,' 1907, and her latest book, 'The Fair Mississippian,' 1908.

The limits of this sketch will not permit a carefully critical study of Miss Murfree's books, with suitable references and excerpts, to determine their comparative merits, or of such a close analysis of the author's work, its characteristics and peculiarities, its excellencies and defects, as would do ample justice to her.

In general, it may be said that Miss Murfree's writings are marked by an originality of style and method that places her among the *creative* authors of America as distinguished from many other writers of fiction who have attained reputation and popularity. This is especially true in reference to her stories of mountain life, which comprise her most noteworthy work and constitute the strongest claim to recognition of her genius and to the permanency of her

place in literature. These stories are unique in their freshness of literary atmosphere, in their charm of description, and in their compass of a hitherto undeveloped and unrevealed theater of human interest. In this field the gifted author has in many respects wrought with a strikingly realistic accuracy and yet with an investment of idealism and poetic fancy that appeal very strongly to the imagination of the reader. Skilfully and wonderfully she has depicted the mountain scenery in its varying shades and aspects. With fine narrative art, with intense dramatic power, and with the touch of keen human sympathy, she has given an insight into the lives, customs, traditions, superstitions, struggles, loves and longings of a curiously quaint, yet sturdy people, who, at least before the inroads of modern enterprise had brought them into a closer contact with a progressive civilization, were singularly separate from the unfamiliar world outside their restricted environment. It must be said, however, that Miss Murfree has taken an author's license, and, by confining her delineations of character and conduct to the more uncouth representatives of the mountain people, has given the impression that there is a more general and unvarying class life than actually exists. Her characters, while in many instances subtly portrayed and differentiated, are in the main of such a uniform type that they all appear, as another writer has said, to be drawn from the same model. Nevertheless, the fact that she deals with a community class which, because of the peculiarities of its environment and mode of life, is distinct from like grades of people in districts more accessible to educational and refining influences, only emphasizes the author's art and resources. Out of the monotony of general awkwardness and uncouthness, the overshadowing pervasiveness and sameness of the mountain impression, and the drawl of persistent and unchanging dialect, she has cleverly fashioned personalities, incidents, plots, and *dénouements,* with scenic settings that are marvelous in their picturesqueness and variations. Her heroes, whether they be tillers of the scantily productive hillsides, or whether they be "moonshiners," herders, blacksmiths, traders, fanatical preachers, or refugees from justice, are given individualities that are clearly asserted in their rude manners and conduct under the influences of motives and passions that appeal to a common human nature.

Miss Murfree's mountain women are drawn with a realistic skill that makes a pathetic picture of their narrow lives and limitations. Faded old women who have worn themselves out in the routine of drudgery are especially well depicted. Her heroines, the younger women, whose characters are portrayed usually under the stress of depressing experiences, are in instances made quite at-

tractive in native feminine grace, despite the handicap of ignorance and poverty, but in the main they are remindful of a common mold, and are made the victims of unfulfilled desires and disappointed hopes. Cynthia Ware, the heroine of 'Drifting Down Lost Creek,' may be taken as a type. In her trustful heroism and patient suffering she makes as pathetic a figure as can be found in literature. As has been indicated, a pervading, if not dominant feature of this class of Miss Murfree's stories, and one made prominent in all her works is her descriptive writing. Her descriptions of mountain scenery are exceptionally fine—indeed, unsurpassed—and they are multiplied throughout her stories with wonderful frequency. As Dr. Baskerville says in his sketch of the author: "The large and solemn presence of nature is never lost sight of, her various moods and manifestations being used as a kind of chorus to interpret the melancholy or the emotion of the human actors. The narrative is inlaid with exquisite bits of landscape, serving not so much to disclose the range and minute detail of the author's observations—at least in her earlier works—as to give expression to the fitting sentiment or development to the appropriate passion." These exquisite descriptions of the mountain views and cloud effects occur so often one is made to marvel how the author can avoid making them but thinly disguised repetitions, or how she can make available a vocabulary sufficiently full for her purpose. And yet, similar as some of the scenes may appear, the descriptions are remarkably dissimilar. It is true, however, that in so much of this kind of writing Miss Murfree has apparently exhausted the language, and has made the too frequent use of such words as "vague," "vibrant," "lucent," "opaque," "opalescent," etc., a serious defect. In fact, she overdoes her landscape-painting, and at times it becomes tiresome. She, too, often interrupts her story and stops its movement to indulge her *penchant* for scene-painting. The impression made on the reader is that, conscious of her power in this respect, she wishes to make the most of it on every possible occasion. Nevertheless, the power is there, and it is not confined to landscape-painting, for many of her finest and most vivid pictures are those of a different character, such as the interior of the homes of mountain dwellers, moonshiners' caves, and other scenes of human interest and struggle.

Of Miss Murfree's books that are distinct in scope and scene from her stories of mountain life, her latest novel, 'The Fair Mississippian' (1908), may be taken as a test of her matured powers. This is a well-sustained story with the scene laid in Mississippi near the bank of the great river with its bayous and adjacent marshes and cypress sloughs, giving the author ample range for her descriptive

habit. The descriptive passages, however, that are not strictly parts of the story, are less frequent, and are briefer and less suggestive of interrupting nature choruses than in many of her other books. The plot of the story, like most of Craddock's plots, is simple rather than intricate, and it is not strikingly original. The feature of adventure is made prominent, and there are some tense and stirring scenes. The characters are well portrayed and the motives well elucidated, but the book cannot be called a study of Southern life—and perhaps it was not so intended—as the action is restricted to an isolated spot, and the personages of the social set are, with a few exceptions, not representative, but distinguished mainly by their oddities. The story evinces the author's care for detail and her study of her subjects, notably in regard to the legal complications concerning a will, and throughout it holds the interest of the reader. As a literary production it may be classed with the best of current American fiction.

Miss Murfree's stories are wholesome and pure, without a hint of the erotic, or of prurient suggestion, or any appeal to maudlin sentimentality. In this respect they are models of healthy, entertaining, and often instructive fiction. Her style is robust, vigorous, and original, clear and accurate in expression, but elaborate, and given to adjectivity, with a diction that often suggests a drain upon the vocabulary and smacks of affectation. But to those who know the author personally as a vivacious and engaging conversationalist, her writing is recognized as in accord with her natural manner of speech.

Miss Murfree is entitled to a high place among American novelists. Her work promises to maintain a hold upon the more intelligent and discriminating readers of fiction; and, as she is still in the vigor of life and activity, a large class of readers will look forward with interest to further productions from her prolific pen.

A TRIAL BY JURY

From 'In the Clouds.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE surprise of the day was the speech of the attorney-general. It opened simply enough. He sought to show that it was impossible for Tad to be alive. The poor boy was doubtless at the bottom of the river. How could it be otherwise? Assume, as his learned opponent would have them believe, that he had swum ashore. Where was he now? The suggestion that he was in the custody of some enemy of the prisoner, who sought by concealing him to effect the incarceration of Reuben Lorey in the penitentiary for a long term, was so absurd that he hesitated to argue such a foolish position before so intelligent a body of men as the jury whom he had the pleasure of addressing. Who would, for revenge, encounter the hazards of such a scheme? The boy was as well known throughout the section as Piomingo Bald. Any chance glimpse of him by a casual visitor would fling the conspirators themselves into the clutches of the law, that would be loath to lightly loose its hold on such rascals. Who would voluntarily burden themselves with the support of an idiot? If anybody had found Tad, he would have been mighty quick to carry the boy back to old man Griff. Say that no one had detained him—what then? He was an idiot, incapable of taking care of himself. If he were wandering at large, starving, half clad, would not some one have seen him besides Alethea Sayles, in all these weeks, gentlemen, in all these months? It was a remarkable story that the witness had told —a remarkable story. (The counsel seemed to find fit expression of his sense of its solemnity by sinking his basso profundo to a thunderous mutter.) No one for a moment could doubt the sanity of that witness. She was evidently a girl of fine common sense; an excellent girl, too—no one could for a moment doubt the truth of any word she uttered. The fact was, Alethea Sayles saw a strange thing that night. She thought she saw Tad. It was only his image, not himself. "The forlorn boy is dead, gentlemen," he continued. "She saw the fantasy of her own anxious, overwrought brain. He

was in her mind. She had pondered long upon him, and upon the plight of her lover, who had killed him. What wonder, then, that in the mist, and the flickering moonlight, and the lonely midnight, she should fancy that she saw him!"

He told the gaping and amazed jury that this was not an isolated instance. He mentioned other victims of hallucination; he detailed the strange experiences of Nicolai, of Spinoza, of Dr. Bostock, of Lord Londonderry, of Baron de Geramb, of Leuret, of Lord Brougham.

Harshaw, who had sat listening, with his hands in his pockets and his legs crossed, a smile of ostentatious derision upon his face, grew grave upon the mention of the last name. He had never heard of the others, but to attempt to bolster a theory of spectral apparition by this name, revered in the profession, was, he felt, a juridical sacrilege that should cause the attorney-general to be at the very least stricken from the rolls.

As Kenbigh went on, expounding the relative and interdependent functions of the brain and eye, the fine and subtle theories of spiritual and physical life, its vague boundaries, its unmeasured capabilities—the deductions, the keen analysis of science, all reduced to the vernacular in the mouth of a man trained by years of practice to speak to the people—Harshaw sat in blank dismay. He had never heard of any spiritual manifestation but the vulgar graveyard ghost, usually headless, stalking in its shroud to accomplish missions of vengeance upon the ignorant in the deep midnight. But Kenbigh's account of sundry ethereal-minded and mild-mannered spectres, with a preference for high company, singing, appearing at dinner-tables, conversing agreeably, arrayed in conventional garb, as decorous and reasonable and as mindful of etiquette as if still bound by all the restraints of the world, the flesh, and the devil, disappearing as noiselessly as they had come, with no appreciable result of the visit—it shocked every sense of precedent within him. He was country-bred, and did not know that when ghosts are fashionable they conduct themselves as fashionable people do. He noted keenly the discrepancies in the scientific explanations. Always, despite its show of learning, its systems, its terminology, its physiology, its psychology, and its persistent reference of supernatural ap-

pearances to natural causes, Reason retires from the spectral exhibition with some admission of occult influences, not fully understood—in effect making a bow to the ghost in question, "Saving your presence." He noticed, too, that the jury were listening with that intentness and eager interest which characterize every mind, even the most ignorant, in considering things of the other world, manifestations of hidden agencies. When he rose to reply he felt at a loss. The sound, however, of his own hearty voice ringing against the walls, instead of the sepulchral basso profundo of the attorney for the State, the motion of his own stalwart arm sawing the air—for he was in the habit of impressing his views with a good deal of muscular exertion—had an invigorating effect upon him, and brought him back to his normal state of confidence and bluster. He found words for his ready scorn. He sought to discredit the attorney-general's phantoms. He did not know where the counsel got these old women's tales; they were an insult to the intelligence of the jury. The learned counsel knew mighty well he wasn't going to be called upon for his authorities—medical books can't be produced as evidence in a court of justice, much less ghost stories, "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones"! For his own part, he didn't believe a word of them. A fact is a thing that can be proved. The law requires authentication. "Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor, saw visions, did he? And may be Lord Coke dreamed dreams," he sneered indignantly. "And Lord Mansfield perchance walked in his sleep. And who knows they did? And what drivel is this! Gentlemen, *we* live in the nineteenth century!"

The aspersion of Lord Brougham—for thus he considered the anecdote—was very bitter to him. He was a man of few enthusiasms, and such hero-worship as was possible to him had been expended upon the great lights of his profession whose acquaintance he had formed in his early reading of law, some twenty years ago. He so dwelt upon this point that the jury received the valuable impression that Henry Brougham was a chancellor and a "valley man," hailing from Knoxville, perhaps, and was held in high esteem by the lawyers in Shaftesville, and that Harshaw seemed to think the attorney-general had slandered him. He wrenched himself from this

phase of the subject with some difficulty. "Gentlemen," he said sarcastically, "the attorney-general is a mighty smart man. He's got a heap of learning lately about visions." He glanced down obliquely at his opponent; he would have given a good deal to know how the counsel for the State came by his information. He could have sworn that it was not indigenous. "But there are plenty of folks in this town could have told him just as much and more. He 's mighty particular to show the difference between *il*-lusion and *de*-lusion, and hallucination and mania. Visions! That ain't what *we* call 'em—gentlemen. Down here in the flat woods we call 'em—'snakes'!" The hit told, and he went on, encouraged. "Right over yonder in Tim Beeker's saloon they keep every assortment of vision. Men have seen green rabbits there, and black dogs, and snakes, and whole menageries of hallucinations. Is anybody going to believe Alethea Sayles had the jim-jams that night, coming from camp-meeting? She had no call to see visions! This girl had her head in her hands; she was leaning on the fence; she felt some one touch her; she looked up, and saw the boy before her. Mighty few of the ghosts that we have heard of had such consistency of entity as to make their presence perceived by the sense of touch; on the contrary, it is thus that their unreality is often demonstrated in these same fables. A lady passes her fan through one immaterial image. A man thrusts his knife vainly into the misty heart of another. And why does this instance differ? Because, gentlemen, there was no phantom. It was Tad Simpkins in flesh and blood. The fugitive boy sees Alethea Sayles, whom he knows well; he is about to appeal to her; he lays his hand on her hand. She lifts her head, and at the unexpected appari—sight, she screams, and the foolish boy is frightened, and flees!"

He went on to say that he would impose upon the patience of this court and jury only a few moments longer. He wanted to contradict the statements of the attorney-general that no one would voluntarily burden himself with the support of a useless member of society. "How many yaller dogs at your houses, gentlemen? I'd be afraid to count how many at mine. How many of your wife's relations? No, gentlemen, none of us are so rich in this world's goods as we deserve to be, but we ain't got down to dividing bread and meat that close yet.

As to the reckless crime of keeping the boy in hiding in order to put Mink Lorey in the penitentiary for involuntary manslaughter—why, gentlemen, if there were not just such reckless people continually committing crimes, the consequences of which they cannot escape, the attorney-general and I would have nothing to do. We'd have to suck our paws for a living, like a bear in the winter, and look at one another—a profitless entertainment, gentlemen." He sat down, his pink smile enlivening his countenance, well satisfied with his efforts and with the prospects of the case.

The attorney-general, who had the last word, was very brief in saying it. The judge charged the jury, and he, too, was brief. The long slant of sunshine falling athwart the room was reddening when the jury were led out by the officer to their deliberations, noisily ascending the stairs to the jury room above, assigned to their use.

They slouched into their lair, looking more like offenders detained against their will than the free and enlightened citizens of a great country in the exercise of the precious privilege of serving on the jury. They were all tired. They had undergone much excitement. They felt the mental strain of the arguments and counter-arguments to which they had listened.

"It hev fairly gin me a mis'ry in my head ter hev ter hear ter them red-mouthed lawyers jaw an' jaw, like they done!" exclaimed one, flinging himself in a chair, and putting his feet up against the round sides of the stove, which was cold and fireless, the day being warm and genial. The windows were open, the sunlight streaming over the dusty floor and chairs and benches. Two or three of the jurymen, looking out, laughing, and making signs to the people in the streets, were smartly remonstrated with by the officer in charge.

His objections had the effect of congregating them in the middle of the room, where the discussion began, most of them lighting their pipes, and tilting their chairs on the hind legs. Two or three lifted their feet to the giddy eminence of the backs of other chairs; several stretched themselves at lank, ungainly length upon the benches. They were mostly young or middle-aged men; the senior of the party being a farmer of fifty, with a pointed, shaven chin, newly sprouting with a

bristly beard, over which he often passed his hand with a meditative gesture. His eyes were downcast; he leaned his elbows on his knees; his mien was depressed, not to say, afflicted. "I ain't hearn ten words together," he remarked. "I never knowed when they lef' off, sca'cely, bein' so all-fired oneasy an' beset 'bout them cattle o' mine." He turned to explain to the new juror whom they had taken on that morning. "Ben Doaks hed my cattle a-summerin' of 'em up on Piomingo Bald, an' when the cattle war rounded up I went thar ter pick out mine, an' I druv 'em down an' got ez far ez Shaftesville, an' I let 'em go on with Bob, my son, 'bout fifteen year old. An' I stopped hyar ter git a drink an' hear a leetle news. An' durned ef they did n't ketch me on the jury! An' Bob dunno what's kem o' me, an' I dunno what's kem o' Bob an' the cattle, nor how fur they hed traveled along the road 'fore they fund out I war n't comin' arter."

"Waal, I reckon they be all right," said the new man, a hunter from the mountains, just come into town with game to sell.

"Lord knows! I don't!" said the old fellow, sighing over the futility of speculation. "Ef Bob war ter draw the idee ez I got hurt, or robbed, or scrimmagin' in them town grogshops—I hev always been tellin' him a all-fired pack o' lies 'bout the dangers in sech places, bein' ez I war n't willin' ter let him go whar I'd go myself—he'd leave them cattle a-standin' thar in the road, an' kem back ter town ter s'arch fur me. He hain't got much 'speriunce, an' he ain't ekal ter keerin' fur them cattle. They 'll stray, an' I'll never see 'em agin."

"I reckon they hev strayed back ter the mountings by this time; must be wilder 'n bucks, ef they hev been out all summer," suggested a broad-faced, twinkling-eyed young fellow, with a jocose wink at the others.

"Bob dozes, too; sorter sleepy-headed, ye know," said the old man, taking notice of all the contingencies. "I hev seen him snooze in the saddle, ef the cattle war slow. He's growin', an' runs mighty hard, an' ef he sets still, he falls off. Ef he got tired, he 's apt ter lie down in a fence-corner ter rest; an' he mought go ter sleep thar an' somebody mought toll the cattle off. Or else he mought ax somebody ter keer fur the

cattle till he could kem back an' find me. Lord A'mighty, thar's no yearthly tellin' what Bob mought do!"

"Then, again, he *mought n't*," said Jerry Price. "Ye hev jes' got ter gin up yer hold on worldly things when ye air on a jury, like ye war dead."

"Yes; but when ye air dead ye ain't able ter be pestered by studyin' 'bout what yer administrator air a-doin' with yer yearthly chattels an' cattle."

"How d' ye know?" demanded Price. "Arter all we hearn ter-day, a body mought b'lieve a real likely harnt air ekal ter ennything in motion an' looks, an' ye dunno *what* they air studyin' 'bout. But time's a-wastin'. 'Less we air wantin' ter bide hyar all night agin, we hed better be talkin' 'bout our verdict on Mink Lorey. The jedge 's waitin', an' from all I hev seen o' him he ain't handy at patience."

"Waal, sir," said the man with his feet on the stove, who was the foreman of the jury, taking his pipe from his mouth, "I ain't settin' much store on Gwinnan. I don't b'lieve he acted right an' 'cordin' ter law about this jury. Thar's thirteen men on this jury!"

They all sat motionless, staring at him.

"Yes, sir," he declared, reinserting his pipe between his teeth, and speaking with them closed upon it. "I know the law! My uncle war a jestice o' the peace fur six year, 'bout ten year ago. An' he hed a Code o' Tennessee! An' I read in it! Some mighty interestin' readin' in the Code o' Tennessee. Sure 's ye born, thar is! The law say the juror, ef he be ailin', kin be excused, an' another summonsed. But Peter Rood war n't excused, nor discharged nuther. He's on this jury yit."

"Waal, fur Gawd's sake, don't git ter jawin' 'bout Peter Rood!" cried Bylor, the man on whose chair the dead juror had fallen and who had turned his face to the close encounter of the stare of death in those glassy eyes. Bylor's nerves were still unstrung. He looked as ill as a broad-shouldered, sunburned, brawny fellow could look. "I never slep' a wink las' night; an' that thar cussed 'torney-gineral a-tellin' them awful tales 'bout harnts all day, an' that thar solemn Lethe Sayles purtendin' she hed seen that drownded idjit—I felt ez ef I'd fall down in a fit ef they didn't quit it."

"I don't b'lieve she seen Tad's harnt," said Ben Doaks, instinctively adopting her view.

"Then what war it in the *graveyard* fur?" demanded the foreman conclusively.

There was a momentary silence. The sunshine was dying out on the floor; the dim tracery of the boughs of the hickory-tree was the only manifestation of its presence. The rural sound of the lowing of cattle came in on the soft air—the village kine were returning from their pastures. The voices of men in the rooms below rose and fell fitfully; they were trying another case, in the interim of waiting for the verdict.

"An' how kem nobody hev seen him sence, 'ceptin' Lethe Sayles?" he supplemented his question.

"The jedge hinted ez much ez we-uns oughter be powerful keerful o' not convictin' a man fur killin', when a witness claimed ter hev seen the dead one sence," argued Jerry Price ambiguously.

"She never seen nuthin' but his ghost," said the foreman.

"Ben, how'd that leetle red cow o' mine git her hawn bruk?" interpolated the bereaved cattle-owner, meditating on the vicissitudes experienced by his herds in their summer vacation.

"Gawd A'mighty, man, quit talkin' 'bout yer cattle, interruptin' we-uns jes ez we war a-gittin' ter the p'int," exclaimed the foreman.

"I'd heap ruther hear Mr. Beames talk 'bout his cattle 'n hear 'bout harnts, an' sech," said Bylor, as he lay on the bench. He was still feeling far from well. He got up presently, and went to the officer, who was at the door, and petitioned for something to drink. But that worthy, determined upon the literal performance of duty, withstood his every persuasion, even when he declared he was "plumb sick"; and the rest of the jury, alarmed lest he should be excused, another juror summoned, and the whole performance of the trial begin anew, the agony of their detention thus lengthening indefinitely, pleaded for him. The officer's devotion to what he considered his duty did not save him from some abuse.

" 'Twould sarve ye right ef we war ter lay a-holt o' ye an' fling ye outer this winder," said Ben Doaks.

"Ye mis'able leetle green gourd, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout

nuthin'," declared the foreman, the much informed because of the Code.

"Waal, ye kin say what ye wanter," retorted the official. He was a young man; he had a resolute eye and a shock head. "But ye ain't goin' ter git out'n here till ye find yer verdict." He withdrew his tousled head suddenly, and shut the door on them.

Rebellion availing nothing, they resorted to faction.

"Ye need n't be so powerful techy 'bout harnts; ye ain't seen none ez I knows on," said the foreman, turning upon the sick juror.

"Naw, an' I don't wanter hear 'bout none o' 'em till my stommick feels stronger."

"Shucks! that air nuthin' oncommon, seein' harnts an' sech. Plenty o' folks hev seen the same one. Thar's ever so many o' them herders on Thunderhead hev seen the harnt ez herds up thar. Rob Carrick seen him. I have hearn him tell 'bout'n it arter he got his mind back. Hain't you, Ben?"

The moon was at the eastern windows. The white lustre poured in. The great room seemed lonely and deserted, despite the group of deliberating jurymen, and the colorless double with which each had been furnished, to ape his gesture, and caricature his size, and dog his every step. An owl was hooting in some distant tree. The voices from the street were faint.

"Ain't that thar weasel of a constable goin' ter hev no lamps brung hyar ter-night?" exclaimed Bylor.

But the lamps which came in almost immediately were inadequate to contend with the solemn, ethereal, white pervasion of the night that still hung in the window, and lay upon the floor, and showed the gaunt bare tree outside. They only gave a yellow cast to the circle in which the party sat, and made their faces seem less pallid and unnatural.

"Yes, I hev hearn Carrick tell it a many a time. He used ter herd with Josh Nixon in life." Ben Doaks paused a moment. "I seen the Herder wunst myse'f, though I never felt right sure about it till ter-night. I 'lowed I mought jes' hev fancied it."

"What made ye sure 'bout it ter-night?" demanded Bylor, starting up from the bench.

" 'Count o' what the 'torney-gineral said 'bout *hellucina-*

tion. I know now ez 't war a vision sent from hell, an' I reckon that air one reason I hev fund it air so hard ter git religion. My mind hev got too much in league with Satan."

"Waal, Carrick 'lowed ez Josh Nixon kem back from hell ter herd on Thunderhead 'kase all his bones war n't buried tergether," said the foreman.

"Law, Ben," broke out the owner of cattle, "I wonder ef them beef bones we seen on the top o' Piomingo Bald war n't the bones o' that thar leetle black heifer o' mine ez couldn't be fund, an' ye 'lowed mus' hev been eat by a wolf."

"I knocked off the vally o' that thar heifer in our settlin' up, an' I hed hoped ter hear no mo' o' her in this mortal life!" cried Ben Doaks, lifting his voice from the bated undertone in which he had discussed the spectral phenomena to an indignant worldly resonance.

"I did n't know ez ye branded yer beastis on her bones," sarcastically; "the las' time I seen her she war too fat ter show 'em. I never looked fur yer mark on them bones on the bald."

"Waal," said a slow, measured voice, with that unnatural tone one has in speaking to one's self, "Tad hev got no call ter kem back."

"Who air ye a-talkin' ter?" cried Bylor, starting up, his nerves quivering at the slightest provocation.

"Somebody told me just then 't war Tad's harnt," said Price, rousing himself with an effort.

"They never!" cried Bylor. "Old man Beames hain't got done moanin' 'bout his cattle, like they war the ornymints o' the nation. Nobody never opened thar mouths ter ye. Ye jes' answered ter nuthin'."

"Harshaw never b'lieved Lethe Sayles seen no harnt," declared one.

"He *hed* ter say that," observed the foreman, evidently of spectral tendencies, "no matter what he believed. The 'torney-gin'al war powerful sure she seen a harnt."

"He 'lowed it war a *hell*ucination," protested Bylor, being extremely averse to any theory involving supernatural presence.

"Waal," argued the logical Price, "he 'lowed ez a *hell*ucination war suthin' 'ez looks like a person, but 't ain't him. Now ain't that a harnt? Ain't Tad's harnt suthin' that looks like Tad, an' ain't Tad?"

"Oh," cried Bylor, springing from the bench, "I feel obligated ter git away from sech talk! I jes' look ter see Peter Rood a-stalkin' round hyar direc'ly, with that awful stare he hed in his eyes when he war stone dead fur ever so long, with his face so close ter mine. I can't abide it no longer! Let's toss up. Heads, acquit! Tails, convict!" He produced a coin from his pocket.

"Naw, ye won't," said the foreman quickly. "Naw! We'll delib'rate on this hyar question, an' decide it like a jury oughter."

Bylor cast a glance at the windows, each with its great white image upon the floor below; at the dim faces about him; at the lamps, dull and yellow, making the moonlight seem more pallid and vaguely blue. He threw himself upon the bench, and for a long time was silent.

"Look hyar," said Jerry Price, "it hev jes' got down ter this—harnt or no harnt. Ef Lethe Sayles seen *Tad,* Mink never killed him, an' hev ter be acquitted. Ef Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt, Mink killed him whilst doin' a unlawful act, an' he hev ter go ter the pen'tiary fur involuntary manslaughter, ez the jedge 'lows sech be a felony."

The wrangle over the question, which bristled with difficulties enough, began anew. They were even more illogical and irritable than before. They were utterly unused to debate, to reason. The mental strain of laboriously applying their attention to each detail, striving to master circumstance and argument, throughout the two days during which the case had been tried twice before them, had resulted in a certain degree of prostration of their faculties. The singular surprise in the evidence and the sudden death of one of their number had unnerved them all, more or less. Being ignorant men, untrained to discriminate and differentiate, while they could accept the strange occurrences which the attorney-general had brought to their knowledge, they were not able to perceive and apply the scientic explanations. And in fact many of these were lame and inadequate. They had heard these seemingly supernatural instances from a man of education and acumen, and it had fallen to their lot to probe the probabilities, and possibilities, and decide an important question based upon them.

THE FAITH OF THE INDIAN

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Now it seemed that the Cherokees had lost their own religion, if this amulet represented it, for by their curious racial logic Raymond possessed its symbol and therefore they no longer had the fact.

"It is a heathen notion that I have got their religion," protested Raymond. "They never had any religion."

"It is religion to them," said Arabella. "Religion is faith. Religion is a conviction of the soul."

"True religion is a revelation to the mind direct from God," said Mr. Morton, didactically. "The name doth not befit the hideous pagan follies of the Indians."

She did not feel qualified to argue; she only said vaguely with a certain primness, in contrast with her method of addressing the young men:

"Faith always seems to me the function of the soul, as reason is of the mind. You can believe an error, but mistakes are not founded on reason."

Then she asked him suddenly if the stress that the Cherokees laid on this amulet did not remind him of the attributes of the ark of the Hebrews and their despair because of its capture.

"The ark was a type—a type," he declared, looking off with unseeing eyes into the blue and roseate sky and launching out into a dissertation on the image and the reality, the prophecy and its fulfilment, with many a digression to a cognate theme, while Captain Howard affected to listen and went over in his mind the quarter-master's accounts, the state of the armament of the fort, and the equipment of the men, all having relation to the settling of his affairs in quitting his command. The younger people chatted in low voices under cover of the monologue, it not being directly addressed to them.

They had slowly strolled along the rampart as they talked, the two elderly men in the rear, the girl in the centre, with her charming, fair-haired beauty, more ethereal because of that pervasive, tempered, pearly light which just precedes the

dusk, while the young officers, in the foppery of their red coats, their white breeches, their cocked hats, and powdered hair, kept on either side. The party made their way out from the dead salient of the angle, only to be defended by the musketry of soldiers standing on the banquettes, and ascended the rising ground to the *terrepleine,* where cannon were mounted *en barbette* to fire above the parapet.

As Arabella noticed the great guns, standing a-tilt, she said they reminded her of grim hounds holding their muzzles up to send forth fierce howls of defiance.

"They can send forth something fiercer than howls," said Raymond, applausively. He was a very young soldier, and thought mighty well of the little cannon. Captain Howard, who had seen war on a fine scale and was used to forts of commensurate armament, could not repress a twinkle of the eye, although for no consideration would he have said aught to put the subaltern out of conceit with his little guns.

The other cannon were pointed through embrasures beneath the parapet. One of them had been run back on its chassis. She paused beside it, and stood looking through the large aperture, languid, and silent, and vaguely wistful, at the scene from a new point of view.

As she lingered thus all fair-haired in her faint green dress, with her hat on her arm full of violets, one hand on the silent cannon, she seemed herself a type of spring, of some benison of peace, of some grave and tender mediatrix.

The foam was aflash on the rapids of the Keowee River; the sound of its rush was distinct in the stillness. Now and again the lowing of cattle came from some distant ranch of pioneer settlers. The Indian town of Keowee on the opposite side of the river was distinct to view, with its conical roofs and its great rotunda on a high mound, all recognizable despite the reduction of size to the proportions of the landscape of the distance. No wing was now astir in the pallid colorless sky. One might hardly say whence the light emanated, for the sun was down, the twilight sped, and yet the darkness had not fallen. A sort of gentle clarity possessed the atmosphere. She noted the line of the parapet of the covered way, heretofore invisible because of the high stockade, and beyond still the slope of the glacis, and there—

"What *is* that?" she said, starting forward, peering through the embrasure into the gathering gloom. A dark object was visible just beyond the crest of the glacis. It was without form, vague, opaque, motionless, and of a consistency impossible to divine.

"Why, the Indian priests or conjurers," Mervyn explained. "They have been there all day."

"They are called the *cheerataghe*—men possessed of divine fire," Raymond volunteered.

The captain-lieutenant somewhat resented the amendment of his explanation. "They are the only people in the world who believe that Raymond has any religion of any sort." He laughed with relish and banteringly.

"Don't you think that is funny, Mr. Mervyn?" she demanded, her tone a trifle enigmatical. She did not look at him as she still leaned with one hand on the cannon, her hat full of violets depending from her arm.

"Vastly amusing, sure," declared Mervyn—and Ensign Innis laughed, too, in the full persuasion of pleasing.

"I can't see their feathers or bonnets," she said.

"No," explained Raymond, "they have their heads covered with the cloth they weave, and they heap ashes on the cloth."

"Oh-h-h!" cried out Arabella.

"Watch them—watch them now," Raymond said quickly. "They are heaping the ashes on their heads again."

There was a strange, undulatory motion among the row of heavily draped figures, each bending to the right, their hands seeming to wildly wave as they caught up the invisible ashes before them and strewed them over their heads, while a low wail broke forth.

"And you think this is funny?" demanded Arabella of the young men, looking at them severally.

"I can't say I think it is *un*funny," said Innis, with a rollicking laugh.

"I think it is very foolish," said Lawrence.

"I don't believe they have lost a religion because I've got it in my pocket," said Raymond.

"And they are old men—are they?" she asked.

"Old?" said Mervyn. "Old as Noah."

"And they have had a long journey?"

"Pounded down here all the way from Chote on their ten old toes."

"And how long will they stay there, fasting, and praying, and wailing, and waiting, in sackcloth and ashes?"

"Perhaps till they work some sort of spell on me," suggested Raymond. She laughed at this in ridicule.

"Till the fort is evacuated, I suppose," said Mervyn.

"So long as that!" she exclaimed, growing serious. All at once she caught her breath with a gasp, staring at the Indians in the gathering gloom, as with a sudden inspiration.

"I would speak with them!—Oh la!—what a thing to tell in England! Take me down there—quick. Tillie vallie!—there is no water in the fosse. What a brag to make in Kent! There can be no danger under the guns of the fort. Lord, papa —*let me go!*"

Captain Howard hesitated, but made no demur. The war was over, and there was indeed no risk; and Arabella's pilgrimage into primeval realms would be infinitely embellished by this freak. All of the young officers accompanied her, the interpreter, hastily summoned, following; the commandant and the parson watched from the rampart.

She went through the gray dusk like some translucent apparition, the figment of lines of light. The moon, now in the sky, hardly annulled the tints of her faint green gown; her hair glittered in the sheen; her face was etherally white. The wailing ceased as her advance was observed. The swaying figures were still. A vague fear seized her as she came near to those mysterious veiled creatures, literally abased to the ground. She wavered for a moment—then she paused on the crest of the glacis in silence and evident doubt.

There was an interval of suspense. The odors of violets and dust and ashes were blended on the air. Dew was falling; the river sang; and the moon shone brighter as the darkness gathered.

"Good people," she said, with a sort of agitated, hysteric break in her clear voice, for she was realizing that she knew not how to address magnates and priests of a strange alien nation.

The croak of the interpreter came with a harsh promptitude on each clause.

"Good people, I hear a voice"—she paused again, and cor-

rected her phrase—"I feel a monition—to tell you that your prayers are answered. Your 'religion' I have the power to restore. To-morrow, at the fort, at high noon, it shall be returned to you. If you help the helpless, and feed the hungry, and cherish the aged, and show mercy to captives, it will be a better religion than ever heretofore. I promise—I pledge my word."

She wavered anew and shrank back so suddenly that Raymond thought she might fall. But no! She fled like a deer, her green draperies all fluttering in the wind, the moonlight on her golden hair and in her shining eyes. The officers followed, half bewildered by her freak, Raymond first of all. He overtook her as she was climbing through the fraise of the steep exterior slope of the rampart, clutching at the sharp stakes to help her ascent.

"Stop! stop!" he said, catching at her sleeve and pausing to look up gravely into her eyes as she, laughing, gasping, half-hysterical, looked down at him standing on the berme below. "Are you in earnest?" he demanded.

"Yes—yes—I shall give back the amulet."

She seemed hardly to realize that it was his; that he had captured it in a *mêlée;* that it was now in his possession; that he had a word in the matter, a will to be consulted.

"I don't understand—" he hesitated.

"Oh—la,—*you!* You make no difference. *I* have worked a spell on *you*—as you know!"

She laughed again, caught her breath with a gasp, and began once more to ascend swiftly through the fraise. But he was beside her in a moment. He caught her little hand trembling and cold in his.

"Arabella," he cried, in agitated delight, "you know I worship you—you know that you have indeed all my heart—but only a subaltern—I hardly dared to hope—"

"La! you needn't bestir yourself to hope now! Sure, I didn't say *you* had worked any spell on *me*."

Not another word was possible to him, for the others had overtaken them, and it was in a twitter of laughter that she climbed through the embrasure, and in a flutter of delighted achievement that she breathlessly detailed the adventure to her father and the parson. Then, hanging on the commandant's

arm, she demurely paced to and fro along the moonlit rampart, now and again meeting Raymond's gaze with a coquettish air of bravado which seemed to say:

"Talk love to me *now,* if you dare!"

THE DUEL IN THE SWAMP

From 'The Fair Mississippian.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Sloughs, lagoons, bayous unnumbered! The horses were soon mired to their girths; the men were splashed from head to foot, and those inexpert at swimming a horse when suddenly out of his depth, had their high riding-boots full of water. More than once an alligator was viewed, half embedded in the ooze, only distinguished from the rotten log that he resembled when he would rouse himself to swim slowly a few yards, tempting the knights of the magazine shot-guns.

"Don't ye know that a bullet from a forward shot will glance off as if he wore chain armor!" old Sloper remonstrated. "The only chance is a rifle-ball behind the eye."

"And when did *you* become acquainted with chain armor?" asked one of the Mayberry youths, in merry wonderment and with a twinkling eye.

"About twenty-five years before you was bawn," retorted the old swamper. He paused to spit forth an enormous volley of tobacco-juice against the trunk of a tree, with a seeming solicitude for the accuracy of his aim; then resumed with the greatest deliberation.

"I holped in a jewel that was fought by two tremenjious swells, who got themselves landed by the Great Republic for that purpose. They tuk up an insult to each other while on the boat. They came up to my wood-yard—I used ter furnish fuel ter the packets reg'lar. They said all they wanted was a man ter see fair play an' shut his mouth. They plastered mine good an' tight with a double eagle. One of the parties was tremenjious brash an' overbearin'; I could see that the other looked into death's eye-sockets at close quarters. I medjured the ground for them with the Flying Cloud's wood-staff that the mud clerk had left at the yard—miserable, unshifty, keer-

less cuss! Bet he needed it himself before he got ter New Orleans! An' these two dandy fellers tuk thar stand an' fired. An' the one that was so cocksure missed his aim, though his hair-trigger was as fine a weepon as ever I see. An' the t'other, that thought he had come to his las' minit, shot straight. But he aimed at the man's mouth, as it 'peared to me. He threw up his pistol at the last second. The ball tuk the gentleman right through the throat. Ought to have seen the blood spurt out'n his jugular! Mighty nasty way to kill a gentleman, I thought! An' as we both run to the body on the ground, one on either side, the winner's hand shook so he could hardly undo the vest. So I laid back the fine linen shirt, though I knew it was no use to feel his heart, for he was as dead as a buck-eye; I seen between it an' his silk underwear a shirt of fine steel rings. 'Twould turn a bullet; 'twould break a knife! An' the s'vivor says—his chin shook so that he could hardly talk—'What do you think of that? I s'picioned from the fust that he would give me no fair chance in a fight, an' he forced it upon me.' An' I say, 'Let's put this murderer in the bayou. Thar's some fierce catfish thar, an' snakes, an' slimy beasts to eat the flesh from his bones. The mud is deep an' will hold him down, an' the mire is fit for his last home! The Miss'ippi is too tricky to trust—floats things, ye know. The bayou for me, every time!' "

"Why, Mr. Sloper," cried young Mayberry, suddenly grave and aghast. "I should think that you would have been afraid."

"Well, he ain't never got up from thar—so fur as I have heard tell. What's to be afeard of?"

"Was that *all* you did? To bury him in the bayou?"

"Naw, sir; I went down to Natchez an' spreed away the double eagle, the twenty dollars."

"But I mean about notifying the authorities?"

The old swamper's face had a bewildered look.

"Whar was they? What call had they ter meddle? I done nothin' but the heftin'."

"Didn't the Great Republic say anything the next time she passed?"

"Oh, yes! I told the mud clerk that the price of wood had riz, an' he told me to go to hell. That's the last word with the Great Republic."

Suddenly a sound smote the sylvan silence. A keen note of query, a wide blare of discovery—and all the pack opened on the scent, baying as rhythmically as if trained to this woodland music. The horn rang out its elated, spirited tones, the sound leaping like a live thing along the far reaches of the levels. The horsemen, in a frenzy of excitement, were separating, each taking his own course and riding as if the rout of some swift pursuit were upon his track.

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